

DECEMBER

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE



Christmas
Number



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The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XVII

DECEMBER 1908

No. 2

Some Men and Events in the Public Eye

By S. A. Warner



The Death of General Wolfe
After the Original Painting by Sir Benjamin West.—See Page 31.

RANSACKING round in an old artist's studio in Brompton Road, London, some few months ago, a Canadian antiquarian, Mr. J. M. Simpson, of Toronto, collected a mass of curios, which he purchased and brought out to Canada. Among the odds and ends was an old copper plate, black with age. At first it was laid aside, no one dreaming that it was more than scrap metal. The antiquarian spirit being strong in Mr. Simpson, he examined it more closely the other day and scraping off a little of the accumulated dirt, came upon some color underneath.

His interest aroused, he set eagerly to work to clean the plate. What was his astonishment to find gradually disclosing itself a painting and no ordinary painting at that! Finally there stood revealed to his astonished eye Sir Benjamin West's masterpiece, "The Death of General Wolfe".

Now "The Death of General Wolfe" in its supposedly original form is a life-size painting, the property of the Duke of Westminster. This painting was exhibited a few years ago in Toronto at the National Exhibition, occasioning intense interest. It was painted by Sir Benjamin West at the command of King George III., about the year 1771, and now hangs in the Grosvenor Gallery.

Contrasting the plate in Mr. Simpson's possession with the larger painting, it is immediately clear that the former is no mere copy of the latter. In fact, it is un-

questionably the work of the artist himself, for the smaller painting is full of life, and, in several respects, excels the larger painting.

It is tolerably certain that before Sir Benjamin West painted the large picture, he had painted a small one. It was the small one which the King saw and which occasioned his command that the artist make a life-size copy. There seems little reason to doubt that the real original of the famous painting is the one now in Toronto. The frontispiece shows West's masterpiece.

Sir Benjamin West, though he lived most of his life in England, was an American by birth, being a native of Springfield, Penn., where he was born in 1738. In his youth he traveled a good deal, but settled in England in 1763. He was introduced by the Archbishop of York, for whom he had executed an historical painting, to King George III. The King became his steadfast patron and gave him commissions for many years. In 1772 he was made historical painter to the King, and in 1790 surveyor of the royal pictures. He was one of four selected to draw up a plan of the Royal Academy, was one of its original members, and succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1792 as its president. West's pictures numbered about 400, of which "The Death of General Wolfe" is conceded to be his best. In this painting West departed from the custom of the artists of the day, of giving the characters Greek or



Lord Northcote
Who has Just Retired from the Governor-Generalship
of Australia.

cote left Melbourne the women of that city honored her by a remarkable demonstration of spontaneous affection. In the middle of a Sunday afternoon they gathered in thousands from all parts of the city and suburbs, and marched, a great and irregular army, up the drive of Government House. They represented every class—women prominent in society, scores of mothers bearing in their arms babies which had been sheltered at Lady Northcote's creches, hundreds of factory girls. And as Lady Northcote, deeply moved, appeared on the balcony, thousands of voices were lifted in "God be with you till we meet again."

POSSESSING TACT, energy and ability in the performance of duty, a man recognized as one of the most zealous and efficient officers that the Imperial authorities have ever sent to Canada, Major-General Sir Henry Noel Lake, retiring Inspector-General of the Canadian militia, is one of the two military men upon whom birthday honors from King Edward were lately bestowed. This is the second occasion that a decoration has been conferred upon the gallant soldier. Three years ago he was made a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and now he has been created a Knight Commander of the Order. Sir

Reynolds, who had endeavored to dissuade him, later said: "I retract my objections. I foresee that this picture will not only become one of the most popular, but will occasion a revolution in art." Woollett's plate after this work had the largest sale of any engraving of modern times.

LORD AND LADY NORTHCOTE have just passed through Canada on their way home to England from Australia, where during the past five years Lord Northcote has held the post of Governor-General. Interest in the vice-regal couple in Canada is intensified because of Lady Northcote's connection with that distinguished Canadian peer, Lord Mount Stephen, she being his adopted daughter. The Northcotes were intensely popular in Australia, and no little credit for this popularity belongs to Lady Northcote. She won the hearts of the women of the Commonwealth particularly. Of her, the Premier, Mr. Alfred Deakin, said: "Lady Northcote has done more for the women of Australia than any one of her own sex or of the other sex." Just before Lady North-



Lady Northcote
Who is an Adopted Daughter of Lord Mount Stephen.

Percy Lake's career, both at home and abroad, is full of interest and incident. Early in life he was fired with the military spirit, and since his college days he has spent all his time in the service of the Empire. He has won distinction in many a fierce conflict. Beside his recent decorations, he wears the Afghan medal, the Egyptian medal with two clasps, and the Egyptian bronze star. His first Canadian appointment was in 1893, when he was made Quartermaster-General, a post which he held for five years. He was appointed

different capacities in Egypt, Ireland, Canada, India and at Army Headquarters in England. In active operations he was engaged in the Afghan War from 1888-89, being Assistant Field Engineer with the South Afghanistan Field Force. He was also with the Sudan Expedition in 1885, as well as at Suakin, Hasheen and Tofrek, and the advance on Tamai.

ANOTHER MILITARY MAN to be honored by his Sovereign is Brigadier-General D. A. Macdonald, who holds the position of



The Melrose Residence in Montreal
Formerly the Home of Lord Mount Stephen, whose Lady Northcote lived before her marriage.

Chief of the General Staff of Canada in 1894, and has occupied that position ever since. He entered upon military service as a sub-lieutenant in the 59th Foot in 1873, and two years later he was promoted lieutenant. In 1881 he was transferred to the East Lancashire Regiment, in which he obtained his captaincy in 1883. His subsequent promotions were: Major, July, 1891; Lieutenant-Colonel, 1899; Colonel, 1902; Brigadier-General, 1904; Major-General, 1905. Sir Percy has served in

Quartermaster-General in the Militia Council of Canada. Brigadier-General Macdonald was born in 1845, and is a son of the late A. E. Macdonald, Deputy Clerk of the Crown and Register of the Surrogate Court at Cornwall, Ont. He married in 1876, Mary, second daughter of the late Hon. Mr. Justice Richardson, of the Supreme Court of the Northwest Territories. He served during the Fenian Raids of 1866 and the Red River Rebellion of 1870, receiving a medal with two clasps. He also

served in the Northwest Rebellion of 1885 and received another medal. He holds the long service medal. He was for some time Chief Superintendent of Military Stores and Director-General of Ordnance, and since 1904 has been Quartermaster-General of Ordnance. In 1903 he received the I.S.O. He has now been created a C.M.G.

ROYAL RECOGNITION of Canadian journalism has been somewhat tardy. When one considers the great educative value of the country, when we behold the papers taking hold cheerfully and devoting valuable space and time to the promotion of charitable projects and in other various ways actively bettering of the conditions that surround mankind one cannot help but feel that there is no honor, however high, that could not be fittingly bestowed upon any one of our well-known Canadian journalists.

The Knighthood bestowed on Sir Hugh Graham on the King's birthday is probably the first that has ever come to a Canadian newspaper man as a newspaper man. Sir Hugh is the owner of the Montreal Star. He is the son of a Scotch settler in the eastern townships, and was born at Atholstan, Huntingdon County, in 1848. Mr. Graham began life as a writer, but speedily turned his attention to the business end of newspaper work, and after some preliminary and preparatory work, such as becoming secretary-treasurer of

the Montreal Gazette when he was twenty, he launched, in company with several associates, the Montreal Evening Star. That was in January, 1869, almost forty years ago. He soon secured complete control, and the Star of to-day with its great circulation and influence in Eastern Canada is Mr. Graham's life-work. Sir Hugh has been generally on the Conservative side in politics, but during the past year or two the Star has been practically neutral.



King's Birthday Honours

The Hon. Inspector-General of the Canadian Militia, Sir Henry Louis, who has been created K.C.M.G.

The handsome new building of the Canadian Military Institute which was recently opened in Toronto, is an ideal military home unsurpassed in appointments and comfort. The cost of the structure was in the neighborhood of \$20,000, the funds being raised by the officers of the different units and a few generous friends. The Canadian Military Institute was formed in 1800 by a group of officers headed by Brigadier-General (then Lieut.-Colonel) W. D. Otter, for the purpose of providing a headquarters for the study of military science, the

giving of lectures on military subjects by authorities in the various arms of the service and affording a social military centre. Its purpose and object are by no means local, the Institute being intended for headquarters where all military men in Canada could gravitate when in Toronto. Officers are now on its membership roll who live on the Atlantic as well as on the Pacific Coast. The library, comprising histories, military text books and the proceedings of scientific military clubs and institutions, is one of the



King's Birthday Honours

The Canadian Press Honoured in the Person of Sir Hugh Graham, K.C., Proprietor of the Montreal Star.

most valuable and complete in America owing largely to the erudition and energy of L. Horsfay Irving, the Honorary Librarian. It contains over 3,000 volumes. In a word, it may be said that the Institute represents the scientific aims of the service in the same manner as the United Service Institution and other organizations in Great Britain. The conveniences and accommodation of the new building are ample and admirable, and among them it may be noted that there are bedrooms available for the use of officers passing through or temporarily in Toronto. These apartments are designated by such names as "Detroit," "Chateaugay" and "Chrysler's Farm," thus affording a home for traveling military visitors in which there is an atmosphere both cheerful and congenial.

THE GORGEOUS UNIFORM of the Life Guards will soon be seen in Canada, if all reports are correct. There is a well-founded rumor, emanating from headquarters at Ottawa, that a new corps is soon to be formed in the Capital, and that this corps will wear the uniform of the Life Guards. Sir Frederick Borden is to place the new command under his son-in-law, Leslie Macoun, one of the prominent members of the younger set in Ottawa. The illustration

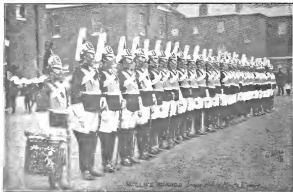
shows a company of the Second Life Guards in London, drawn up for inspection. The uniform is a very brilliant one and when introduced into Canada will undoubtedly create a sensation.

A CANADIAN WOMAN who has brought honor to her native country, her art and her profession, is Miss Christie Macdonald. In the sphere of musical comedy and comic opera she has, by dint of genius, ability and perseverance, rapidly made her way to the front. Nova Scotia is the Province which claims her as a loyal daughter, that seagirt section of Canada which has given to the world, and to the Dominion in particular, so many sons that have won renown as statesmen, theologians and heads of great seats of learnings. Now, in a totally different sphere, has the historic County of Pictou, the birth place of Miss Macdonald, had honor brought to its borders. As the leading lady in that delightful musical comedy, "Hook of Holland," which Frank Daniels is presenting, she was, during her recent tour of the Dominion, accorded an enthusiastic reception in all the leading cities. Coming from a cultured family, thoroughly artistic in temperament, the progress of Miss Macdonald is in a measure simply the natural development of youthful proclivities; the fruition and expansion of



King's Birthday Honours

Regiment-General D. A. Macdonald, Quartermaster-General of the Canadian Militia, is now a C.M.G.



A Uniform Seen to be Seen as Canadian Soldiers

The Uniform of the Life Guards to be Worn by a New Ottawa Regiment.

a nature that takes kindly and sympathetically to the art of which she is such a gifted votary. Her mother, Miss Jessie Mackenzie, one of the most beautiful women of her day, was a vocalist of no mean merit. The sons were noted for their musical talent, but the daughter has become the brilliant exponent of an endowment which has enriched the profession which she adorns and added to the galaxy of Canadian actresses which includes Julia Arthur, Margaret Anglin, Roselle Knott and a few others whose names can be readily recalled. Miss Macdonald has studied in Boston, New York and other art centres under distinguished master. Her voice is a lyric soprano of rare charm and sweetness. Her intonation and expression are admirable. In the most ambitious passages as well as in the tender love song or the sentimental ballad she is thoroughly at home. Her singing, so pure, rich and artless, captures appreciation, and she immediately wins her way to the hearts of her auditors. Her first appearance in public was with Francis Wilson as "Lucinda" in "Half a King." She next achieved success in the title role

"Princess Minnetta" in "The Bride Elect." Subsequently she scored triumphs in the role of "Princess Shelm" and in "Hodge Podge." Later she rejoined Francis Wilson's Company as prima donna in "The Toreador," and now she is starring with that drollest of comic opera exponents, Frank Daniels.

WHO IS DR. ANDREW MACPHAIL, who writes such severe criticisms of the American woman in the *London Spectator*? Dr. MacPhail is a Montrealese. He is a well-to-do physician, interested in politics and literature. He is the man behind the *University Magazine*, Canada's best effort in high-class literary journalism. He has written at least one novel, and numerous essays. But when he undertakes to criticize American women, he raises the ire of the fair sex. A writer in a recent issue of a Canadian newspaper voices the sentiments of outraged womanhood thus: "Dr. MacPhail is a logical writer. If one reads any political or literary articles written by him one is immediately struck by the clearness of his thought as much as by the elegance

of his style. Then one picks up his article on Woman—and one realizes how hopeless it is to expect any man, however sane his utterances on politics or literature may be, to discourse intelligently on Woman. In one breath he discourses eloquently on her silliness; in the next, he refuses indignantly to allow her any outlet for that silliness save manual labor. He hints that she is an awful fool—woman taken collectively, that is—quite unfit for a professional or a political career, but capable of bearing children; and neglects to notice that well-known and generally acknowledged fact that the sons of a family are far more apt to resemble their mother than their father and that, consequently, a woman who has never used her brain or her will but has spent her life in obediently low-lowing to the nearest male is almost certain to give birth to a male as foolish and weak as herself.

"But this is logic, and what have 'the logical sex' to do with logic where women are concerned. 'Any stone will do to throw

at a dog' and any old saw will do to throw at a woman if she attempts to reason with a man.

"How often one hears that 'a woman's business in life is to be a wife and mother.' How beautifully true! but why does no one reply 'A man's business in life is to be a husband and father.' Is that not equally true? but what a nonentity would we think of a man who was nothing but a husband and father! The stupidest and most limited man is at least required to understand some business; and even if he knows nothing in the universe except that business he is expected to give a vote and have a voice in the affairs of the nation.

"If we take Dr. MacPhail's article seriously we must logically conclude that women are the only people entitled to vote. As they have nothing else to do they have plenty of time on their hands in which to give that serious attention to politics which the busy life of a man denies him.

"But this is logic and what have 'the



Toronto's Military Club House

The New Military Institute recently opened on University Avenue.



The Sutton Sisters—May, Florence and Ethel
The Most Famous Tennis-Playing Women

logical sex" to do with logic where women are concerned?"

THE FAME of the Sutton sisters as tennis players has become international. It is unusual to find a family of players all of about equal skill and all of championship calibre. Miss Florence Sutton was champion of the Pacific States in women's singles and doubles and mixed doubles in 1907. Miss Ethel Sutton (now Mrs. B. O. Bruce) was co-champion with her sister, Florence, of the Pacific States in women's doubles and mixed doubles in 1907. There is also another sister, Violet, who since her marriage has not played lawn tennis publicly. She was reckoned second in strength to her redoubtable sister, May. Two of the Sutton sisters—Miss May Sutton and Mrs. B. O. Bruce—already play golf, but only in the intervals of lawn tennis. Mrs. Bruce won a trophy in the mixed foursomes at the annual golf tournament at Del Monte, California, in 1907, and already shows much aptitude for the game.

IT WOULD SEEM natural to assume that the leaders of the woman's suffrage movement in England were of the Carnegie Nation stamp of person. In picturing to the mind the attacks on the Houses of Parliament, the

struggles with policemen and all the other incidents in the fight for women's rights, we are prone to think of the warfare as being waged by big raw-boned women, strong rather than beautiful, mannish rather than feminine. But that this is far from being the case is abundantly proven by a glance at the portrait of Miss Christabel Pankhurst, one of the younger leaders of the suffragettes. In company with her mother and Mrs. Drummond she has martyred herself for the cause and is now serving a ten weeks' sentence in prison as a result of ultra-enthusiasm. She is certainly one of the most interesting and attractive supporters of the movement. She is young and pretty, and if in these topsyturvy days the sex does gain the vote and subsequently the House, she may yet be seen leading a feminine Government. At the trial at Bow Street she spoke for forty minutes in her own defence, and is said to have wept copiously. Max Beerbohm, describing the trial, writes: "Her voice is charmingly melodious, and the art with which she manages it seems hardly compatible with its still childish ring. And her face, still childish too, is as vivid and as variable as her voice, whose inflexions have always their parallel in her eyes and mouth. And not there merely. Her whole body is alive with her every meaning; and, if you



Dr. Andrew MacPhail
The Montreal physician whose criticisms of American
Woman Suffrage were recorded

can imagine a very graceful rhythmic dance done by a dancer who moves not her feet, you will have some idea of Miss Pankhurst's method. As she stood there with a rustling sheaf of notes in one hand, her other hand did the work of twenty average hands. But "weak" is a dull term for those

can Association of General Passenger and Ticket Agents, has been long identified with railway work and is one of the most popular officials of the Grand Trunk. The association which has honored him by electing him to preside over its deliberations is the oldest railway organization in the



A Gayer Canadian Actress

Miss Christie Macdonald in the role of Sally Hawk in "Husk of Holland"

lively arabesques with which she adorned the air of the police court, so eagerly and blithely, turning everything to favor and to prettiness."

G. T. BALL, general passenger and ticket agent of the Grand Trunk Railway System and Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, who was recently appointed president of the Ameri-

world, having been formed in Pittsburgh, Pa., March 13th, 1855. Its membership comprises the chief passenger officers of every important railway, coastwise and inland navigation company in the United States, Canada and Mexico. Its annual meetings afford the members special opportunities to become acquainted with each



George T. Bell

Recently Elected President of the General Passenger Agents' Association of America.

other and to familiarize themselves with the constantly expanding transportation facilities and newly developed resorts and sections of the North American continent. It aims to consider questions affecting passenger travel along the broadest possible lines, and to secure uniformity and improvement of methods and to extend them beyond the restricted limits to which the operations of territorial passenger associations are necessarily confined.

FRONTS on the stock exchange are of common occurrence when business is dull. The pent-up excitement of the members on the floor must find vent in some way or other, and if there are no stocks to sell or buy, something else exciting must be done. All manner of pranks are indulged in. The practical joker has a rich field to work, and it is seldom that some fun is not on foot. The illustration shows one of the games played by the brokers on the London Stock Exchange. Those who play this game seek to throw a length of the paper tape from the tape machine over the hand-rail, which runs round the great dome of what is known as the Kaffir Circus. As the dome is one hundred feet from the ground, considerable skill and some strength are needed for the accomplishment of the feat. The picture

shows a broker successfully getting his tape over the bar.

A NOTICEABLE feature about the procession of London's unemployed, illustrated this month, is the youth of most of its members. These young men who should be a bulwark of the Empire are allowed to grow up in haphazard style and become in many cases idle and useless weeds. They know, as a rule, no trade, they are undisciplined, ignorant and easily led by any windy demagogue. If every young Englishman were compelled to learn discipline under a regular system of training, these youths would become assets to their country and the problem of unemployment would be to a great extent solved.

Prince Von Bulow, stands out prominently in the public eye at present. A writer in the Graphic thus describes him: "A fine figure of a man, upright and square-shouldered, not more than pardonably stout, dressed to quiet perfection, smooth of hair and neat of moustache, he distributes perfunctory handshakes at a reception in the Wilhelmstrasse with a benevolent dignity that nothing, you would think, would ruffle; or standing erect and cool in the Reichstag, facing a savage Opposition, alert for the finest slip, he drops with consummate art the clever phrases and biting epigrams of one of those long-prepared orations that have won him the name of the greatest master of meditated eloquence in Europe. In the place of battle where Bismarck would rage like a baited bull, his third successor smiles and dispenses oil and acid with well-kept hands. His speeches are literature. They show him a man of books as well as natural wit and finished statescraft; it is not for nothing that he is depicted with a pocket dictionary of quotations in the caricatures of the comic journals, which in Germany are invariably against the Imperial Government."

"So much the world sees and hears; but the work by which the Prince has won fame for his country as the land of political miracles, his triumph of parliamentary genius, has been done behind the scenes. Faced by the opposition of Socialists and Catholics, the two strongest parties in the Empire, he has created and held together through crisis after

crisis the incredible alliance of Liberals and Conservatives which, as he reminds them at need, stands between Germany and ruin. If there is another man who could have done, or can do, this, he is undiscovered as yet. The leaders of the Chancellor's bloc know the meaning of the strong chin under the debonair moustache; they know perhaps that the fine voice of the ci-devant Lieutenant of Hussars has not lost the notes of the parade ground. Nor were strength and skill needed only in the Reichstag. Prince Bulow has had to work with the Emperor.

"Few men know more of the world than this able aristocrat, after twenty years of diplomacy and ten years of government. But one great gap exists in his knowledge. He understands little of England, and has not always managed to conceal a certain lack of sympathy for that easily misunderstood nation. But an enemy of England he has never been, and when he falls—as fall he must, and that soon—it will not be our part to rejoice at the disappearance of a statesman who said, "War is vulgar: at this time of day the man who prevents war is greater than the man who wins battles." Prince Bulow has not been a great Foreign Minister; it is doubtful if the circumstances—impulsive Imperial circumstances—would have allowed any man to be so. If he leaves the Wilhelmstrasse now, he leaves it with prestige a wreck. But at least he can claim that he has kept the peace of Europe."

A good story is told in the Tatler of Lord Wolsley, whose portrait appears elsewhere in this issue. During the recent manoeuvres at Aldershot an elderly gentleman in multi saw a young officer placing his men in a

position which had it been a real fight would have been a most disastrous one, and hastened up to him with a little advice. He was pointing out to him gently the folly of his strategy, saying, "May I draw your attention to the fact that you are cutting yourself and your men off entirely from your column, so that you would inevitably be either cut to pieces or taken prisoners?" when he was cut short by the subaltern saying stiffly, "And may I draw your attention to the fact that I am in command here?" "I beg your pardon," said the elderly gentleman humbly; "to be sure, I should have remembered that." And he turned and went his way. Presently the lieutenant learned to his horror that the interfering stranger whom he had so severely snubbed was Lord Wolsley.

Canadians will be interested in a recent engagement announced in England.



A Future Prime Minister?

Miss Christabel Pankhurst, one of the Leaders of the Women's Suffrage Movement in England.

From The Tatler

It is that of Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, son of the Marquis of Lansdowne, to Lord Minto's youngest daughter, Lady Violet Elliott. The wedding, according to latest arrangements, is to take place in India in January, and Lord and Lady Lansdowne will probably go out to Calcutta for the event. Lord Charles is a dark-haired, dark-eyed captain of

Lady Violet Elliott is very pretty, and devoted to open-air pursuits. A perfect horsewoman, she is often seen riding astride at Minto, her father's seat in Scotland. Queen Alexandra is warmly attached to Lord Charles's mother, who sometimes fulfils the duties of Mistress of the Robes in the absence of her sister, the Duchess of Buccleuch. Lord Charles is second heir to the Lansdowne title, while his elder brother, Lord Kerry, is without children.

One of the interesting publications of the season in England is Queen Alexandra's volume of photographs, the "Christmas Gift Book."

Her Majesty has been an enthusiastic photographer for many years, writes T. McDonald Rendle in London Opinion, and some splendid specimens of her work with the camera have been shown occasionally at the Royal Photographic Society's shows. Her Majesty never travels without her camera, consequently her collection of photographs is both extensive and unique. In sea views especially the Queen's artistic instinct is strongly marked.

Some years ago Her Majesty's skill as a photographer was probably the means of averting a disaster. She took a snapshot of a train as it was passing over Wollerton railway bridge. On developing the negative she noticed a curve in the bridge of such peculiarity that she decided that she had made a defective exposure, and therefore took another photograph. The strange curve was again reproduced. The result was shown to the King, who suspecting something wrong, at once caused an examination to be made and the defect remedied.

Her Majesty is often observed taking snapshots from one of the balconied windows of Buckingham Palace overlooking the Mall. She thoroughly enjoys the amusement, and takes commendable care not to waste an exposure.



Sport on the London Stock Exchange.
—Illustrated London News.

dragons, thirty-four years of age, and therefore much older than his fiancée, who is only nineteen. He served in the Boer War, and was present at the disaster of "poor Kopp." Lord Charles has a Scottish estate of his own, inherited from the French countess who was Lady Navarre in Scotland and Comtesse de Flahaut in France. His remarkable resemblance to the portraits of his French ancestors often gives occasion for remark.



The Right Hon. John Burns, M.P., in Action.
The President of the Local Government Board is very Much in the Public Eye at Present owing to Alleged Differences with Premier Asquith on the Subject of the Relief of the Unemployed.
—The Graphic.

JOHN BURNS' appearance and manner, and some of his little fads and foibles, are well enough known, according to a writer in the Graphic. His short, massive frame has been described as suggesting a "stunted giant." His beard is now of uncompromising whiteness, and he possesses the most fiercely expressive pair of eyebrows in Europe. He is the busiest-looking politician in the world. When he walks, he looks neither to the right nor the left, yet never is he known to pass a friend unnoticed or to leave a salute unreturned. Mr.

Burns adheres to his bowler hat and his reeler (save, of course, at Court, when, like the sensible man he is, he "does as Rome does"), but the keenest satirical critic could find no fault with the shape or the cut of either, both alike being the work of the West End at its carefullest. But not for snobbish reasons does Mr. Burns patronize a West End tailor; only because the cutters of

his particular establishment are Battersea men, with votes!

In the House Mr. Burns is wonderful. He is rarely at rest. To follow him during a debate in which he is interested is the busiest of optical feats. He flits from bench to bench, conferring with men of all parties (he has a special penchant for chats with Mr. Walter Long!), and when he does sit still it is as though on thorns, in a veritable plantation of peepers.



A Parade of London's Unemployed



The Sultan of Turkey

The First Public Taking of Him in Thirty Years.
American Magazine.

face is wrinkled parchment, as if a thousand anxieties and suspicions had left their impress there. His features, besides cruelty and cunning, denote intelligence and cowardice. The eyes, of almond shape, by far the most interesting detail of his person, are dark and piercing, aged with eternal suspicion. They denote high intellect, extraordinary intelligence, subtle refinement and pitiless cruelty.

The thin upper lip and the thick, sensual lower, indicate a combination of passion, irascibility and selfishness. His nose is aquiline, and lends to his face the appearance of a bird of prey. The chin, though hidden by a beard, is weak and indecisive.

The voice, however, betrays the face. It is marvelously subtle and insinuating, melodious in its modulations, and full of dulcet tones. With this remarkable voice Abdul-Hamid has been able to seduce nearly everybody who has approached him, even his antagonists.—Extract from "The Sultan of Turkey," by Nicholas C. Adossides, in American Magazine.

MR. VICTOR GRAYSON, the British M.P., who "refused to let the House proceed while he was in it," and got suspended for his pains, has seen a good deal of life for a



Victor Grayson, M.P.

The Young British Socialist, who was suspended from the House of Commons.

Since he has become a Minister, Mr. Burns has proved himself to possess qualities which might fit him for the Foreign Office itself. His self-control under attack is monumental. He seems to reply in the language in which he is attacked from the Labor benches. Smooth, and even polished, with a distinct literary flavor of a modern kind, are his speeches. Where Mr. Lloyd George goes to the Scriptures for his similes, Mr. Burns has a mind for Ruskin and Morris and Carlyle. As a traveler, he has not confined himself to little trips on the Continent. Stern duty carried him, in his engineer days, to the Niger; he has "done" the United States, and most of the European capitals.

ABDUL-HAMID, the Sick Man, is the most mysterious personage of our time. No other has so occupied the imagination of the world, no other has been so feared and so hated, no other has been so much the theme of the contemporary historian. What intangible epithets have been hurled against the unhappy Sultan of Turkey, who has reigned for thirty-three years, threatened on the fear of his subjects! Rather tall and exceedingly slender, Abdul-Hamid has the unsullied stoop of the consumptive. His

young man of twenty-six. He is a native of Liverpool, where, he says, he has spent "days of wild enchantment along its wonderful line of docks, and in the vicinity of the Sailor's Home, gazing with thrills of mixed fear and fascination at the weird assemblage of men from every land." In his early boyhood he had a voracious appetite for "penny bloods," and ran away to sea as a stowaway at the age of fifteen. After this adventure he tramped through Wales, sleeping in barns, casual wards, and low lodging-houses, and begging his way with a crowd of other tramps. Then he spent six years as an engineers' apprentice. Abandoning engineering, he studied at Liverpool University and Owens College, Manchester, with a view to the Unitarian Ministry, living meanwhile in squalid dwellings at Ancoats. Here he imbibed that knowledge of the poverty and suffering incident to the lives of the poor which converted him to Socialism, which he proceeded to preach in the northern towns during his weekends. His efforts culminated in the conquest of Colne Valley, and he entered Parliament with a red flag programme embodying the State ownership and control of everything. Mr. Grayson has a pleasant smile, a tremendous voice and great self-confidence, and he talks fluently and well. It is impossible for a man with such an equipment to emulate Beer Rabbit, and "lay low and say nuffin'."

JUVENILE PLAYERS are not so much talked about in the press as their grown-up brothers and sisters, but none the less they fill their places in most plays to the satisfaction of the public, who laugh at their mimicry of older actors and overlook their lack of experience. There is really an army of children on the stage ranging in age from very tender years indeed up to a point when the transition from childhood to maturity is an easy matter. "Baby Emsond," whose portrait in a characteristic villainous pose, brightens these pages, is quite a genius. He claims to be the youngest actor in the world, capable of taking a special part. He has only just reached the age of four years and he actually earns on an average fifty dollars a week.

THE CHOICE OF Durban, the chief town of Natal, as the meeting-place for the important convention which is now discussing the closer union of the four South African

Colonies and Rhodesia was a singularly happy one, for, as Mr. Smuts reminded his audience the other day at the banquet in honor of Rear-Admiral Sir Percy Scott, "the first shot between British and Boers was fired at Durban sixty-six years ago, and it was very fitting that the place where the struggle between the English and Dutch began should be the place where complete peace was finally to be made." For another reason, also, the selection of Durban is to be commended, for the crucial problem facing the convention is Unification versus Federation, and while the other



Baby Emsond

The Youngest Actor in the World.

Colonies were generally in favor of Unification Natal stood apart and declared for Federation. The proceedings of the convention are, of course, strictly private, but the pleasant intercourse which has been taking place between the delegates at Durban is slowly removing all apprehensions on the score of Unification, and on this vital question Natal is gradually falling into line with the other Colonies. Other important issues with which the convention will have to deal are the native franchise, the choice of a capital, and the questions of language

and the readjustment of the voting basis throughout South Africa. The convention was opened by Sir Matthew Nathan, Governor of Natal, on October 12, and it will probably sit for three months devising a scheme which, in his words, "will unite them in a great nation of white people, maintaining their virility, increasing in numbers, and ruling over a contented native population in the interests of all—a nation so governed that . . . there may be carried on through the centuries those ideals of honesty, justice, courage and purity which have made great the nations from which the British and Dutch in South Africa have sprung."

Some of the powers behind the thrones assume quite unexpected guise. Who was the pacificator of Algeria for France? A general? a courtier? a statesman? None of these. The man who gained the day for French influence was a conjurer—Robert Houdin.

The armies of France might fight as valiantly as armies could, but there always remained a mass of Algerians ready to do battle, because the marabouts, their magic doctors, bade them fight on. So long as their implacable medicine men could show miracles and wonders, so long the Algeri-

ans believed in and obeyed them. The French Government therefore sent Houdin to Algiers to outdo them at their own game, to display greater miracles than any of which they were capable. Houdin was completely successful, and Algiers gave no more trouble.

There is no Bismarck behind a European throne to-day, though the mysterious manner in which the German Emperor got hold of the story of M. Delcasse's movements suggests that the Iron Chancellor's methods survive. He did not invent the system, but he brought it to perfection, of employing a beautiful woman. Chief of his assistants was the handsome, well-born Baroness de Kanla, who obtained such an ascendancy over General de Cissey, French Minister of War, that Bismarck had from her daily bulletins of what had taken place in the French Cabinet Council at Versailles.

It was a woman who led to the degradation of President Grevy, Madame Limousin was here the all-powerful syren. She got into her toils a number of distinguished French officers, who through her became concerned in the scandal over the sale of Legion of Honor decorations, and by their misdoings and disgrace led to the President's resignation.



"Steps at the Door and Rubbers at one for Ten Minutes."—American Magazine

The Enchanted Profile

By O. Henry in American Magazine



A Bird's Eye View of Durban.

Meeting Place of the Convention to Discuss the Closer Union of the Four South African Colonies.

—The Graphic

THERE are few Calipheesses. Women are Scheherazades by birth, predilection, instinct, and arrangement of the vocal chords. The thousand and one stories are being told every day by hundreds of thousands of visiers' daughters to their respective suitors. But the howling will get some of 'em yet if they don't watch out.

I heard a story, though, of one lady Caliph. It isn't precisely an Arabian Nights story, because it brings in Cinderella, who flourished her dishrag in another epoch and country. So, if you don't mind the mixed dates (which seem to give it an Eastern flavor, after all), we'll get along.

In New York there is an old, old hotel. You have seen wood-cuts of it in the magazines. It was built—let's see—at a time when there was nothing above Fourteenth Street except the old Indian trail to Boston

and Hammerstein's office. Soon the old hostility will be torn down. And, as the stout walls are riven apart and the bridges go roaring down the chutes, crowds of citizens will gather at the nearest corners and weep over the destruction of a dear old landmark. Civic pride is strong in New Bagdad; and the wettest weeper and the loudest howler against the iconoclasts will be the man (originally from Terre Haute) whose fond memories of the old hotel are limited to his having been kicked out from its free lunch counter in 1873.

At this hotel always stopped Mrs. Maggie Brown. Mrs. Brown was a bony woman of sixty, dressed in the rustiest black, and carrying a handbag made, apparently, from the skin of the original animal that Adam decided to call an alligator. She always occupied a small parlor and bed room at the top of the hotel at a rental of two dol-

lars per day. And always, while she was there, each day came hurrying to see her many men, sharp-faced, anxious-looking, with only seconds to spare. For Maggie Brown was said to be the third richest woman in the world; and these solicitous gentlemen were only the city's wealthiest brokers and business men seeking trifling loans of half a dozen millions or so from the dainty old lady with the prehistoric handbag.

The stenographer and typewriter of the Acropolis Hotel (there I've let the name of it out) was Miss Ida Bates. She was a holdover from the Greek classics. There wasn't a flaw in her looks. Some old-timer in paying his regards to a lady said: "To have loved her was a liberal education." Well, even to have looked over the back hair, and neat white shirtwaist of Miss Bates was equal to a full course in any correspondence school in the country. She sometimes did a little typewriting for me and, as she refused to take the money in advance, she came to look upon me as something of a friend and protégé. She had unflinching kindness and good nature; and not even a white-lead drummer or a ferret importer had ever dared to cross the dead line of good behavior in her presence. The entire force of the Acropolis, from the owner, who lived in Vienna, down to the head porter, who had been bedridden for sixteen years, would have sprung to her defense in a moment.

One day I walked past Miss Bates' little sanctum Kensington (or whatever make of machine advertises in these pages), and saw in her place a black-haired unit—mistakenly a person—pounding with each of her forefingers upon the keys. Musing on the mutability of temporal affairs, I passed on. The next day I went on a two weeks' vacation. Returning, I strolled through the lobby of the Acropolis, and saw, with a little warm glow of acid tangency, Miss Bates, as Grecian and kind and flawless as ever, just putting the cover on her Smith-Prem (advertising department please correct), or whatever machine it was. The hour for closing had come; but she asked me in to sit for a few minutes in the detention chair. Miss Bates explained her absence from and return to the Acropolis Hotel in words identical with or similar to these following:

"Well, Man, how are the stories coming?"

"Pretty regularly," said I. "About equal to their going."

"I'm sorry," said she. "Good typewriting is the main thing in a story. You've missed me, haven't you?"

"No one," said I, "whom I have ever known knows as well as you do how to place properly belt buckles, semicolons, hotel guests, and hairpins. But you've been away, too. I saw a package of peppermint-peppin in your place the other day."

"I was going to tell you about it," said Miss Bates, "if you hadn't interrupted me."

"Of course you know about Maggie Brown who stops here. Well, she's worth \$40,000,000. She lives in Jersey in a ten-dollar flat. She's always got more cash on hand than half a dozen business candidates for vice-president. I don't know whether she carries it in her stocking or not, but I know she's mighty popular down in the part of the town where they worship the golden calf."

"Well, about two weeks ago Mrs. Brown stops at the door and rubbers at me for ten minutes. I'm sitting with my side to her, striking off some manifold copies of a copper mine proposition for a nice old man from Tompoh. But I always see everything all around me. When I'm hard at work I can see things through my side combs; and I can leave one button unbuttoned in the back of my shirtwaist and see who's behind me. I didn't look around, because I make from eighteen to twenty dollars a week, and I didn't have to."

"That evening at knocking-off time she stands for me to come up to her apartment. I expected to have to typewrite about two thousand words of notes-of-hand, liens and contracts, with a ten-cent tip in sight; but I went. Well, Man, I was certainly surprised. Old Maggie Brown had turned human."

"Child," says she, "you're the most beautiful creature I ever saw in my life. I want you to quit your work and come and live with me. I've no kids or kin," says she, "except a husband and a son or two, and I hold no communication with any of 'em. They're extravagant burdens on a hard-working woman. I want you to be a daughter to me. They say I'm stingy

and mean, and the papers print lies about my doing my own cooking and washing. It's a lie," she goes on. "I put my washing out, except the handkerchiefs and stockings and petticoats and collars, and light stuff like that. I've got forty million dollars in cash and stocks and bonds that are as negotiable as Standard Oil, preferred, at a church fair. I'm a lonely old woman and I need companionship. You're the most beautiful human being I ever saw," says she. "Will you come and live with me? I'll

hate it—they're looking for just such openings."

"So I gave up my job in the hotel and went with Mrs. Brown. I certainly seemed to have a mash on her. She'd look at me for half an hour at a time when I was sitting, reading or looking at the magazines."

"One time I say to her: 'Do I remind you of some deceased relative or friend of your childhood, Mrs. Brown?' I've noticed you give me a pretty good optical inspection from time to time."



"It came and it was blue. I saw the bill"—American Magazine.

show 'em whether I can spend money or not," she says.

"Well, Man, what would you have done? Of course I fell to it. And, to tell you the truth, I began to like old Maggie. It wasn't all on account of the forty millions and what she could do for me. I was kind of homesome in the world, too. Everybody's got to have somebody they can explain to and how fast patent-leather shoes wear out when they begin to crack. And you can't talk about such things to men you meet in

"'You have a face,' she says, 'exactly like a dear friend of mine—the best friend I ever had. But I like you for yourself, child, too,' she says."

"And say, Man, what do you suppose she did? Loosened up like a Marcel wave in the surf of Coney. She took me to a swell dressmaker and gave her a la carte to fit me out—money no object. They were rush orders, and madame locked the front door and put the whole force to work."

"Then we moved to—where do you think?—no; guess again—that's right—the

Hotel Bonton. We had a six-room apartment; and it cost \$100 a day. I saw the bill. I began to love that old lady.

"And then, Man, when my dresses began to come in—oh, I won't tell you about 'em! you couldn't understand. And I began to call her Aunt Maggie. You've read about Cinderella, of course. Well, what Cinderella said when the prince fitted that glass slipper on her foot was a hard-luck story compared to the things I told myself.

"Then Aunt Maggie says she is going to give me a coming-out banquet in the Bon-

reception unless it were given by King Edward or William Travers Jerome. They are men, of course, and all of 'em either owe me money or intend to. Some of their wives won't come, but a good many will."

"Well, I wish you could have been at that banquet. The dinner service was all gold and cut glass. There were about forty men and eight ladies present besides Aunt Maggie and I. You'd never have known the third richest woman in the world. She had on a new black silk dress with so much passementerie on it that it sounded exactly

a young fellow who said he was a newspaper artist. He was the only—well, I was going to tell you.

"After the dinner was over Mrs. Brown and I went up to the apartment. We had to squeeze our way through a mob of reporters all the way through the halls. That's one of the things money does for you. Say, do you happen to know a newspaper artist named Lathrop—a tall man with nice eyes and an easy way of talking? No, I don't remember what paper he works on. Well, all right.

"When we got upstairs Mrs. Brown telephoned for the bill right away. It came, and it was \$600. I saw the bill. Aunt Maggie fainted. I got her on a lounge and opened the bead-work.

"Child," says she, when she got back to the world, 'what was it? A raise of rent or an income tax?'

"Just a little dinner," says I. 'Nothing to worry about—hardly a drop in the bucket-shop. Sit up and take notice—a dispossession notice if there's no other kind.'

"But, say, Man, do you know what Aunt Maggie did? She got cold feet. She hustled me out of that Hotel Bonton at nine the next morning. We went to a rooming-house on the lower West Side. She rented one room that had water on the floor below and light on the floor above. After we got moved all you could see in the room was about \$1,500 worth of new swell dresses and a one-burner gas-stove.

"Aunt Maggie had had a sudden attack of the hedges. I guess everybody has got to go on a spree once in their life. A man spends his on highballs, and a woman gets woozy on clothes. But, with forty million dollars—say! I'd like to have a picture of—*but*, speaking of pictures, did you ever run across a newspaper artist named Lathrop—a tall—oh, I asked you that before, didn't I? He was mighty nice to me at the dinner. His voice just suited me. I guess he must have thought I was to inherit some of Aunt Maggie's money.

"Well, Mr. Man, three days of that tight-housekeeping was plenty for me. Aunt Maggie was affectionate as ever. She'd hardly let me get out of her sight. But let me tell you. She was a hedger from Hedgersville, Hedger County, Seventy-five cents a day was the limit she set. We cooked our own meals in the room. There I was, with a thousand dollars' worth of

the latest things in clothes, doing stunts over a one-burner gas-stove.

"As I say, on the third day I flew the coop. I couldn't stand for throwing together a fifteen-cent kidney stew while wearing at the same time, a \$150 house-dress, with Valenciennes lace insertion. So I goes into the closet and puts on the cheapest dress Mrs. Brown had bought for me—it's the one I've got on now—not so bad for \$75, is it? I'd left all my own clothes in my sister's flat in Brooklyn.

"Mrs. Brown, formerly 'Aunt Maggie,'" says I to her, 'I am going to extend my feet alternately, one after the other, in such a manner and direction that this tenement will recede from me in the quickest possible time. I am no worshiper of money,' says I, 'but there are some things I can't stand. I can stand the fabulous monster that I've read about that blows hot birds and cold bottles with the same breath. But I can't stand a quitter, says I. 'They say you've got forty million dollars—well, you'll never have any less. And I was beginning to like you, too,' says I.

"Well, the late Aunt Maggie kicks till the tears flow. She offers to move into a swell room with a two-burner stove and washing water.

"I've spent an awful lot of money, child," says she. 'We'll have to economize for a while. You're the most beautiful creature I ever laid eyes on,' she says, 'and I don't want you to leave me.'

"Well, you see me, don't you? I walked straight to the Acropolis and asked for my job back, and I got it. How did you say your writings were getting along? I know you've lost out some by not having me to typewrite 'em. Do you ever have 'em illustrated? And by the way, did you ever happen to know a newspaper artist—oh, shut up! I know I asked you before. I wonder what paper he works on. It's funny, but I couldn't help thinking that he wasn't thinking about the money he might have been thinking I was thinking I'd get from old Maggie Brown. If I only knew some of the newspaper editors I'd—"

The sound of an easy footstep came from the doorway. Ida Bates saw who it was with her back hair comb. I saw her turn pink, perfect statue that she was—a miracle that I share with Pygmalion only.

"Am I excusable?" she said to me—adorable petitioner that she was. "It's—it's



"Throwing together a fifteen-cent kidney stew while wearing a \$150 house dress"—American Magazine.

son that'll make moving Vans of all the old Dutch families on Fifth Avenue.

"I've been out before, Aunt Maggie," says I. 'But I'll come out again. But you know,' says I, 'that this is one of the swell-est hotels in the city. And you know—pardon me—that it's hard to get a bunch of notables together unless you're trained for it.'

"Don't fret about that, child," says Aunt Maggie. 'I don't send out invitations—I issue orders. I'll have fifty guests here that couldn't be brought together again at any

like a hailstorm I heard once when I was staying all night with a girl that lived in a top-floor studio.

"And my dress!—say, Man, I can't waste the words on you. It was all hand-made lace—where there was any of it at all—and it cost \$300. I saw the bill. The men was all hand-headed or white-side-whiskered, and they kept up a running fire of light repartee about 3-per-cents, and Bryan and the cotton crop.

"On the left of me was something that talked like a banker, and on my right was

Mr. Lathrop. I wonder if it really wasn't the money—I wonder if, after all, he—"

Of course I was invited to the wedding. After the ceremony I dragged Lathrop aside.

"You an artist," said I, "and haven't figured out why Maggie Brown conceived such a strong liking for Miss Bates—that was? Let me show you."

The bride wore a simple white dress as

beautifully draped as the costumes of the ancient Greeks. I took some leaves from one of the decorative wreaths in the little parlor, and made a chaplet of them, and placed them on mee Bates' shining chestnut hair, and made her turn her profile to her husband.

"By jingo!" said he. "Isn't Ida's a dead ringer for the lady's head on the silver dollar?"

Did a Woman Inspire the Ferment in the Balkans?

By a Diplomat in Casaff's Journal

THE most fascinating part of history is that which is not written as history.

Europe was staggered by the resolution of the Emperor Francis Joseph to annex to Austria-Hungary the Turkish territories of Bosnia and Herzegovina. The reason given for the act was the thinnest, flimsiest excuse that ever accounted for an immoral act of international character. We know that the Emperor himself, with one foot in the grave, could not for his own gratification commit this robbery. Behold him there is a sinister figure, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, who will succeed his uncle as Emperor, and claim the territory stolen from Turkey in the confusion following her bloodless revolution.

"Tzar" Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who achieves the impossible by making himself king, may be giving rein to his own inordinate ambition. It will not be forgotten, however, that he married six months ago; and women are more ambitious in politics than the most ambitious of men. It is striking that when he visited Hungary with his new bride last month he was received, as it was officially announced, with "all the honors due to a sovereign," which was what no State dreamed of granting him when he was the widowed petty prince of the "volcano of Europe."

The map of Europe has been altered by the secret power of women in latter-day affairs. The Empress Eugenie has repented long in tears and agony the part that she played in France. She it was, on the

French side, who precipitated the fatal Franco-Prussian war. Her weak, vacillating, dying husband was only the catspaw. "This is my war," she exclaimed, delightedly clapping her hands when the direful news of the declaration came. By the strangest coincidence it fell to her, after the brief and bloody struggle, to determine the issue of the war. For five-and-twenty years the whole of Europe was kept in the dark as to what actually happened, but two years ago the wonderful story was laid before the world.

Sedan had fallen, the Empress was a prisoner, the Emperor was a refugee in Lord Cowley's London house. Bismarck sent a secret emissary to her, saying that if Marshal Bazaine, then shut up in Metz with his huge army, would declare for the Bonapartists, he (Bismarck) would seat her on the throne as Empress Regent. A German representative was sent to Metz, where Bazaine and the other French generals agreed to the plan; it remained only for the Empress to say "Yes" to the offer, and "Yes" to the proposal that Alsace-Lorraine should be ceded to Germany.

But she said, "No; I will not consent to any proposal dishonorable to France; and rather than cede any French territory I would prefer that I and the Imperial family should remain in exile for ever." So the woman who had made the war and cost the country two provinces and an Emperor, atoned for her folly by sacrificing a throne which might have been hers to this hour.

Canada's New Baronet—Sir Edward Clouston

By G. W. Brock

FROM junior clerk at a salary of \$200 a year to general manager of the second strongest financial institution in the world—all within a quarter of a century, is a rapid rise. The man who scaled the ladder, whose name is a household word in the great arena of finance, is Sir Edward Seabrooke Clouston, Bart., of the Bank of Montreal. In the recent list of King's birthday decorations conferred upon distinguished Canadians, the name of E. S. Clouston appears highest among the

honors, he being created a baronet. He is the second native Canadian in recent years to have hereditary rank bestowed upon him. The other resident of this country receiving a similar title is Sir Charles Tupper, who was raised to this degree of honor in 1888. While Lord Strathcona and Lord Mount Stephen were elevated to the peerage many years ago, they are both Scottish by birth, although spending the major portion of their illustrious and picturesque careers on this side of the Atlantic Ocean.

A son of the late James S. Clouston, chief factor of the Hudson Bay Company, the new Canadian baronet was born at Moose Factory, a typical trading post of the then wild and unsettled West. As a boy he was foremost in play as well as in work. Cricket and football claimed a large part of his leisure hours, and at both he became proficient. He has never lost interest in athletics, and is a staunch advocate of outdoor life. It is not unusual to-day

to see the vice-president and general manager of the Bank of Montreal, golf club in hand, on the Dixie links. He rides, motors and engages in other open air pastimes with all the characteristic fervor of youth. The young men entering the service of the institution, to which he has devoted his time and talent for the long period of forty-three years, have always been encouraged to go in for manly sports and to take abundance of exercise. The Bank of

Montreal was among the first to pay for memberships for its clerks in Y.M.C.A. and other organizations in order that they might have the benefit of gymnasiums, swimming baths and reading rooms.

What are the outstanding characteristics of Sir Edward Clouston, his method and manner of work, and how did he reach the top? are questions of timely interest. The newly-created baronet is one of the quietest and most unobtrusive of men, mild mannered, even tempered, and

retiring in disposition. He is a firm believer and exponent of the gospel of hard work. It was by intelligent, thorough, earnest application, not by any outside influence or other extraneous circumstances by which some directing genii of world-renowned establishments are often erroneously credited with climbing to eminence, that Sir Edward got there. Solely by toil, coupled with energy, aptitude, force of personality and character—carefully following instructions, closely studying the



Sir Edward S. Clouston, Bart.

methods of those around him and mastering every detail—that is the way he paved the road for advancement. He learned and did a little more than the other fellow, and, when the door of promotion opened, he was prepared to enter. He never sought publicity, never as a subordinate tried to foist himself on the attention of his superior officers, but well and worthily did what he was expected to do.

A man of few words and great reserve power, he has always been well liked, not only by his daily associates, but by all the customers and friends of the bank, for his demeanor, candor and straightforwardness. He is not only a diligent but rapid worker, and will get through more detail in an hour than some men in half a day. He arrives at the head office every morning at an early hour, and generally labors right through until late in the afternoon. He takes no lunch unless called upon to do so at some business gathering. At noon while others are thinking mostly of the bill-of-fare, Sir Edward is thinking more of the affairs of the bank. He has been known to do practically a forenoon's work in the hour when the world is lunching. He is one of the most approachable of men, and by that is not meant that everyone who desires to break in upon him or discuss comparatively trivial matters, can see him. Not by any means. A visitor must state the nature of his business to Sir Edward's private secretary, and, if deemed advisable, he is admitted. He receives a pleasant greeting, but is expected to present his proposition or make known the character of his mission as briefly as possible, for the time of the general manager is precious. The caller instinctively feels that he is in the presence of a gentleman of quiet dignity. There is not the slightest trace of pomposity or importance about him. An answer is given promptly but firmly, and there the interview ends. There is no hesitance about the manner or tone for the great financier sizes

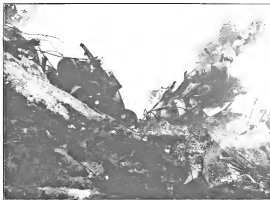
up matters quickly, his judgment is sound, his decision accurate. Himself wasting no time on trifles, others are not expected to waste his. He is as unpretentious and modest in dress, mien and movement as the most unassuming merchant in the commercial capital, and, while it has been said that he comes to decisions speedily, this does not mean that due care and caution fail to mark his connection with all the larger problems which he is called upon from time to time to weigh. In all such transactions Sir Edward is conservative and guarded.

In private life he is a lover of the fireside and the home, a generous patron and excellent critic of fine art; his private collection of masterpieces is of the most valuable and representative character. He is also deeply concerned in hospital work, and for many years has been a governor of the Royal Victoria Hospital, the Fraser Institute and other public institutions. Although a member of several clubs he spends but little time there. The summer months are passed at his picturesque home at St. Ann. He has traveled much, but it is within the walls of the bank and directing the destinies of that big undertaking, he finds his chief work and pleasure.

A few days ago Sir Edward was re-elected President of the Canadian Bankers' Association, a position which he has filled for some years. Of his business skill and tact, his ability and standing as a financier, the commercial world is conversant. He is an authority on finance in the widest interpretation of the term. By foresight and wisdom he has not only enhanced the prestige of the institution whose fortunes he has guided so successfully for eighteen years, but has raised the credit of Canada in the world centres of capital. He has helped to place banking institutions of the Dominion on the solid plane they are today, and to him they are indebted for many privileges as well as rights secured under the Canadian Banking Act.

We will still obey our husbands when once we have married them; but nothing will induce us to admit that it was they and not we who originally conferred the favor.

Even the best of people will do things for the sake of their principles which they would scorn to do for the sake of their preferences; from which peculiarity of human nature arises the spirit of persecution.



The Awful Horror of Wreck and Fire

Preventing Accidents on Railroads

By S. O. Dunn in Technical World

FOR the prevention of railroad accidents, two things are necessary, a good physical plant, and conscientious, skillful working of the plant. The latter is the more important. The best plant is worthless if inexpertly and recklessly operated.

One of the most important improvements ever made in the equipment of American railroads has been the installation of automatic couplers and train brakes. Twelve years ago Congress passed the Safety Appliances Law, requiring the installation of such couplers and brakes. There is still doubt of the constitutionality of this law. It is therefore to the credit of the railroads that without testing its validity in the courts, they have complied so well with it that, on June 30, 1907, out of 2,181,082 locomotives and cars in service, 2,059,426 had train brakes and 2,159,534 were fitted with automatic couplers. That out of 12,814 passenger locomotives only fifty-

eight were without automatic couplers; that out of 43,673 passenger cars only 1.17 per cent. were without automatic couplers; and that practically all passenger engines and cars had train brakes. The installation of power brakes and automatic couplers has cost the railroads many millions of dollars. The automatic coupler not only subserves the safety of travelers, but also of employes by making it unnecessary to go between cars to couple and uncouple. The fact that 308 railroad employes were killed and 4,353 injured in the year ended June 30, 1907, while coupling and uncoupling cars, illustrates how futile safety appliances are when men will recklessly neglect to use them. The engine brake, with which the engineer can set and release the brakes on the entire train, gives him a control over its movements that contributes greatly to safety.

The safety of travel has been much increased by improvements in passenger cars. Up to twelve years ago the bodies of cars were made entirely of wood. Now, steel underframes are being used extensively, not only in Pullmans, but in day coaches, and the added strength they give to cars is a great protection to passengers. Several roads, conspicuously the Pennsylvania System, are trying all-steel passenger cars. There is no doubt that the increased safety they afford will amply compensate for the added expense they involve. The introduction of the wide vestibule has been an important factor in reducing the fatalities in passenger train accidents. It is practically impossible for one car to telescope another when both are equipped with this device.

A good track—a track suited to the requirements of the traffic, whether light or heavy—is a main essential to safe transportation. There is still a great deal of very bad track in the United States, but there are many thousands of miles more of good track—track that is well-drained, heavily ballasted, laid with seventy-five to one hundred pound rails, and kept in good repair—than there were a few years ago. On every leading railroad system has been spent millions of dollars in strengthening tracks, reducing grades and straightening curves in order to handle traffic more economically and to transport travelers more speedily and safely. There is no better or safer track in the world than may be seen upon the Pennsylvania, New York Central lines, Lackawanna, Chicago & Northwestern, Union Pacific, Burlington, Santa Fe, St. Paul, Illinois Central, and other lines, East and West. Unfortunately, there will have to be a great deal more of such track before railroad travel will be as safe as it ought to be.

The amount of double track increased from 11,018 miles in 1897 to 19,421 miles in 1907, or eighty per cent. The amount of double track is small compared with the total of 230,000 miles of line, but its increase has been large proportionately, the increase in miles of line in the ten-year period mentioned having been twenty-four per cent. There are now about 2,000 miles of third, and 1,400 miles of fourth track. Second, third and fourth tracks, rendering unnecessary the

movement of trains in opposite directions upon the same rails, and reducing the density of traffic upon each track, very greatly increase the safety of travel. Only roads whose traffic is very heavy, and whose earnings are very large, can afford, however, to build them, because the cost of construction involved is always very great, and they greatly increase maintenance expenses.

Many accidents have resulted from the breakage of rails, and there was recently a rather warm controversy between representatives of the railroads and of the steel manufacturers over whose fault this was. The Pennsylvania Railroad has for some time conducted an exhaustive and costly examination of the entire practice of rail manufacture which, it is believed, will enable the company to secure a better rail, and one that will materially decrease the number of accidents attributed to rail breakages.

In all parts of the country, especially in cities and other places where traffic is dense, the railroads have been engaged in elevating or depressing their tracks, and separating grades, to eliminate crossings with streets and highways, and with other railroads, at grade. The Pennsylvania System alone has in the past six years eliminated 727 grade crossings. This is a work of vast importance. In many instances the railroads have undertaken it voluntarily; in others they have been forced to. As no other city has so many railroads as Chicago, so nowhere else is track elevation being done so extensively, the city council having required it by ordinance, and appointed a track elevation expert to supervise the work.

One of the most important results of the study of the problem of safe operation has been the adoption, by all of the railroads of the United States, of the American Railway Association's "Standard Code of Train Rules"—a code of rules which so completely covers every duty of every telegraph operator, every train dispatcher, every conductor, every engineer—of every person concerned in the movement of trains—and so comprehensively takes account of every possible contingency and emergency, that one of the greatest railroad operating experts in the world has written of it, that it has



Overturned at Sixty Miles an Hour

been "so carefully prepared, as the result of years of experience, that could its absolute enforcement be at all times secured nearly all accidents involving injury or loss of life to passengers or employees would be eliminated." The code of train rules has had to be supplemented on many lines where traffic is heavy with block signals and interlockers, not because of deficiencies of the rules, but because of deficiencies and derelictions of the human agents whose duty it is to enforce and obey the rules. The mechanism of the interlocking plant will not display signals automatically, but must be worked by the operator.

The "manual telegraph block" system is the simplest system of block signaling in use in this country. The track is divided into "blocks," in each of which only one train is permitted to be at a time, and the operators at the various stations, and in intermediate signal boxes, communicate with each other to locate and control the movement of trains. An improvement on the "manual telegraph" block system is the "controlled manual" block system, under which a block operator cannot "clear" the

signal at his own station without the co-operation of the operator, in advance of the proposed train movement, the result being that all of the block operators are constantly checking each other and reducing to a minimum the possibility of error. Under the "automatic" system the various signals — "distant," "home," "proceed," "stop," etc.—are set by electrical power as a result of the contact of the wheels of the various trains with the rails over which they are passing. But for the fact that engineers or other trainmen may fail to see or may misread or disregard the signals, the danger of collisions on lines having "automatic" blocks would be very small, indeed.

While block signals are very desirable to promote safety, especially on lines of heavy traffic, experience has shown that the multiplication of safety devices is attended with positive danger unless employees fully realize that dependence must not be placed upon the safety devices themselves, but upon their intelligent, skillful and conscientious operation. Instruction of those concerned in the movement of trains, in the rules and methods

necessary to prevent accidents, is usually carried on by experts who travel over the lines in cars fitted with every kind of safety appliance, and who give lectures to the employees on the various divisions. The lectures are illustrated by the manipulation of the various appliances themselves, or of working models.

Frequent examinations and surprise signal tests are used on the larger systems to make sure that the employees both know their duties and are doing them. During the period from June, 1904, to the end of 1907, over 43,000 surprise tests were made upon the Union Pacific System, and no less than 99.1 per cent. were promptly and correctly observed. When they were not promptly and correctly observed and obeyed, exemplary discipline was inflicted. The first public reports of surprise tests on the Pennsylvania Railroad showed that the engineers observed and obeyed the signals in 97 per cent of 2,252 instances, passing the signals by even a few feet being counted a violation of the rules. Later reports of surprise tests on the Pennsylvania showed clean records on seven divisions. On each of three divisions, including the New York division, on which the traffic is enormous, just one engineer's mistake marred the report. The surprise tests in 1906 on the Chicago & Northwestern, which was a pioneer in this work, showed extraordinary results. In every one of 1,625 tests of engineers the signals were properly observed and obeyed, and out of 1,621 additional tests of minor importance there were only sixteen instances where the signals were not obeyed.

The Union Pacific and Southern Pacific have adopted a novel method of enlisting public sentiment on their side in their attempt to stimulate their employees to obey every rule of safe operation. They organize boards of inquiry to investigate cases of violation of the rules, whether accidents have resulted or not, and invite public-spirited citizens, especially representatives of the press, to sit upon the boards and hear the testimony, the aim being that the public shall be made to know just what the causes of accidents are, may be rendered able to judge whether the discipline inflicted by

the railroad officers is just, and may be led to support the railroad in its efforts to make travel safe. These roads also issue for publication in the newspapers along their lines bulletins regarding the principal accidents, telling the causes developed by the investigations and placing the responsibility wherever it belongs. The Pennsylvania Railroad, likewise, and for the same purpose, has adopted recently a policy of posting similar accident bulletins in its stations.

The statistics of the Interstate Commerce Commission demonstrate that about 75 per cent. of the train accidents and fatalities on American railroads are due to disregard or disobedience of the rules by employees. This shows why many railroads are trying to enlist the aid and co-operation of the public in their efforts to enforce better discipline. Accidents have increased despite all the enormous expenditures which, as we have seen, the railroads have made to so equip their plants as to prevent them. Safety appliances undoubtedly have prevented the increase of accidents from being much greater. The enormous growth of traffic has been largely responsible for the increase, but a no less important cause has been the reckless disregard and violation by employees of rules established for their protection and that of the public. The railroads could not during prosperous times effectually remedy the evil by discharging men, because the need of trainmen and telegraphers was so great that every man knew that if he was discharged by one road he could at once secure employment with another; and the walking delegate was always at hand to interfere with discipline that exceeded his notion of fairness. The number of accidents has remarkably diminished since business depression reduced the traffic of all the railroads, but in order to get the accident record where it will cease to be a disgrace to American railroads and to the American people it will be necessary for the roads to spend enormous sums in improvements of their plants and for railroad employees to be induced or coerced by the railroad managements and by public opinion to perform their responsible duties with a more intelligent and conscientious regard for the welfare of themselves, their employers and the public.

According to Agreement

By Archie P. McKibbin

MR. RICH dismissed the fluffy-haired stenographer with a curt, "That's all," and a wave of a pudgy hand. When the door of the inner office swung to behind her, Mr. Rich settled back in his chair with a deep chuckle of satisfaction, not a ripple of which showed on his stern, aristocratic face. Mr. Rich had mastered more than intrinsic money-problems in his sixty odd years of existence; he had mastered himself, his clerks, everybody he came in contact with, in fact. At least that is what Mr. Rich thought. Every morning at half-past nine he donned a business mask and wore it until four in the afternoon. It consisted of shaggy, concentrated brows behind a pair of gold-rimmed glasses, a narrow line of a mouth that dropped slightly downward at the corners, and thoughtful wrinkles, that formed a dollar sign in a high forehead. Once garbed in this armor of commerce, Mr. Rich was a fox, figuratively speaking, worthy of the steel of any tiler in the commercial lists.

This morning Mr. Rich was having difficulty with his accoutrements. He got as far as the frown, but somehow that gurgle of enjoyment, deep within him, kept chasing the sarcastic curve away from his lips, as often as he would summon it. At last he sat erect with a jerk and muttered, "This won't do." Thomas, the office boy, who was hanging some files on the wall jumped a couple of feet in the air.

"Beg pardon, sir?" he quavered.

"Come here," commanded Mr. Rich, transfixing the boy with his cold grey eyes.

"How long have you been there?"

The boy stood on one foot.

"Not long, sir."

"You've been smoking," said Mr. Rich.

"After my warning to you, you have been smoking again."

"O, no, sir, beggin' your pardon, sir, I haven't been smokin', sir."

"Turkish cigarettes," persisted Mr. Rich, calmly. "You have some of them in your pockets now. Put them on the table."

"But, sir—"

"On the table right there, that is right. Now then—what is your name, please?"

"Thomas Bates, sir."

"Well, Thomas Bates, you are discharged."

"Yes, sir."

"We don't employ boys who smoke."

"I'm willin' to give up tobacco, sir."

There were tears in the boy's eyes, and the greenness of apprehension had aged his face. Mr. Rich noted this with satisfaction.

"Humph! well, I can't reinstate you in your old position, but I might give you a chance in another line."

"Thank you, sir."

Mr. Rich arose and crossing softly over to the door of the inner office, he locked it noiselessly. Then he came back softly and drew the astonished Tommie into an inner sanctum. This door he too locked. Then he turned and looked the boy up and down speculatively.

"Boy," said Mr. Rich, as he thoughtfully turned the big diamond about on his finger, "during the forty years I have been busy in making over a million of dollars, there has been at least one rule in business that I have strictly adhered to. That rule is never to re-engage a man I have once discharged. I am going to break that rule now. In return I ask you, will you play fair by me?"

The lad looked him straight in the eyes.

"Ain't you doin' it by me sir?" he asked.

"All right. No more lying, remember—at least not to me. You've found it don't pay. I always know."

"Yes, sir."

"All right, now I'll tell you what you're to do. I've got a hair-brained son in business here with me, perhaps you have seen him, name's Jim." "No?" "Well, it don't matter. What I want you to do is keep your peepers on that youngster—all the time. You're to watch him, like a cat, day and night. Don't let him out of your sight, without ascertaining where he is going. He's a gold-fend as well as every other

kind of an enthusiast. I heard him say he wants a caddy. You might apply for that job. Don't look anxious. I'm going to pay you, in addition to what he does, just double what I was paying you before. Now I'll tell you what I want to find out. Jim is in love with some penniless girl, just as hair-brained, no doubt, as he is himself, but with acuteness enough to know what it means to marry money. I've been trying to find out who she is, and where she is to be found."

Mr. Rich parsed out his lips—glared down at the boy—then nodded. "I suppose I'll have to take you into my confidence and I want you to remember—that if you betray it—you've got to deal with James Rich. You know what that means, eh?"

The boy nodded.

"Well, then, I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to get this girl, this fortune-hunter, to leave the city. I'm going to pay her to do so, understand? For various reasons Jim must not know of my plan. I'm not going to let him tell me anything about this girl—although he wants to be mighty bad. I'm going to work this thing out by myself—with your help—and now a bit of advice to you. Young man, don't you try any sharp games on Mr. James Rich, because he's just a trifle sharper than you are. I know I'm taking chances on you—but I've got to risk it. I've got to have somebody to help me. Now do you think you can do what I want you to do?"

The boy arose.

"I'll find the woman," he said, sidling toward the door.

"Understand you are to report to me as soon as possible, and you are not to forget that I must have a square deal."

Mr. Rich, speckling from behind his armor, unlocked the door and the boy with an earnest "I'll remember, sir," passed out.

Mr. Rich, once more back in his chair by the table was muttering, "I'll nip this fortune-hunter in the bud."

The boy, passing down the stairs, lifted a partly demolished cigarette from the window-sill, and stepped out into the autumn morning. "Tommy Bates, de detective," he chuckled. "Or de boy dat played de millionaire."

II.

Mr. Rich reached toward a pile of letters, picked one up, opened it and concentrated

his eyes upon it. He read it through twice turned it over and read it again. He picked up another and did the same thing with it. Somehow, he couldn't fasten his mind on business. For some reason he felt jubilant. That chuckle seemed awake within him still. There was nothing for him to feel particularly happy over, he knew; on the other hand, he had a hard and distasteful task before him. He had to save that hair-brained son of his from disaster. Finally he settled back and the corners of his mouth turned up in a little satisfied smile. He knew now what was the matter with him. Funny he hadn't guessed it before. Strange he hadn't noticed what a charming girl Miss Waetz was, long ago. Mr. Rich sat erect with a frown, only to settle back again with a sigh. He told himself that a widower, even if he were an old widower, had a right to dwell on sentimental thoughts occasionally. Thinking wouldn't do anybody any harm. It was necessary—quite necessary, that he should follow—well a certain line of thought on Jim's account. He didn't want to be too hard on the boy. It might just be that he was in love with this adventuress, and love is a bad barrier to get over without getting scratched—he wanted to think it out fairly, he—

"Eyes, if they're the right kind now," he reasoned, "they simply play the devil with—a man."

Mr. Rich jerked himself together. He was astonished, shocked at himself. He glanced about him nervously.

"I wonder what's the matter with me," he asked himself.

Somehow, he couldn't forget that pair of deep grey eyes that had laughed fairly and squarely into his own, that very morning. They had stirred a little chord in his long-locked soul, that was flagging still—getting louder if anything.

"She was trying to make an impression on me," scowled Mr. Rich. Then he turned the ring on his finger slowly a few times and whistled.

"Eyes, she has made an impression on me, too."

Mr. Rich arose and strode across to the big mirror in his coat room.

A long time he surveyed himself in the glass. Then he shook his head.

"White hair," he muttered, "nothing about that to charm a young lady, I guess."

"Pompous looking, no, that's not it. Can't be my side whiskers, most girls detest side whiskers, must be my million dollars."

This thought did not satisfy Mr. Rich. He felt it did Miss Waetz an injustice.

He went slowly back to his desk and sat thinking a considerable time, the curve in his mouth changing from the upper to the drop curve, according to the bent of his reflections. At last, he took off his glasses and laid them on the table. Then he called very softly, "Miss Waetz." The stenographer entered with her pad and pencil, and Mr. Rich motioned her to a chair, with a wave that was perhaps a little more deferential than usual.

At any rate, the sweet face of the girl flashed a smile that made the æolian harp in the old man's bosom tingle so that it was fully a minute before he could bring himself to dictate.

Mr. Rich cleared his throat. Then for the third time that morning he arose. He crossed over to the window and looked down on the street. He saw his son Jim walking leisurely along, and skulking at his heels, Tommy, the detective. It gave him strength to speak out.

Once he turned and saw two big grey eyes looking at him wistfully. If that glance didn't bespeak heart-hunger, Mr. Rich—who had lived 60 years, had never seen heart-hunger in a look.

"Please take this letter—my dear."

Miss Waetz almost leaped from her chair. When Mr. Rich glanced over his shoulder, her fluffy head was bowed above her pad, and shaking—well, just a trifle.

"Unnerved," thought Mr. Rich. "A little sudden, I guess." Aloud, he dictated:

"Dear Miss Waetz—

The girl glanced up with puckered brow—then her pencil touched the line again. She was paid for taking dictation.

"If you would make a lone home supremely happy, consent to become Mrs. James Rich. Take a day or two to think it over."

"Yours, etc."

Mr. Rich stood still, gazing down on the street. Miss Waetz waited a moment or so, then asked: "Is there anything more, sir?"

"That is all, this morning," he answered, softly.

"Will you sign this letter or shall I use—"

He turned then and smiled across at the girl.

"Take it with you, Anna"—he spoke the name very gently—"and believe, if you can, I mean every word of it."

"You are kind," she commenced, "very good and kind—"

Then Mr. Rich turned quickly, very quickly, considering his weight of years. But she was gone.

He went to the coat room and took down his hat and cane. Somehow he wanted room, lots of room. This office was too small to contain him and his feelings. At the door he met the detective.

"She's tall an' dark and she's an actor," hissed the lad gliding in.

Mr. Rich drew the boy into the inner sanctum.

"Who's tall and dark and an actor?" he asked sternly.

"Th' wu-man, which would win your son, sir. Th' she vu-empire, sir, whose trail I have found."

Mr. Rich placed the boy in a chair, with a shake that made his teeth chatter. "Talk sense, sir," he stormed.

"Now tell me what you mean?"

"I'm Mr. Alex's caddy, now sir," spoke the boy, swallowing hard for his lost breath, "and I've been watchin' him as you asked me to, sir. I've seen the wu-man."

"Well?"

"They are deep in love, sir, very deep in it, I should say."

"How do you know?"

The detective lifted his brows.

"Jedgin' from appearances, sir," he said.

"Humph, well did you get her address?"

"Sir?"

"Do you know her street address?"

"No sir, not as yet, but I will sir."

"Did you learn the name of this—this penniless girl with an ambition?"

"Gusty," hissed the boy. "It's that."

Mr. Rich backed away from him.

"Gusty," he repeated, "Gusty?"

"That th' first end, sir. Last one is

Knight."

"Gusty Knight," mused the old man—ahem, it promises to be wilder still before morning."

"Sir?"

"Shut up, can't you? How am I going

to think with you bearing up in my face. I wish I had never seen you."

"I'm on the right scent, sir."

"Very well, get out and when you come back have that woman's street address, bear me."

Tommie touched his forelock and slipped out.

"What were boys made for, I wonder?" mused Mr. Rich.

The outer door swung open and Jim, the son, tall, straight and debonaire, entered.

"Are you in, sir?" he called softly.

"Come in if you wish to see me," answered Mr. Rich, curly bracing himself and squaring his heavy jaw.

III.

The son entered, closed the door gently behind him, and sat down in a chair opposite his father.

"The Ladlaw Company took over that Frost mortgage on our terms, sir," he said. Mr. Rich, his pale eyes gleaming coldly through his glasses, vouchsafed no reply.

"I thought, perhaps, you might wish to consult with me about that parcel of Scodd gold shares?"

The father's mouth drooped to a sarcastic smile.

"Consult with you?" he asked, raising his brows.

The young man's face reddened.

"I said consult, sir," he said quickly, "I believe that is the term usually applied to business talks between partners."

"Listen," said Mr. Rich, leaning his elbows on his knees and twisting his ring about on his finger.

"Don't you use that term again, when speaking of a conversation—whether business or otherwise—between us two. In the first place, you are no partner of mine, in the strict sense of the word, in the second place you lack sufficient business ability to talk business, even if I were disposed to take you into consultation. You are twenty-six years of age and you have not, as yet, shown one single trait, that according to my judgment, marks that shrewdness and ability to cope with sharpers, the acuteness that characterizes the successful business man."

"The fact that I do not believe in resorting to sharp practices in business, does not

prove that I could not detect such practices in another, sir."

"Nor does it prove that you can. I will admit, if you were to show me that you possessed one iota of sharpness, my opinion of you might change somewhat. As it is, I don't think you capable of anything very extraordinary. You lack shrewdness, backbone, tenacity—oh, a lot of essentials to business success."

The son smiled oddly. "I guess I'm in a pretty bad way, sir," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

"I realize that these little talks of mine don't help you any," said the father evenly, "at the same time I feel that I am doing my duty in telling you of your short comings. Naturally, I have always been anxious for you to display some of the few traits I would see you possess, but I have given up hoping that you ever will. I took you in as partner, hoping that you would one day show yourself responsible of the trust."

"Perhaps, some day, I will show you."

"No," Mr. Rich shook his head sorrowfully, then finally, "I tell you, you never will, sir."

"Well, I'll take the first opportunity that presents itself, to try and prove to you that I am—well, pretty sharp, when I take the notion."

"That's it. Now you don't let anybody beat you at billiards do you, and why?"

"I'll tell you. You take an interest in billiards. Same with that beastly game of golf, bah, I want to know how long do you think it would take a sharp company to run you into the ground—as an opposition company; I mean."

"Well, if I liked the business I was in it would take a devil of a long while."

Mr. Rich gasped.

"Beg pardon, father, I didn't mean to say that. I meant I wouldn't let any competitors beat me in business or anything else. I'm not built that way."

For the first time during the conversation, Mr. Rich's mouth curved upward a trifle.

"It's all right to talk," he smiled.

"I'm pretty sure I mean what I say, sir," Mr. Rich got up and put his hands deep in his pockets. He took a turn or two up and down the room and stopped directly in front of his son.

"What I want to say—and I'll say it quickly, is this," he said. "You've got to give this girl—this penniless fortune-hunter you have found, up—there you see I know all about it. I say you've got to give her up." He waved his hand as the son attempted to speak. "I don't want to know anything about her. I don't blame her, but I'm going to save you and myself. You haven't—proposed to—"

"Yes, I have, and she's going to marry me."

If the father was surprised, he didn't show it.

He went on calmly. "If you refuse to give her up, why, of course, I can't help it. All I can do is withdraw my support and cut you off with a small allowance. That would pain me, as you well know, but you know equally well I would do it. I can't allow a fortune-hunter to spend my hard-earned money."

"But let me tell you who—"

"There, there, I don't want to know who she is. I don't want to hear anything about this young woman, as I said before. Therefore, you will please keep her name to yourself."

The son sat, his head bowed, his fingers beating a tattoo on the chair-arms. When he looked up, his father stood before a glass smiling at his reflection.

"Toothache?" asked the young man, sympathetically.

The father turned, a flush dyeing his skin. "Thought the filling of one of my teeth had broken away," he explained lamely.

After a time the son spoke again. "Who is she?" he asked quietly.

Mr. Rich turned quickly. Almost he could not believe his ears. If that question didn't show keen perception in this hair-brained son of his—well nothing could, that's all.

"I—I just don't understand your question," he said severely.

"I believe I understand some signs pretty well, sir, I asked you, who is she? I think I have a right to know, haven't I?"

"You are an ass, sir," Mr. Rich turned his back, and Jim arose and walked toward the door.

"Hold on there, I'm not—that is, I want to tell you something," cried the father, turning quickly. Ah—how'd you like a— a new mother, my boy?"

"I think it would be real sweet," returned the son, without a smile. "Somebody to tell me stories and rock me to sleep, eh?"

"I am not joking sir, I mean to marry."

"It's a sort of nice life, I fancy, married life," grinned Jim. "Everybody thinks of it, sooner or later, it seems."

Mr. Rich stood the picture of speechless rage and wounded pride.

"I—I don't think—" he commenced, and Jim laughed.

"It's all right, dad," he said, tightly. "I hope you'll be happy."

"The devil you do," gritted Mr. Rich, backing away. "How about the million I'm going to leave behind me? You don't want any stepmother, and, perhaps—"

"It depends upon whom she is. A nice sort of stepmother, and, perhaps, would just suit me. Going to tell me her name, father?"

"Well, if she'll have me, and, of course she will, I'm going to marry Miss Warts."

Jim gave a low whistle. "Indeed," he exclaimed.

"I've proposed to her, sir," said the father.

Jim sat down and gazed out of the window. "Of course—you are bound to have opposition," he said, absently. "Miss Warts, being beautiful and accomplished, is sure to have other suitors, you know."

"I've thought of that, and I thought I would get you to help me win her, Jim."

Mr. Rich's tone had softened to a coaxing note. "You'll do that for me, won't you, Jim?" he pleaded.

"Me?" the son's brows were lifted in mock surprise. "Me help you win anything? Why, father, haven't you often told me that I haven't one ounce of executive ability. I don't want to make a failure of a possibility. Why—with your knowledge of things generally, you surely don't require any help?"

"But, you see, if you would try and make her sort of take to you Jim—the women do take to you somehow, I can't understand that—naturally, she won't mind becoming your step-mother, providing she thinks you are nice—understand?"

Jim smiled. "What do you wish me to do, sir?"

"Get Miss Warts to agree to become Mrs. James Rich, that's all."

"You are sure that's all?"

"Absolutely."
"And if I do this?"

"Why—if you do—perhaps, I'll look into your own case, and if I find the girl isn't too much of a fortune-hunter, I'll agree to your marrying her."

Jim pointed to an ink-well. "Put it down in writing," he said, grimly.

"Now then, 'I, James Rich, agree to give my consent to the marriage of my son, James, provided he gains the consent of Miss Anna Wertz to change her name to Mrs. James Rich. Hold on," as the father was about to sign the agreement, "I'm not through yet. And as a further consideration, I agree to bequeath to my son and his wife, one hundred thousand dollars as a wedding gift."

"Now sign."

With a smile that was hard to fathom, Mr. Rich put his flowing signature to the agreement.

Jim arose, folded the agreement, put it in his pocket and walked thoughtfully out. "I believe," mused Mr. Rich, sinking into his chair again, "I believe the young cuth has got some executive ability after all. And," he chuckled and rubbed his hands together, "that wasn't a bad scheme of his either. Wonder if I have acted wisely—"

He ceased ruminating, and the corners of his mouth went up gradually. He was looking into a pair of grey, laughing eyes again. He was under the spell. After a time he stood up and squared his shoulders. "Mr. Rich," he smiled, turning his ring about slowly, "Mr. Rich, as a schemer, you stand without a peer. While your innocent son is helping you gain the consent of the beautiful girl you would wed, you are going to cook his goose effectively—ahem—with this fair fortune-hunter; you are going to buy her off and send her out of the city. No wonder people respect your shrewdness, Mr. Rich. Well now what is it?" as Tommie, the detective, protruded his black, closely-cropped head in at the door.

"I have run th' wu-man vampire to 'er lair, sir," he whispered hoarsely.

Mr. Rich frowned. "Talk English," he commanded. "I have you got the young wu-man's street address there?"

Tommie produced a slip of brown wrap-

ping paper and, screwing up his face, winked gravely.

"Miss Gusty Knight, 236 Church Place," he read. "That's it, sir."

Mr. Rich took the slip of paper and sat down to his desk. Then with his brows puckered into the dollar sign, he seized a pen and dashed off a note.

"I want you to place this in the young woman's hands at once," he said ominously, handing it to the boy.

"It shall be did, sir."

"You are to bring—this woman back here with you," explained Mr. Rich. "In my letter I have asked her to accompany you here."

"Yes, sir."

"Keep her down stairs until Jim goes out—then show her in here. After you have done this," smiled Mr. Rich, "I am through with you forever—at least I hope so. I am going to give you a single ticket to Chicago and three hundred dollars. Are you willing to take it and promise me you will never speak of what you have been doing for me?"

The sleuth's eyes danced.

"I'd rather be astayin' on, sir," he replied thoughtfully, "but, of course, if them's your wishes—" he shrugged his shoulders submissively. "But I am thinkin' as Master Jim 'ud like give me quite a bit more 'n you are given me, if I went to him—"

Mr. Rich strode across to the boy and gripped him by the shoulders.

"Are you trying to hold me, James Rich, up?" he gasped.

"I'm a business man, same's yourself, sir," asserted the lad, meeting the dead grey eyes fearlessly. "I've been doin'—well it's some sort of dirty work, I've been doin' fer you, an' I don't like it. I want \$500, and that ticket, else I'm goin' down and tell Master Jim all about this little scheme, sir."

Mr. Rich drew back slowly.

"I'm almost sorry I dismissed you the other morning, boy," he said. "You have the making of a shrewd business man in you. I'll give you the \$500."

"I'll be takin' it now then, sir."

"What?"

"I say, if you don't mind, I'll take it now. Oh, you needn't be scared of my hedgin', I'll get the wu-man here, all right. You kin just give me a cheque, if you like, sir."

You kin date it to-morrow, if you're scared of me, before that time I'll have fulfilled my little contract with you, I take it, sir. If I haven't, why, you kin stop payment, see?"

Mr. Rich laughed then. Actually laughed until the tears came into his eyes and dimmed his glasses. He loved a keen play. He was getting it. Ten minutes later Tommie left the office with his cheque.

"Here's where I get even with th' millionaire," he chuckled as he passed from the dim hall into the sunny street.

IV.

"Well?"

Mr. Rich swung about in his revolving chair, and tapped the letter he was perusing with a pencil.

Jim laughed oddly.

"I guess you'll think I'm not so bad at putting through a deal after all, father," he said.

"Then you saw her and she—" cried Mr. Rich eagerly.

"Yes, she said she would do it, father."

"Well, I was pretty sure she would, you know," frowned the older man, pursing out his lips. "I was pretty sure she would. James Rich, sir, is a man who always wins—always wins, sir."

"Then I don't suppose I get any glory for myself?" said the son, in a quiet voice. "There's no credit due me for engineering this thing, I suppose?"

"Poo, poo, Jim. What have you done, I ask you, what have you done? Why, the young lady was quite ready to give her consent to my—ahem—proposal, sir, long before you saw her at all. That's the trouble with you. You always expect credit for doing things, when in reality you don't do anything. I'm just about out of patience with you. Why don't you do something?"

Mr. Rich leaned across the table and fixed his cold eyes on his son's. "Why don't you do something?" he repeated, tauntingly, "do something yourself?"

"It will have to be something very big—very, very big, before you can see it, I guess," replied the son, quietly. Then he passed out, leaving the elder man pondering over his strange words.

At last Mr. Rich settled back in his chair with a sigh of satisfaction. "Of course I knew she would accept my proposal," he smirked. "Mr. Rich, you're a great man."

You're a conqueror, Mr. Rich; they can't beat you, no sir."

There was a loud knock on the door, and Tommie, accompanied by a tall, slender girl, entered the room.

"This is Miss Knight, sir," grinned the detective, bowing low.

"I hope you will reach Chicago safely," said Mr. Rich, handing the boy a railway ticket. "You may as well start right now."

When Tommie had gone, Mr. Rich turned to the girl.

"I want to tell you why I sent for you," he said, sternly.

"I have learned of your ambition and I want to tell you that I will never consent to my son marrying you, never. He, of course, is his own master, but I am his banker. If you marry him you marry him only—not a fortune, as he has no doubt led you to believe you would."

The girl moved uneasily. "But, sir—" she commenced, and Mr. Rich held up one hand commandingly.

"I don't want any explanations, I don't want a word from you of any kind. My son thought he could fool me into believing that he loved an innocent girl, who scorned his money—or rather my money, but, madam, no man, woman, or child has ever fooled James Rich, Esq., and no man, woman, or child ever shall. I would not allow him to speak of you even, and if I have learned who you are, it is but gives proof of my astuteness. However, it doesn't matter. I want you, madam, to leave this city. I am willing to pay you—a consideration for so doing. I have an agreement drawn up here which I trust you are willing to sign. I will give you a cheque for one thousand dollars if you will sign it. Will you remove your veil and read the agreement yourself, or shall I read it for you, madam?"

"You read it, please," faltered the girl.

Mr. Rich adjusted his glasses and read.

"I, Gusty Knight, solemnly promise that in consideration of \$1,000 now paid me to relinquish all claim upon one Jim Rich, to release him from any promise of marriage made me, and to leave the city at once. I agree also never to see Mr. Rich again, if it can be avoided."

Mr. Rich laid the agreement down on the table and picked up a pen.

The girl came forward hesitatingly, and as she signed in scrawly letters her name at the bottom of the agreement Mr. Rich filled in a cheque for \$1,000.

"If you break this agreement I will have you thrown in jail for obtaining money under false pretences," he warned, as he placed the cheque in her hands.

He watched her, with bowed head, slowly pass from the room and the little soul of the man exulted.

"I knew she was after money," he grunted. "Better a thousand dollars now than a hundred thousand later."

He crossed the room and opened the inner office door. The fond smile died from his face when he noted that Miss Waetz's desk was unoccupied.

"Where is Miss Waetz?" he asked a pale-faced clerk so fiercely that a great splash of ink fell upon the spotless ledger page.

"She went out about an hour ago with Mr. Jim, sir," answered the young man, frantically searching for a blotter.

Mr. Rich glared in astonishment.

"With whom?" he gasped.

"With Mr. Jim, sir. She left no word as to how long she would be gone, sir."

"When she returns, please ask her to step into my office, Jennings, and if Jim should turn up, tell him I wish to see him too."

Very well, sir."

Mr. Rich passed around among his clerks, as was his custom, his face set in its armor of icy disapproval. He had his own views of clerks and—well, men in general.

Finally he sought his comfortable chair in his own cozy office and gave himself up to reflection.

He had much to engage his mind. After a time he pulled the telephone over to him and called up Briggs & Briggs, architects. "Guess I'll have that remodeling done as soon as you can get at it," he told them. "I want that house to be not one of the best, but the best on Poplar Row—there's a reason. All right, go down and get right at it."

As he hung up the receiver, the corners of his mouth went up. "Eyes, if they're the right kind now, do play the devil with a man," he mused.

And so throughout the long afternoon Mr. Rich dreamed and planned and won-

dered where the girl with those "right kind of eyes" had gone and wondered still more why Jim had gone with her. It was nearly five o'clock in the afternoon before he learned why the girl with "the right kind of eyes" had gone—and why Jim had gone with her. They came into the office arm in arm, and they looked handsome and happy.

Mr. Rich arose with a smile. He must seem glad to think the girl and her stepson-to-be were agreeable companions. Somehow they seemed more than companions. Mr. Rich felt an indefinable, shrinking sort of feeling stirring in his breast and it made him hot and cold by turns. He laughed it away. "My dear," he said, and held out his arms to the girl. She blushed and hung back, but Jim pinched her pink ear and pushed her playfully forward.

"Kiss him," he grinned, and the girl threw her warm, soft arms about the old man's neck and kissed him on the dollar sign between his brows.

Mr. Rich held her gently, smoothing her wavy hair back from her brow pettingly.

"My dear," he said fervently. "This is the happiest moment I have had for many years."

"I—I am glad," faltered the girl.

Mr. Rich cleared his throat, glanced across at Jim's smiling face, and frowned.

"Why don't you go," said the frown.

"I guess I'll stay," said the smile.

Mr. Rich bent and kissed the girl's red cheek. "When you are Mrs. James Rich—" he commenced, then stopped, for Jim had turned his back and was shaking as with the palsy.

While the father stood angry and perplexed watching his son, the girl slipped away from him.

He saw Jim turn and gather her into his arms. Then the father sank into a chair.

"She is Mrs. James Rich, now," said Jim, when he could speak. "We were married this afternoon."

Mr. Rich's face was a study. He attempted to speak, failed and he sat with his jaws working and the dollar sign between his brows deepened into one twisted, baffled wrinkle.

After a time the old man took off his glasses and laid them on his desk. Then he turned the ring about upon his finger as

slowly the drop curve of his mouth changed to the upper, until a smile rested there.

"I guess you've succeeded in 'doing something big,' Jim, something very, very big," he sighed. "I'm beginning to understand things a little." Then he arose and went across to the young people.

"I hope you will both be happy," he said, taking a hand of each. "I have ordered the old house renovated against this occasion, and, Jim, I will place \$100,000 to your account to-morrow." Then Mr. Rich went back to his seat by the table. When he glanced up again his new daughter-in-law had gone.

Somehow Mr. Rich felt happy, reasonably happy that is, considering everything. Of course it was foolish in Jim to marry a girl he had decided to marry himself, just to show his father that he could be sharp

on occasion, when he was in love with another girl. Mr. Rich brought himself up with a jerk. A horrible suspicion had flashed into his mind.

"Jim," he said, "tell me, is Anna the girl you always wanted to marry?"

"Why to be sure she is, but you wouldn't let me tell you her name."

Mr. Rich was looking out of the window. "Come here, Jim," he said. "Do you see that old office boy of ours and that tall girl with him down there?" he asked.

"What, you mean the girl with the suit case? Yes, that's his sister. I just said good-bye to them. They're going to Chicago. Bright lad that, father. Wish you hadn't let him out."

"He is bright," agreed Mr. Rich, slowly.

"Yes, I wish myself now I hadn't let him out."



The Roberts Trophy for Schoolboys of the Empire.



Sir Gilbert Parker M.P. Unveiling the Tablet on the Wall of General Wolfe's Old Home in Bath.

General Wolfe's Home in Bath

By Sir Gilbert Parker

IT is a happy accident of fate that the ancient City of Bath, by whose waters and in whose shades the great soldiers of the Roman legions rested between the storms of battle and the Caesar's enterprises of colonization, should be associated with one whose deeds gave England a Western Empire founded upon a French base, which was to remain a new field for the energies and courage and ambitions of our race, when her revolting colonies to the south should set up and maintain the angry claim of independence. Here, at Bath, James Wolfe was resting when the summons came from England's greatest Prime Minister to one of her greatest heroes to lay aside his pain and suffering, surmount the ravages which war and hard campaigns had made on a delicate constitution, and proceed upon his country's business across the seas where the fleur-de-lis waved over the batteries of the noblest citadel of all the picturesque world. And

in this pleasant place of Bath, when his day's work was done and his wages were taken from an Immortal Treasury, his mother came and made her home. She had loved the place before, and had been so frequent a visitor that in one of Wolfe's letters from Bath to his father, Lieut.-General Edward Wolfe, he says: "There are a number of people that inquire after you and my mother; and some that wish you well wherever you are." If it is not true that in the house in Trim Street,

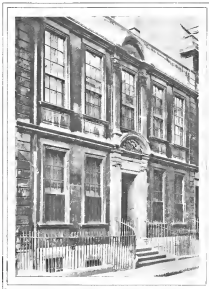
Here first was Wolfe with martial ardor fired,
Here first with Glory's highest flame inspired,

still it is right to put the mark of a city's and a nation's pride and love upon the house where he sojourned, and in doing so, we can justly add the last two lines of the verse which commemorates the spot at

Squerries Court where, at sixteen years of age, he received his first King's commission of ensign:

This spot so sacred will for ever claim
A proud alliance with its hero's name.

at sixteen, a captain and brigade-major at seventeen, to serve gallantly at Culloden and Falkirk, which brought him public official thanks after the Battle of Lawfield at twenty, made him a lieutenant-colonel at twenty-three, a brigadier-general at thirty-



No. 9, Trim Street, Bath, the Home of General Wolfe.

There is a noble monument to Wolfe in Westminster Abbey; there is a lofty column at Stowe; there is a tablet in the church at Westerham; and now there is at Bath a tablet which tells that those walls sheltered that bright genius, whose merits and matchless skill made him an adjutant

one, and a major-general and the captor of half a continent at thirty-two years of age. Why before most men have begun to launch upon their life-schemes and activities he was grown old with wars, and the miseries, duties and achievements of the stricken field had so out-worn that ungainly

frame which shined an exquisite yet indomitable spirit that, only just before the capture of Quebec, he said to his surgeon: "I know perfectly well you cannot cure me,

that Wolfe's fame has reddened the whole sky of British history. The significance of the work he did, the true fulness of his conquest, has only been brought home to the



Major-General James Wolfe.

(From an 1812 Print.)

but pray make me up so that I may be without pain for a few days, and able to do my duty; that is all I want."

It is only within the last two generations

people of our wide Empire by the rise of the great Dominion, and the mighty activities of the two peoples—that yet are one people—who are building up a stalwart na-

tion between the oceans, in a fertile territory larger than Europe, over which flies the flag that has heaved a thousand years the battle and the breeze. Yonder, where three hundred feet above the River St. Lawrence, Louis' Citadel batteries poured their shot and shell upon Saunders' and Holmes' fleet, and pounded Monckton's defences at Point Levi; where the battalions of Bearn, Languedoc and Guienne under Montcalm and Bougainville challenged our little army to attempt the impregnable fortress; there, the other day, under the eyes of the Hair-Apprentice of the British Crown, passed an army of thirty thousand men who represented the loyalty and contentment and steadfast alliance of two great races who proceed together upon the path of a great and manifest destiny.

There were under seventy thousand inhabitants of Canada in 1759; there are six millions now, and the onward tramp of a score of millions falls upon the ear of hope and faith and energy. When Wolfe received Pitt's letter, did he have any gleam of the far-reaching nature of his task? One might ask the same question concerning Columbus, or Cartier, or Champlain. It is to be believed that the eye of genius sees

the wide prospect and the splendid issues of their great strokes, however faintly outlined; that they have premonition of the profound consequences of their deeds to coming generations. But even if they had no such prevision, their own souls must have resounded with the happy cry of co-scientists at the sight of supreme duty done; so that, as in the case of Wolfe, with task fulfilled, the fainting lips could say, "Now, God be praised; I die in peace."

Something of human personality clings to the places where men have lived; something of them remains in the dwellings where they once have moved and breathed—a tender, persistent influence and sensation; and in the house where Wolfe lived, something of him clings and stays. The City of Bath has materialized the gracious, palpable memory of one of the finest and most powerful personalities of our long history, one of the greatest of our heroes, by this tablet set high for all to see.

"Sacred the ring, the faded glove
Once worn by one we used to love,
Dead warriors in their armor live,
And in their relics saints survive."



Pediment Over the Doorway of General Wolfe's Old Home in Bath.

"Who's Shonts?" Asked the President

By Dorothy Richardson in the New York Sunday Herald

WHEN President Roosevelt first began to consider the project of the Panama Canal he asked his good friend Paul Morton where he could find a strong man to handle the job.

"Well," replied Mr. Morton, "if it was my canal I'd get Shonts to run it."

"Shonts? Shonts? Who's Shonts? I never heard of him before," asked the President.

"Probably not," replied Paul Morton. "Shonts is a man who does not make much fuss. He's just a Western railroad man who does things."

"A man who does things." Instantly the President of the United States took notice. That "does things" phrase hit him between the eyes, it was an open sesame to the very adytum of his strenuous loving soul. He demanded immediate enlightenment about the obscure Shonts, and Paul Morton then and there, over their demi-tasse—which they had been dining tete-a-tete—told Theodore Roosevelt just what manner of man he was recommending to him. He told him, for instance, how Shonts at twenty-three years old had accomplished a feat in railroad construction for the Iowa Central. He told of the genius he had shown when in charge of the construction work for the Indiana, Illinois & Iowa Railroad, and of marvelous things he had done when, later, he became general manager and vice-president of that company, with direct supervision not only of construction, but of operation.

And last, but perhaps most interesting of all else to the President, Paul Morton related some of the anecdotes and traditions current in the West illustrative of "Theodore Shonts' bull-dog tenacity and his gift of initiative.

"Why, Shonts isn't afraid to tackle anything," he cried, by way of a clinching argument. "In an emergency I'm sure he wouldn't hesitate to attempt to tune a piano or shoe a horse, and he'd be certain to make a pretty fair job of either. Why, he actually undertook to learn to play the fiddle in

order to win the girl he loved. He had no more natural ear for music than—I don't know what; but he learned to play the fiddle all right, and to learn it was a thousand times harder for him than would be the digging of a canal from here to kingdom come. But, as I say, he did it, and, what's more, he married the girl."

That settled it. Theodore Roosevelt wanted to see Theodore Shonts, with the result that the latter was eventually appointed chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission. Shonts the obscure, Shonts the unknown save to a more or less limited public in the Middle West, Shonts the man who was to make the Panama Canal possible, had arrived. As chairman of the commission Shonts "made good" his right to the phrase which had commended him to the President. Down in the canal zone he "did things" with such a vengeance that even the President was satisfied—did things so thoroughly and withal so expeditiously that at the end of two years he had whipped them into such excellent shape as to enable him to delegate the remainder of the task to others in order to assume the even more gigantic task of solving the traction problem for the people of New York City.

And yet Theodore Perry Shonts, who is to-day the physical arbiter, just as August Belmont is the financial arbiter, of New York's great traction empire of nearly a thousand miles of track—surface, elevated and subway—over which more than a billion people ride every year—this man, Theodore Shonts, president of the Interborough-Metropolitan system, seems to wear his great responsibilities lightly enough, so lightly, in fact, that it is difficult to recognize the great constructive and executive genius in the velvet-voiced, laughing, leisurely man of fifty-two who from the depths of his big mahogany chair in his private office in the Trinity Building himself span out the golden thread of romance that arabesques a life full of sombre duty.

"When anybody asks me for advice on

success in life—and success in life unfortunately means nowadays success in money getting—I usually say, work like the devil and spend nothing," laughed Mr. Shonts.

"A man out in Centerville, Iowa, the town I was brought up in, once received that advice in return for a dollar which he sent to a concern in Chicago which guaranteed to tell him how to get rich. And I may state that it's about as good as the average dish of advice that is served our young people on the subject of success. Personally, I don't believe in advice. I don't believe in giving it, and even more, I don't believe in acting on it when it is given me. We are put in this world to make experiments, to forge out new paths for ourselves, not to follow any hackneyed words of advice which may perhaps keep us out of the poorhouse, but which, if followed by everybody, would soon paralyze all activity, stunt all human progress."

Mr. Shonts talks easily, but always to the point, and as he talks he looks at you penetratingly from behind rimless glasses. The eyes behind the glasses are sharp and gray, and the clean cut face those eyes are set in might be taken for Theodore Roosevelt's by a stranger.

As a boy, Mr. Shonts had been intended for a surgeon, but acting on the principle of choosing for himself, he studied law and eventually became junior member of the legal firm of Baker, Drake & Shonts.

The junior partner early displayed an interest in railroads and a pronounced predilection for railroad legislation. This was due, no doubt, to the fact that he had studied some civil engineering while at Monmouth College. He had not been long in the firm before he was put in direct charge of all the less important cases relating to railroads, accidents and condemnation suits.

"About this time," said Mr. Shonts, "about this time my first golden opportunity knocked up in the horizon. It was the initial opportunity of my life, and to the fact that I met the opportunity I attribute practically all my subsequent success. The Iowa Construction Company, of which Russell Sage was president and General Drake vice-president, had procured the contract for building two fifty-mile stretches of road northwest from Marshalltown and from Hampton to connect with what is now the Iowa Central Railroad. General Drake who had been impressed by my inclination

toward everything connected with railroads, suggested to me that I abandon the practice of law and take charge of the construction of these two lines with the idea of becoming a practical railroad man. General Baker, the senior member of the firm, protested against this and said to General Drake, 'You are going to spoil a first-class lawyer in order to make a second-class railroad man.' General Drake insisted, however, that I was a natural born railroad man and that it would be a mistake to allow me



Theodore Shonts
Chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission

to become buried in the law. So I accepted his proposition after he, General Drake, had promised to stay with me until the work was well under way.

"On July 5, 1881, General Drake and I went to Marshalltown and Hampton and looked the ground over. The next day General Drake, abandoning his promise, in order to throw me on my own resources, left for New York and did not return until the work was completed."

Mr. Shonts was now ready for a new world to conquer, and, casting about him

for a task still more difficult than the one he had just successfully disposed of, what more appropriate selection than that offered him as the president of the Interborough-Metropolitan Company?

"I accepted my present position on the same condition that I accepted the chairmanship of the Canal Commission," declared Mr. Shonts. "In short, I wanted a free hand. I have always insisted upon having a free hand in any enterprise with which I have been connected. It is my one all essential to success."

Fully recognizing that it was the greatest job he had ever tackled, Mr. Shonts was

naturally attracted by the difficulties incident to a satisfactory solution of New York's transit problem. He saw that it presented an opportunity for another piece of creative work, and he was ambitious to solve it. The reversionary for the surface lines of Manhattan, which was hastened by the investigation of the Public Service Commission, took them out of his hands and interfered with plans which he was working out, but he is still hopeful that matters will eventually so shape themselves that he can again bring order out of chaos, and evolve a situation of general satisfaction.

What Population Can the United States Sustain?

By Albert Perry Brigham in *British Geographical Journal*

IN the long run, the number of people which a land can support depends, not only on the kind and amount of soil, but upon all other resources, and upon the economic condition of all the countries with which relations are maintained. The sources of error in such computations are numerous and grave.

It has been estimated that the Mississippi Valley could support 250,000,000 as well as it now supports 41,000,000 people. Smaller farms, more effectively utilized, would be needed. Prof. A. B. Hart, writing of the future of the Mississippi Valley, compares this region with the valleys of the Hoangho and Yang-tse-kiang, and concludes that the American valley could comfortably maintain 350,000,000 people. There seems room, however, to compare carefully the standards of "comfort" obtaining on the plains of China in the past, and those standards which will prevail in the fertile heart of the United States in future ages. It cannot be a matter of interest for the geographer or the historian to know how many human beings can maintain a bare existence within a given territory. Further comparisons, however, seem to justify Prof. Hart's estimate, and certainly bear out Mr. Justin Winsor's figure of 200,000,-

000. The Hart estimate gives a density of 282. Remembering that Belgium has 616, we are requiring but 46 per cent. of the resources needed for the present scale of living in Belgium, a country in which the standard of comfort would seem to be reasonably high. We make due allowance also for the waste arid lands of the Mississippi Valley. In forest and mineral riches our valley seems equal to Belgium, and the future will bring its transportation facilities to comparable completeness. We may accept freely the view that the forests of Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia are capable of supporting a population as the Black Forest or the Jura.

The Island of Java has recently been taken as an example of large capacity for population. With an area slightly above 50,000 square miles, the island had in 1896 a population above 26,000,000, and a density of 518. The island raises its own food, and the writer thinks that 106,000,000 people could here live with ease, and with suitable variety of food. This means a density of 2,000. The author works towards the general conclusion that the equatorial belt of 30 degrees in width could safely support 10,000,000,000 people, or seven times the present number of our race. We

here again raise the query, whether, if rice enough for subsistence could be grown, other things having exchange value could be produced to provide for the comforts and general advantages of civilized life. And before adopting Java as a criterion for the Mississippi Valley, we must observe that rice grows in but a small part of the valley, and that the future people of that region can hardly be expected to make rice their staple food. It would remain, therefore, for the careful student to compare the quantity and nutritive value of the various cereals with those of rice. We should further take into account the annual successions of crops possible to a luxuriant tropical region.

As a limited area, and, therefore, capable of more exact comparison, we may take the great prairie State of Illinois. It has a land area of 56,000 square miles. Its population in 1900 was nearly 5,000,000, and its density was 86. Again we compare with Belgium, which has an area less than one-fifth as great, a population greater by nearly 2,000,000, and a density sevenfold greater. The density of Belgium would give Illinois 35,000,000 people. The density of Java would give the prairie State 29,000,000, the area not being greatly different. England is not quite as large as Illinois, and has over 30,000,000 people. The density of England would give Illinois nearly 34,000,000.

There is almost no waste land in the State, and the soil is of high quality. It is probable that in food capacity in proportion to its area Illinois surpasses any of the above examples from the older continents. In other resources she excels in coal, nearly two-thirds of her surface being underlaid by beds of this fuel. She can raise timber if she can spare the land, but is deficient in most metallic minerals. She

is prospectively as favored as any land in commercial and transportation facilities, focussing the trade of the transcontinental railways and of the Great Lakes, and to be open soon to the full possibilities of Mississippi and Isthmian navigation. We may thus conclude that this single State can and will enormously increase its population. But it is not safe to prophesy in figures.

If we exclude the arid and mountainous regions of the West, what remains would appear to have as great an average capacity for population as England. If we take the point of view of soil and topography, it would seem that the poor areas of our Appalachian uplands were amply offset by the meadows and thin pastures of the Pennine range, of the English lakes, and of Devon and Cornwall. England has reclaimed her fens, and we have the probable estimate that as much good land can be reclaimed by drainage east of the Mississippi River as by irrigation to the west of it. As regards abundance of general resources for export, the United States are more favored than England in coal, iron, petroleum, and copper, while her climatic range puts into her hands maize, tobacco, rice, sugar-cane, cotton and all sub-tropical fruits.

Let us see our results, on the basis of equality with England, in the population capacity of the eastern United States. We omit the western division, Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, South Dakota and North Dakota. It is perhaps surprising that but little more than two-fifths of our territory remains, although including a full tier of States west of the Mississippi River. With a density equal to that of England, this eastern part would contain 742,000,000 people. It remains for our posterity to see how far these theoretical possibilities become real.

Are the Wives of Handsome Men of Genius Happy?

By Wilfred Mason in Royal Magazine

"GOOD looks are necessary to a woman, but they are impertinence in a man."

This was the dictum of a feminine philosopher long ago.

Women love to generalize, and they do, in a general way, resent remarkable beauty in men, though, of course, in the case of

to intellect and physical force, will not the combination make the man in whom it is discerned arrogant, unreasonable and overbearing? In this last consideration there is no doubt a good deal of truth. Good looks alone, without mind or manners, or personal magnetism, will not go very far in winning favor for a man. The merely handsome man, who is only handsome, and nothing else, has at the beginning a certain advantage over other men; but his face and form will soon become tiresome if they do not correspond to something equally attractive in his personality.

But the case is very different when the man, in addition to good looks, has also genius. He has then a sort of completeness of which sooner or later he becomes extremely conscious.

Royal marriages, as a rule, are not to be taken as illustrative of the general truth that handsome men are not good husbands, except, perhaps, in the case of Henry VIII., who married, not from policy, but always from love, or what he thought was love, and whose wife-murders and divorces form a unique chapter in the annals of royal matrimony.

Napoleon offers a somewhat curious example of a man who at one time of his life was far from handsome, but who at another period was a perfect type of masculine beauty. It is worth noting that before he became handsome he was a most devoted husband, and that later, when he might have sat as a sculptor's model, he became notorious for his matrimonial infidelities. Soon after his marriage with Josephine, at the time when he took command of the French army in Italy, he was almost a scarecrow of a man.

Veteran officers who were ordered to report to him experienced a shock of surprise at first beholding this shriveled, cadaverous youth. It was not until they met the rapturous glance of his wonderful eyes, which seemed to read their very souls, that they recognized the genius that burnt within his puny frame.

This was the period when he poured out his very heart in those impassioned love letters written to Josephine by the light of the camp fire, and despatched by special couriers to Paris, so that she might hear of his intense devotion to her, and of the brilliant victories which she had inspired him to win.

But later, when he had crowned himself and her, and when his power was established, a strange change came over him.

His meagre frame filled out, and took on the proportions of the strong and vigorous man. His face recalled that of a Caesar, beautiful in its classical regularity—a cameo of a face, in which the sensuousness of the mouth was corrected by the thoughtfulness of the brow and by the great, lambent eyes.

But from that time he ceased to be a good husband, and his relations with Josephine were marked by unfaithfulness and cruelty.

Napoleon's great adversary, the Duke of Wellington, was no better as a husband, though his defects were of a different character. He, too, at the pinnacle of his fame, was a man of great personal attractiveness. He won the heart of a very beautiful woman, who adored him, and broke off another engagement of marriage that she might marry Wellington.

The great Duke, however, arrogant with success, and almost worshipped by his countrymen and countrywomen, treated his wife with a sort of superior disdain, snubbing her in public and at times showing her a harshness which nothing could excuse.

Wellington was, indeed, almost devoid of natural family affections, implacable, unforgiving, cruel even to his own son. His nature was too self-centred for him to care for any other than himself. He delighted most in consorting with persons of exceedingly high rank, and in this respect he was something of a snob.

If we turn to English literary history there are to be found some striking instances in the lives of Addison and Milton, Byron, Shelley, Dickens and Bulwer Lytton. All of these, in their youth, were unusually handsome men, yet all of them came unhappily at home—Addison by his love of drink, Milton by his Puritanic severity, Byron and Shelley by their lawless and undomestic propensities, Dickens by his unfitness for a well-ordered life, and Bulwer Lytton because of a certain arrogant ferocity.

The case of Milton is a strange one. As

a young man he was very beautiful, so that at the university he was called "the Lady." His light brown hair hung down upon his shoulders, and his eyes, though not luminous, were tender and appealing. It is said that he has drawn himself in the picture which he gives of Adam in "Paradise Lost."

Moreover, he was vigorous and active, a skilful fencer, and one who at that time enjoyed all that is beautiful, as we can see in reading his two exquisite poems, "L'Allegro" and "Comus."

But when he married a charming young



The Poet Milton Married a Charming Young Woman, but he Took her to Work a Drudge. Austine Home-Life That at one Time the Lady King. She Ultimately Remained, to Drag out a Tiresome Existence.

girl he took her to a home that was no home at all, so dismal was it, so austere its life, and so destitute of anything to attract a merry, pleasure-loving, sane-minded woman.

Milton, indeed, had no respect for women. As one of his biographers expresses it, he had "something like a Turkish contempt of females, as subordinate and inferior beings. That his own daughters might not break the ranks, he suffered them to be depressed by a mean and penurious



Lord Byron, the Poet, Drove his Wife from Him at the End of a Single Year by his Foul Temper and Physical Embarrassments.

any particular man they are captivated by it.

If a man is handsome a woman feels that he is possibly too attractive; that if she cares for him she cannot bind him especially to herself. He will appeal merely through his looks to other women no less than to herself. She will never feel quite sure of him, and women likes to feel quite sure.

Finally, when good looks are super-added

education. He thought women made only for obedience, and man only for rebellion."

At one time his wife actually left him, returning to her family, whereupon Milton declared that the Scriptures gave him power to divorce her and to take another wife in her place. Ultimately she returned to him, and dragged out a tedious existence, united with one whose beauty of person made him isolated from all tenderness.

The unhappiness which Byron caused is almost too well known to be detailed again. High-spirited, ardent, and flattered alike for his poetic gifts and for his personal beauty, he married Miss Milbank, and drove her from him at the end of a single year, since she could not endure his fitful temper, the financial embarrassments which beset him, and the looseness of his living.

Byron's friend and fellow poet, Shelley, was equally unfitted for domestic life. He married a girl of sixteen years—Miss Harriet Westbrook—with whom for several years he lived, wandering in vagabond fashion through Ireland and England until he came of age. He treated his wife with coldness, and told her openly that he regarded marriage as a mere form which had no binding force; and so a little later he eloped with Mary Godwin, and his wife, ere long, committed suicide by drowning.

The failure of Dickens' marriage is difficult to explain. He was married while quite young, at which time his face and form were such as to attract attention anywhere. For years he seemed to live happily enough, but there developed in him a colossal egotism. He began to pose as a man incomprehensible to all possible poses.

He had nothing against his wife, who was devoted to him, except that she could not understand him. He became intensely restless, wandering from place to place, and writing letters to his friends, in which he spoke of Mrs. Dickens as "poor Katy," and intimating that, for no reason at all, they could not get along together.

At last they separated, and Dickens made a public scandal of it by publishing a long and rambling statement of it in the press.

Bulwer-Lytton was a dandy of genius, consorting with the Count d'Orsay and

Disraeli in the days when they astonished London by their airs and graces, and by the gorgeousness of their waistcoats.

Lytton's marriage with Miss Rosina Wheeler was not a happy one; and, undoubtedly, much of the blame rests upon her, for she was extravagant and unreasonable in many ways. Yet nothing could excuse the almost insane ferocity with which he treated her, if we may believe her story. The scenes that were enacted between them, even in the presence of the servants, were almost incredible. He would shriek at her and curse her, and on one occasion he even attacked her like a savage or a wild beast, actually sinking his teeth in her cheek.

Some of the great names in Continental literature recall stories of domestic infelicity no less illustrative of the defects of handsome husbands. The two greatest representatives of German literature, Goethe and Schiller, may be cited briefly. Goethe was as remarkable for his personal appearance as for his genius, and his loves were as numerous as his masterpieces.

Wherever he went he found, as he used to write, "new maidens" with whom he flirted, and then passed on to still others, all of whom he won into his verse or prose, thus giving them a sure but not very creditable immortality.

In 1806 he married a young woman, Christiane Vulpius, with whom he lived until her death ten years later. His other attachments, however, went on unchecked, especially the famous one with Bettine von Arnim-Brentano. At that time morals in Germany were in a somewhat unsettled state; and of this particular connection one of Goethe's biographers naively says: "Bettine could not endure Christiane."

Schiller, who married Charlotte von Lengefeld, had for her undoubtedly a romantic attachment. The unhappiness which he brought her came, not from lack of loyalty, but from his strange indifference to financial obligations, which made life almost unendurable, so that he had to accept gifts from women in order to relieve their pressure on him.

Odd Economies Make Big Businesses Pay

Pearson's Weekly

A SOAP manufacturing company, whose works are near London, found that at the end of each year there were tons of strips of waste tin from the manufacture of packing boxes.

How best to utilize them—that was the question which the manager set himself to solve. The strips were large enough for making small boxes, but too small for any kind of soap-box.

A bright idea occurred to him. Boot polish. The very thing! It could be made in the same works as the soap, and packed in the little boxes.

That boot polish put up in neat little outfits, with brush and polishing cloth complete, is to-day one of the two or three best-known articles of its kind in the kingdom. Its sales long ago far surpassed those of its parent soap.

In these days of keen competition no business, whether manufacturing or selling, can afford to waste anything, and it is a fact that in thoroughness of economy some of the great British firms go one better than even the skin-flint Yankee. Various British companies own great cattle ranches in Uruguay. The largest of these has a great factory on the banks of the River Uruguay, where the meat is packed, and tongues and other toothsome delicacies are canned. To cleanse the slaughter houses, a perfect torrent of water is pumped from the river, and, after douching the floors, runs back into the stream. The refuse scraps, which it carries back, attract enormous shoals of fish. The river is simply alive with them. Men with nets constantly sweep the river, and the fish which are not eaten fresh are made to produce oil. This oil is turned into gas, which lights the company's immense factories.

The Chicago meat packing houses boast that they have reduced economy to an exact science. The principal packing business has its own button factory, where the bone and horn of the slaughtered beaves is turned into half a million buttons a day.

Even the dust from the button turning is not wasted. Mixed with a special cement made of scoria and quicklime and other secret ingredients, the dust forms a material resembling ivory, and from it billiard balls are turned.

Rennet, isinglass, stannifer, felt, bristles, glue, mattress stuffings, are only a few of the many things that are made in different branches of a Chicago meat-packing factory.

There are businesses which would not pay at all but for economies, which a few years ago were unknown. The competition between iron works is so severe that pig iron is frequently sold at a loss.

But the clever manufacturer still succeeds in making a profit, and this is how he does it. Here are actual figures from the working of two furnaces for a week:

Coal consumed, 1,000 tons; pig iron produced, 700 tons; pitch recovered, fifty tons, value, £60; oil recovered, 10,000 gallons, value, £60; sulphate of ammonia recovered, ten tons, value £110.

By these economies a side profit of £230 a week is secured, while the iron just about pays for the coal consumed, and the labor.

Many a wine grower would be unable to make ends meet if it were not for the fact that wine standing in vats leaves a heavy deposit known as "argol." Every atom of the argol is scraped up and saved and dissolved in boiling water. It is then crystallized out in vessels lined with lead, and becomes the cream of tartar used in baking powder and sherbet.

There are other methods of economizing, besides those of utilizing by-products. A firm of Australian fruit growers have lately taken to packing their fruit for export in asbestos, a mineral which they can easily obtain near at hand. They thus kill two birds with one stone. The fruit arrives in excellent condition, and the asbestos sells at a profit which pays the carriage both on itself and the fruit.

Some Noted Exponents of Early Rising

From The Young Man, London

"Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

SO says the old adage; but in spite of this there is, as a matter of fact, no necessary connection between early rising and a brilliant career.

Nevertheless, it is an interesting fact that many of our most eminent men and women



Emperor Wilhelm

Who has been suggested by a British Cabinet Minister, is hard at work at noon

spend less time in their beds and leave them much earlier than most of us.

Through the whole of his working life the late President Faure, of France, was rarely, if ever, in bed after five o'clock in the morning. At the time when he was President he invariably rose at five o'clock even in the depth of winter, had a cold

bath, and was immersed in his books in his library by six o'clock. To this habit of early rising the "tanner President" attributed much of his success in life.

M. Jules Verne was another practical believer in the virtues of rising early. His practise was to rise at dawn in summer and at six o'clock in winter. After a light breakfast he wrote industriously until eleven o'clock, when his day's work was complete, and he could devote himself to recreation. "If I had not been an early riser," he used to say, "I should never have written more books than I have lived years."

Alexander von Humboldt, the great German philosopher and traveler, rarely spent more than four hours in bed, and on the testimony of Sir James Sawyer, was frequently content with two hours; and Litre, who lived to be eighty, thought that to spend more than five hours a day in bed was shameful self-indulgence. Although his invariable hour of rising was eight o'clock, he scarcely ever left his desk until three in the morning, or until sunrise warned him that a new day had dawned.

M. Thiers, the great French statesman of a generation ago, prided himself on never being found in bed after five o'clock in the morning; and more often than not he was drinking his early cup of coffee and eating his roll shortly after four, preparatory to beginning eight hours of unbroken work, which ended with the dejeuner proper at noon.

Mr. S. R. Crockett sets an example to his literary brothers, which few of them show any anxiety to emulate, by tumbling out of bed, winter and summer alike, at five o'clock. Long before six he is hard at work, and by breakfast-time he has added three or four thousand words to one of his charming novels, leaving, if he wishes it, the rest of the day "for playing in."

Lord Wolseley, like Von Moltke and Bismarck, is a believer in early hours, and is often at work in his study at six o'clock in the morning; but perhaps no eminent

man of our times spends more hours out of bed than Mr. Edison, the "Wizard of America." It is no unusual thing for Edison to work thirty-six hours continuously at a single problem, and on many occasions he has spent a whole week "in his clothes," snatching a few minutes' sleep when ex-

The German Emperor has never been a sluggard, and is usually hard at work in his study at five o'clock, and on horseback at six, while the Empress shares her husband's love of the morning hours, and may be seen canteering on her favorite mare two hours before the world breaks its fast. 1-



Lord Wolseley

The Famous Soldier is at Work in his Study at Six O'clock Every Morning.

hausted nature proved too strong for him. There are few earlier risers than the kings and queens of Europe, who might pardonably indulge in later hours than their subjects. In his younger days the Austrian Emperor used to rise at half-past four in summer and five o'clock in winter.

deed, the Emperor leads the Spartan life of a soldier on campaign, so far as sleeping and his equipment are concerned. His bed is of the regulation camp pattern, and the clothing is precisely such as is supplied to his own officers. Eleven o'clock is his invariable hour for retiring.

Stealing the Letters of Corporations

By A. L. Benson in *Herald Magazine*

A YOUNG man, we will say, is employed in a clerical capacity in the offices of a corporation that is much in the public eye because of its exceeding interest in affairs governmental. His salary is \$12 a week. He isn't married yet, but he has picked out the girl he intends to marry. As soon as his salary is raised he will become the head of a household. Meanwhile he is attending the Saturday afternoon baseball games, and, more than occasionally, taking a part in the evening debates around cigar stores. Of actual knowledge or of mental training he has little. But he has a shrewd sixth sense that often tells him of Opportunity's presence before anybody else in his vicinity has heard a footfall—much less a knock.

Some evening the conversation around the cigar store turns upon the furious onslaught that has been made by a politician upon the corporation by which he is employed. He hasn't read the attack, but he quickly learns upon what the heated conversation in the cigar store is based. A high official of his firm is accused of blood-grooming a railroad to obtain rebates in violation of the law, or of giving its moral support to one candidate for office and its immoral support to another. He doesn't say much, but the thought comes to him like a spondaide from a roof:

"By George! that's all true. The old man has written four letters within two weeks on this very subject, and I have seen them all."

However, such reflections do not "get him anything," to use his own expression, and he soon dismisses the subject from his mind. Nor does he think of it again until the next evening. The occasion for his thinking of it then is another article in a newspaper. This attracts his immediate attention, because it was written and signed by the head of the firm for which he works. And the substance of it is that "there is not one particle of truth" in the charge made against him.

This time the face of the \$12 clerk breaks into a broad grin.

"The old man's got his nerve," he thinks to himself, as he recalls the four letters. And again he dismisses the subject from his mind.

But by this time he has become enough interested in the matter to follow it up in the newspapers. And he notes the next day that the politician who originally made the charge comes back rather weakly, as one must do who has said something that he may believe to be true but cannot prove.

"What a monkey they would make of the old man," he thinks to himself, "if they had the letters I've seen!"

There goes the lighted match into the dry leaves!

The clerk realizes that the missives have suddenly achieved a commercial value; he knows that he can lay his hand upon them any minute, and he straightaway writes to the politician who made the charge against his employer the following anonymous letter:

Dear Sir,—I have read what you have said about the Blankety-Blank Blank Company. Now, I know this is all true, and I can prove it is true, no matter what Mr. ——— says about it. What would you give for letters written by him that would prove everything you say? If you mean business meet me to-morrow night at (designating the place). I will have a toothpick stuck under the front of my handkerchief. Come up to me and say, "Good evening." I will say, "Kalamazoo." You'll know by that that I am the man. Trusting that you will be interested in this opportunity to prove what you have said, I am

Yours very truly,

LETTERS.

The politician is indeed interested. He is not exactly consumed with a burning desire to meet, even by proxy, the anonymous letter writer. So he calls into his office a man who knows how to keep still when he

ought not to talk, who has a mind like a gimlet, and who is, above all else, a good judge of men. The anonymous letter is laid before him, and the possibility of its truth is briefly discussed. The man is also given \$400 for "expenses," all in one dollar bills. He has a reason for this. This is not the first time that he has gone to call on anonymous letter writers who had stolen correspondence to sell. He knows that such persons are particular about what kind of money they take. Checks they will not touch, nor large notes, nor much silver. They want something light and small; something that can be carried without discomfort and passed without attracting attention.

At the designated spot the messenger sees a man with a toothpick stuck in the front of his handkerchief. A greeting is given, the password is spoken and they are ready to talk business. Perhaps it would be more nearly accurate to say that they are ready to shout business, since the place selected for their meeting is under an elevated railway upon which there is a ceaseless rush of trains. Nor was the choice of this spot by the letter writer a blunder. Where every one is compelled to shout none but the desired can hear.

The letter writer begins cautiously, if not ambiguously. He first takes pains to find out in detail about the emissary, how long he has been with the politician by whom he is now employed, and if he has any documents on his person to prove that he is what he claims to be. He exhibits letters and papers.

It is now time for the letter writer to un-bosom a little. The emissary files at him. Where are the letters? To whom were they written? What statements do they contain? And a lot more.

But the wise disposer of corporation correspondence does not give up so easily. He wants to see a little money before he says a word.

"I've got to trust you and you've got to trust me," he says. "You may as well begin now. I want \$100 before I tell you a thing."

The messenger expected this, and hands out one of the four packages into which he divided the \$400.

"Now, to whom were those letters writ-

ten and what do they say?" he shrieks above the thunder of the train overhead.

"They are to ——— and ——— and ———," the anonymous gentleman yells, mentioning the names of four well-known national characters who are referred to in Washington as statesmen.

What a draught of salt water would be to a traveler in the desert this information is to the go-between. His thirst for facts has become a fire. "What is said in the letters?" "Did he say that?" "I want the originals—not photographs. I'll photograph them myself and return them to you if you have to have them back." "You haven't got them with you now? You'll meet me here to-morrow night and bring them?"

The go-between is plainly disappointed. He wants the letters now, now, NOW. This little three letter word holds him like a magnet. He spells it backward and realizes that the first word means the second. But the letters are not here. Worse than that, something that has just been said to him makes him wonder if an old-timer like him has been bunned by a mere clerk. For what has he just heard? "I'm not the man who wrote to your boss. I'm the friend of that man. He did not want to let himself be known in this matter until he was sure you meant business. So he sent me to represent him. He'll know as soon as I see him that you are all right. He'll meet you at this spot to-morrow night at the same hour you met me. He'll have a toothpick in his handkerchief and you must have two in yours. And he'll bring the letters with him."

The man with one toothpick met the man with two and delivered the goods next evening. He took the usual precautions to get his money first—\$300 in the smallest bills—but he turned over the original letters—or rather the carbon copies of them—and they were all that they had been represented to be. They not only corroborated everything that had been said about the corporation, but they contained names and references that to the mind of the go-between suggested almost infinite ramifications of the matter in hand. Where a few had been suspected a dozen were now found guilty. His brain drank in like a sponge every word, every suggestion, every fine shade of meaning. What an index of

crime! What a catalogue of corporation corruption! But he must have the books of which he held the indices. These "books" were all the letters that had been written to or received from the men whose names were mentioned in the letters that he held.

Like a hawk on a chicken this political happy swooped down on the clerk.

"We must have these letters—every one of them. Get the originals, or the carbon copies, as the case may be, if you think you can do it without being caught. If you can get them to me, even for an hour, I can photograph them and return them to you. If you can't get them out for an hour copy them in shorthand. Any way you can—but get them—get them. Mind you, every letter, every telegram. And meet me day after to-morrow about this time. There's one hundred dollars in it for you."

The strong wind is now taking the feeble breeze through the underbrush like a cyclone. In fact, the feeble breeze is no longer feeble. It is beginning to roar out its strength as it sweeps on its way. Here, suddenly, has come opportunity. Here's the home looming up bigger and bigger—the home that the girl will be in as soon as he can get it for her. Will he get the letters? He'll get them, even if he has to start the walk of the penitentiary to do it.

Two days elapse and they meet again. The clerk is as good as his word. He's got everything—letters, telegrams and carbon copies of letters. But he must have them back by midnight. That's all right. Everything has been arranged. In an hour a camera has memorized every letter, every crumple in the paper, every blot on a page. And the next day, whenever opportunity offered, some of these bits of papers were returned to their proper places in the filing cabinets. By night everything was where it should be. Thank God, the penitentiary draws back into the shadow!

But the monthside is not yet in ashes, and the strong wind is still blowing. That politician, rescued by his newspaper, is now more scorching than the gales of March. Every letter of the second batch has dragged a new name and new sugges-

tions. Where there was before a demand for fifty letters there is now a call for five hundred more. He must have every letter to or from a score of different men. If possible, he must have the head official's private letter book, in which are ink copies of his most secret correspondence. More than that, he must have the key to the telegraphic code used by the head official. His telegrams are a mass of jargon, of which the A B C code book makes nothing. Look at this telegram, for instance, addressed to a prominent Senator:

"Behavior mundane kennel moodily tabulated."

This is not the actual telegram, but it illustrates the point that vexed the politician. The A B C code book says this telegram should be translated as follows:

"Beware has been murdered if you will keep silent money is rather more abundant I will not take it."

Meaningless! The key, the key, the key! Get it at any cost. Have it here to-morrow night if you don't have anything else.

"What makes you so late?" says the political emissary the next evening. "Have you got the key to the private code? You have? Good! What is it?" "Send the second word above the code word that you really want to use." Now for it. Here's the book. Write out what I tell you as I look up the meaning of the words:

"~~D~~—~~e~~—~~a~~—~~m~~—~~e~~—~~b~~—~~e~~—~~k~~—~~i~~—~~d~~—~~e~~—~~d~~. ~~M~~—~~o~~—~~n~~—~~e~~—~~y~~—~~-~~—~~o~~—~~o~~—~~b~~—~~j~~—~~e~~—~~c~~—~~t~~. ~~I~~—~~f~~—~~y~~—~~o~~—~~u~~—~~c~~—~~a~~—~~n~~—~~-~~—~~t~~—~~a~~—~~k~~—~~e~~—~~-~~—~~m~~—~~o~~—~~r~~—~~e~~—~~-~~—~~t~~—~~e~~—~~l~~—~~e~~—~~g~~—~~r~~—~~a~~—~~p~~—~~h~~."

"We've got it! We've got it! We've got it! Now go back and go through the third vice-president's private file. Get every letter or telegram he has written to or received from (about thirty prominent men, whom he names) within the last five years. There's a hundred more in this for you if you get them."

But why go on? That's the way it's done. That poor, starving clerk who started out to sell four letters has stolen and sold a thousand. For flitting with the penitentiary he has received perhaps \$500. He could have had \$5,000 as easily as anything else if he had known enough to ask for it.



Hamar Greenwood, M.P., as Barrister, Parliamentarian and Soldier

Hamar Greenwood: His Remarkable Career

By G. B. VanBlaricom

FROM stranded actor to member of the Imperial House of Commons, from an amateur Tongahoreman to Parliamentary Secretary of a British Cabinet Minister, from a cattle drover to a Barrister-at-Law of Gray's Inn—all within the period of thirteen years—reads more like the stirring romance of a twentieth century novelist than a stern recital of fact.

In tabloid form, this is the career of Hamar Greenwood, senior M.P., for the City of York, England, since 1906, erstwhile resident of the peaceful Town of Whitby, Ontario. His life has been filled with more outstanding features than that which characterizes the lot of the average young man who has to fight his way to the front inch by inch. At school young Greenwood developed many things, among them a liking for English history and a decided aversion for mathematics. In the athletic arena he was a leader, and, as a long-distance walker and expert cricketer, won more than local repute. His pedestrian propensities resulted in his holding the one mile championship and capturing first place in a six-day contest. Of a naturally optimistic and cheerful temperament he develop-

ed public spirit along with physical agility and self-reliance. When a student at Whitby Collegiate Institute he was president of the Literary Society, captain of the Cadet Corps, and the leader in other organizations. The genius to get on was in the lad; it found expression on all sides. Well liked by his associates for his manly qualities, his sense of honesty and fair play, he was fond of adventure, of coming close in contact with human nature, of investigating things for himself, and then drawing his own conclusions. He believed in the results of actual experience.

Securing a third-class certificate and passing the matriculation examination, he entered the Whitby Model School, which he attended for one month. Learning one day that the trustees in the village of Manchester were looking for a teacher, he secured the position at a salary of \$350 a year, and, obtaining a permit, began to impart knowledge to the young. The reason he gave for not continuing lectures at the Model School was the plausible one of ill-health. However, at the end of the term he presented himself for examination, passed, and all was forgiven. He taught school

in Manchester, eighteen miles north of Whitby, for three or four years, and then determined to take a university course. He polished off the examinations of the first term without being present at a lecture, carrying on his studies while teaching. In 1895 he graduated in Arts, with honors in Political Science. His father, the late John Hamar Greenwood, was a lawyer, the oldest practitioner at the Bar in the County of Ontario, and a Welshman; his mother, of Scotch extraction, bearing the family name of Churchill. "Spencerhouse" was their homestead. A rather remarkable coincidence is that Hamar Greenwood to-day—in his thirty-ninth year—is Parliamentary Secretary to the Rt. Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, President of the Board of Trade—a rare combination of names, although the two men are in no way related.

If there is one ancient and honorable pastime that English gentlemen prize it is cricket. As a boy the batting and bowling of Hamar Greenwood was phenomenal. Charles Logan, Sam Ray, James Lang, and other famous Canadian exponents of the game were his instructors, and he was a proficient pupil. At sixteen years of age he was one of the Canadian eleven that had battle with visitors from across the border in an international match.

With the money earned by teaching, Hamar Greenwood made his own way through college. At the close of the third year he was one of a theatrical troupe composed of ambitious amateurs and semi-professionals, who started out with high hopes but light pockets, to furnish entertainment for several towns and villages during the fall fair season. F. E. Karn, now a Toronto druggist, was business manager, and Greenwood took the leading role. He was the heavy villain, although his weight never exceeded 160 pounds. The venture of the amateur aggregation was not remunerative, and at Goderich the business manager deserted. The organization was promptly re-organized, and Mr. Greenwood made manager. For a few nights the company played in bumper houses, and for the first time the salaries of the cast were paid in full. Fortune was fickle, and often plays pranks upon her pursuers. At Kincardine disaster overtook the Theatians and left them all stranded. Greenwood had only a few cents to call his own, and wired

home for money. Now Mr. Greenwood, sir, was a strict churchman, and had little or no sympathy for the stage or its votaries. His son's escapade was up to this time unknown to him. Back came the laconic reply: "Hamar Greenwood, Kincardine: The walking is good. Better walk." The love of a mother had been aroused, and she sent her impecunious son enough cash to enable him to get back to Toronto. Thus ended the career of Hamar Greenwood on the stage of dramatic art—just a few years prior to his entering the political stage of which he is now such an aggressive and distinguished member.

His university, as well as his political career, have been full of interest and incident. He was one of the ringleaders in the famous "students' strike" as it is called. In the memorable year of 1895 he stood shoulder to shoulder with the late James A. Tecker, W. L. Mackenzie King, and others. At the student mass meetings he was a power in debate. He had courage, conviction and ideas to which he was not afraid to give utterance. For the principles in which he believed he vigorously contended. Summoned one day to the office of the then President, he there found Mr. Loudon and another member of the professorial staff. Mr. Greenwood made a remark and the professor interjected that it was not true. His tone and attitude intimated that the young man was lying. In a second young Greenwood had peeled off his coat and stood facing his accuser in a menacing manner. "What I said is true and you know it," he exclaimed. "Now, take back your words or I will throw you out of the window." President Loudon was dumbfounded, but finally managed to pour oil upon the troubled waters. The result was the offending professor promptly apologized and took back the statement.

In the pursuit of knowledge and the study of political economy, Hamar Greenwood was resolved to learn conditions first hand—to get an accurate acquaintance with things as they were, and betook himself to Buffalo during his student days, where he found employment as a longshoreman. He hustled freight on the docks and shipped in a lumber barge on the Great Lakes as far as Duluth. Having learned of this and the somewhat radical reforms which "the strikers" desired in connection with the

conduct and administration of university affairs, Hon. S. H. Blake put a pointed question to him during the memorable investigation.

"Are you an Anarchist?" thundered the renowned K.C.

"No, sir. I'm an Anglican," answered the witness. The totally unlooked-for sally created much merriment at the expense of the celebrated lawyer, who, for many years has been the most prominent layman in the councils of that great religious body.

After graduation in 1895, Hamar Greenwood, who was captain of a company in the 34th Battalion, spent a couple of weeks in camp, and while there determined he would add to his stock of experience by once more coming in direct contact with common, every-day conditions. A good deal of discussion was going on in the press relative to the British embargo on Canadian cattle. He was anxious to learn more of the question and secured a place on a cattle ship. Roughly attired, he crossed the Atlantic and landed in Liverpool with just five dollars in his pocket. To Radnor, in Wales, he made his way, intending to visit some of his father's relatives at Knighton. An election contest was then in full swing and within twenty-four hours after reaching Radnor he was in the throes of the campaign. His ability as a speaker, his genuine grasp of political problems, made his services invaluable in support of the Liberal candidate who was placed at the head of the poll. A few days later he journeyed to London, where he found work in the office of a broker. At Y.M.C.A. gatherings Mr. Greenwood, who had always been a staunch advocate of temperance, gave several addresses. The cogency and pointedness of his remarks soon attracted the attention of the late Robert Rae, who was president of the National Temperance League. Mr. Greenwood was appointed organizer. In that capacity he visited numerous towns and cities throughout Great Britain and Ireland, organizing temperance societies and delivering lectures on Canada. He spent two years or more on the lecture platform, and early cast in his lot with the Colonial Club. Later he joined the National Liberal Club, and, finally, became a member of the Eighty Club, the biggest Liberal organiza-

tion in Great Britain. Thus he came in close communion with the Liberal party and was engaged as one of the speakers in several bye-elections. For three or four years he rendered excellent service, being valiant, vigorous and progressive. In England it is not unusual for a Parliamentary representative to reside beyond the bounds of his constituency. Mr. Greenwood was offered the Liberal nomination in Grimsby, but declined as the riding was hopelessly Conservative. In 1906 his splendid work on the platform had won such recognition that the Liberal organizers in London requested him to go up to the City of York and speak in the interests of a retired Indian general, who was anxious to secure the nomination and a seat in the House. He complied. The convention after listening to his virile address, said, as with one accord: "It is the young fellow we want, not the old." The nomination was then offered Mr. Greenwood. So suddenly was the honor proffered, he thought the party had been momentarily carried away with excitement and was inclined to look upon the whole affair in the light of a joke. He returned to London, but York Liberals would not let him rest. The next day they chartered a special train and one thousand of the stalwarts boarded it "bound for London town." They were deadly in earnest, and would not take no for an answer. The army officer, seeing the trend of events, approached Mr. Greenwood: "Take it, man," he said. "I can secure another constituency," he said. Mr. Greenwood finally yielded to persuasion and accepted the honor. The constituency had been Conservative, and had sent men like Lord Charles Beresford, Sir Christopher Furness and others to Parliament. In a strenuous contest, Mr. Greenwood was one of the two members elected, capturing York in the Liberal interest and heading the polls. This is how the plucky young Canadian became senior member for York in the Imperial House of Commons.

Meanwhile, during his political pilgrimages in the interests of the Liberal party, he had engaged in newspaper work and studied law, being admitted a Barrister of Gray's Inn. He has appeared frequently before the Privy Council and has been engaged on a number of leading cases, particularly those of the Commercial Cable

Co., the C.P.R., the Provinces of British Columbia, Quebec and Manitoba.

Mr. Greenwood was one of a party of English M.P.'s, under the direction of Sir Alfred Jones, who visited Jamaica a couple of years ago. He was there during the terrific earthquake, which destroyed a large portion of the City of Kingston. He had left his hotel for a few minutes, and was in the act of returning when the cataclysm occurred and the building was shattered. His journalistic instinct was at once aroused; instantly he knew the value of such news as an earthquake doing millions of dollars worth of damage and costing many lives. By resource and diplomacy he managed to land one of the biggest newspaper scoops of modern years, whereby the London Daily Mail beat the whole world in the tidings of the awful catastrophe. All telegraphic and cable communication had been sundered, the earthquake cutting off every line. A United States man-of-war way lying in the harbor and alongside it a swift cutter. Going down to the man-of-war Greenwood addressed the captain in official tones: "I am a representative," he declared, "of the Imperial Government and must get an important despatch through at once to the Under-Secretary of State (Mr. Churchill). Have this conveyed to the nearest cable station at once." The cutter set sail for Cuba, the nearest station, where the message was forwarded to home office. The Daily Mail thus got the first story of the earthquake—about three hundred words—many hours ahead of any of its American or European contemporaries, although correspondents representing all the leading journals were on the scene, snadly endeavoring to get off a few words to their papers. Thus Hamar Greenwood scored a record scoop by foresight, tact and good headwork.

Fond of riding, shooting and fishing, the M.P. for York comes to Canada for a holiday every year. As a Parliamentary repre-

sentative he has made his influence felt. The Colonies have no sturdier representative or more gifted champion than he in the Imperial House. He believes on all questions affecting their welfare and interest that the greatest measure of liberty should be accorded them, being convinced that the men on the spot more adequately appreciate and comprehend the true condition of affairs than do the Imperial law-makers on Downing Street. In the recent discussion regarding Natal, Mr. Greenwood spoke strongly against the course of the Government upholding the right of free action on the part of that colony. Canada has not a more spirited or watchful friend in Great Britain than the senior M.P. for York. By nature optimistic, exuberant and broad-minded, he has always displayed decision and judgment in all his actions in the House, while his epigrammatic utterances on questions of statecraft leave no doubt as to the soundness of his views or the clarity of his vision.

An illustration of the deep interest Mr. Greenwood takes in all matters Canadian was furnished in the movement headed by him to erect a suitable stone as a tribute to Mr. Franklin McLeay, a native of Woodstock, Ontario, the foremost Canadian actor, who was associated with Wilson Barrett in many of his master productions. He was determined that the splendid genius of McLeay should not go unrecognized, and to-day a modest monument marks the grave of this brilliant Canadian.

Hamar Greenwood has never lost his zeal in matters military, and was for many years a lieutenant in the Canadian militia. To-day he is a major in the King's Colonels. He is a bachelor. A prominent English newspaper circulated the report some time ago that he was about to wed. In answer to a query from an ardent Canadian admirer, he called: "Report untrue. Am still a monk."

Edison is Now Having the Fun of His Life



By The Interpreter in American Magazine

NOT long ago—said the Observer—it was given out in the daily papers that Edison was about to retire: that he would invent no more. He was quoted as saying that he had been at work now for over forty years, week-days and holidays, besides many nights all night long, and he thought it about time that he took a rest. He said he wanted to retire and have fun.

I suppose that many people who read this paragraph formed a swift mental picture of the inventor, rich in both money and fame, living in some restful country place, or enjoying the diversion of a trip around the world in a steam yacht. I had a momentary vision of that sort myself, but it went up in a laugh. I knew it was another of Edison's little jokes.

The other day I went out to see Mr. Edison at his laboratory in Orange, New Jersey. I had not expected to write anything about my visit, having quite another purpose in view, but I came away with a curiously new impression of the man. Seven or eight years ago I had occasion to visit Edison's laboratory repeatedly, and to talk a number of times, more or less at length, with the inventor himself. At that time I was chiefly interested in the results of Edison's extraordinary activities, for if there ever was a place of marvels, that place was, and is to-day, the inventor's laboratory at Orange. At that time I missed a clear view of the man in the multitude of his works. In eight years the plant at Orange has developed new and greater buildings, filled with even more marvelous marvels;

He Has Given Up
Working for Money
and is Working for
the Love of Work

and yet when I came out of the little gate into the street after my visit the other day I found myself strangely unstirred by the new things I had seen. I found myself saying: "The most wonderful thing here is this wonderful old man." For while he has worked for forty years with retort and lathe and dynamo, the greatest of his inventions, after all, is a unique human character.

When we met the other day I referred to the newspaper reports I had seen.

"I thought you had retired and that you were looking for fun?"

"Me?" he answered. "Why, I have retired, and I'm having the fun of my life."

It was one of the hottest days in August, a time when many men rush away to the hills or the seashore; but Edison looked as though he were working harder than ever. He wore an old, thin, black coat, a good deal soiled; on his forehead were a number of bright green spots and streaks, reminders of recent activities in his chemical laboratory and his white hair was well rumpled where he had run his fingers through it in one of his characteristic gestures. He gave the impression of a singularly sturdy, able, active man. And as for looking tired or worn, no man ever looked less so. I have rarely seen eyes with more of the eternally youthful in them than Edison's. Youth and humor, and a sort of accomplished contentment, these are all in Edison's eyes. As for the exact color of them—a friend has asked me since I returned—the other impressions I had, the character impres-

sions, are so strong I can scarcely remember: I should say gray-blue.

He explained what he meant by retiring and resting after forty years of work.

"I've retired," he said, "from money-making. That's what I have been trying to escape from. Now I'm free, and I'm going to have some fun. Money has got me into all the trouble I've ever had. If you want hes and entanglements and trouble, just go in for money-making. If you want to meet rascals and have friends turn out bad, get into business! No, I don't like the crowd or the game. I don't see how any man can go in for money-making as a real business in life. It would kill me. I don't need much of anything personally, but I've had to have a lot of money for my work. It's come, somehow, and now I've got all I need, and all I want—and I've retired."

"And you're having fun?"

"Yes, I'm having the fun of my life—steering clear of anything that has any money-making connected with it. I'm trying some chemical experiments. For years I've been making notes—I've got a lot of books up there filled with suggestions which I've been planning to work out as soon as I could get the time. Now I'm going at them—not to make money—but just to find out things. I'm going to put a lot of things together and take 'em apart and see what the result is. That's the greatest fun in the world."

So far, indeed, as the outer habits of Edison's life are concerned, there has been no change. He has merely retired into new achievements. In the library of the laboratory where I awaited the inventor I saw, on a little bare table in one of the alcoves, the remnants of his luncheon: part of a glass of milk and a crust of bread. Every day, as he has done for forty years past, he takes this simplest of simple lunches alone in his library. In another alcove I saw a cot bed. Here, if he is particularly busy, and fourteen, or sixteen, or eighteen hours a day in the laboratory is not enough, the inventor can drop down and sleep all night. Thus he rests and has fun.

He took me up-stairs to show me his plans for "pouring" houses. In a large work-room he has had the model of a house constructed. It is complete in every particular, doors, windows, roof, chimney and all, but it is only some ten feet high and fifteen feet long. This idea has been to

make a homelike house of architectural beauty, which can be constructed by his new method of "pouring," as he calls it, at a very low expense and in an incomparably short time.

"I wanted to do something," he said, "to solve the housing problem in the cities. My idea is to make a house that will have all the modern conveniences, and yet be within the reach of the workingman."

He has had molds of iron made for a full-sized house like the model. They can be set up and bolted together in a few days' time on the lot where the building is to stand. Into the completed mold is poured a liquid preparation of ordinary cement, which rushes into and fills every crack and corner. It requires only three hours to do the pouring—in other words to construct the house complete, including all ornaments, chimneys and even bath-tubs. After being allowed to harden for a day or two, the molds can be removed and the house stands practically complete, save, of course, for windows, doors, and interior work. Mr. Edison calculates that such houses can be built at absurdly low prices, and being practically a solid block of cement, they will not only be indestructible, but will require next to no repairs. They will also be water and vermin-proof.

"I have been working, off and on, with this scheme for a year or more," said Mr. Edison, "and I think now I've got it. It's more of a problem than you imagine. I have to meet the same difficulties that are found in casting a bronze statue—to make the cement go into the proper channels, expelling the air in such a way that every part of the mold is completely filled. They told me at first that I couldn't do it, because the solid parts of the cement combination would immediately settle to the bottom, and that I couldn't properly fill places where the cement had to flow upward. But I've proved that I can."

He took me down-stairs and out of doors, where he had been conducting a series of cement-pouring experiments in large wooden frames. One of these frames was constructed like a huge letter "U," with a square bottom. Into the top of one leg of the "U" he had poured the cement, and it had risen and filled the other leg. Upon drying, part of the frame was removed and I saw the smooth, even texture of the solid

EDISON IS NOW HAVING THE FUN OF HIS LIFE

cement casting. I asked him when he was to "pour" his first building.

"Soon, now," he said; "the molds are about ready. They cost \$25,000, but can be used for an innumerable number of houses. I am training two young engineers to look after the work. We're going to pour the first building just over there, outside of the laboratory grounds. If it doesn't work out the first time we'll put a stick of dynamite under it and blow it out, and try again."

I remarked that it seemed to me that he stood a chance of making a good deal of money out of his invention, whether he wanted it or not.

"Not a bit," he said. "Personally, I shall not make a cent. This is my contribution to the housing problem. Of course I shall license contractors under my patents to do the work, in order to see that it is properly done. They will naturally make their profit, but none of it will come to me. I believe this system is going to make existence cheaper and better and pleasanter for thousands of men who now have to live in flats and tenements in the cities."

We walked around in the sunshine to the door of the chemical laboratory. Inside I could see the long tables filled with reagents, bottles and glasses and the like, all the familiar paraphernalia, and a number of men in long aprons at work. Edison himself does very little of the actual experimenting. He is the brain that directs, so that he can keep many men at work upon the details of the problem he has in hand. I parted from him there at the doorway, but I carried with me the picture he made standing bareheaded in the sunshine, erect, white-haired, in his worn black coat. His fine face, with the minute humor-wrinkles around the eyes, was unmistakably that of a contented, peaceful, simple-hearted old man.

And I thought of his unpropitious boyhood and youth, the lack of education in the sense that we now understand education, the long hours and the hard work—then I thought of the great manufacturing buildings rising all around him here at his Orange laboratory, each the material clothing of an idea that had sprung from his fertile brain. I thought of the manufacturing plants in every part of civilized creation where wheels turn and belts whirl wholly or partly because this man has lived and worked. I thought how life had been made brighter and easier and sweeter for

hundreds of millions of human beings through his many inventions. If any one remains who is not convinced of the power of mind over matter, let this convince him: for these things, also, are miracles.

And it is clean greatness—Edison's. He wears by rights the look of a contented man. He has robbed no widows, crushed no competitors, stolen no franchises, taken no rebates. He is rich not because he gambled in the stock markets; nor employed children and women at starvation wages; nor awaited, doing nothing himself, for the rise in the price of land or corn or cotton. He is famous not because he manipulated an election, or bribed a legislator. There is nowhere in his career any record of success which came of devious or deceitful ways. His is indeed a clean greatness. He has worked for what he won, and everything that he has done has been in the direction of making this a better world for mankind to dwell in.

A number of years ago I asked Mr. Edison why he worked so hard and so steadily. He paused a moment, apparently a little puzzled that any one should ask so curious a question.

"Why, I don't know," he said. "I have always felt as though something inside of me were driving me."

It was a significant reply. Really effective men are thus driven by something within themselves which is greater than themselves. There is a sort of yielding to universal force, a unity with life, in which the man himself becomes, curiously, only the vehicle of greater inner forces. Great men are always more or less "possessed." They have been able to raise themselves somehow above themselves. And that is the only true path to noble achievements.

What is it all for? I remember once asking Edison that question: what he was aiming at, what was the use, after all, of his inventions? He answered quickly, as though he had given that matter a good deal of thought.

"I don't know," he said. "I don't know what you and I are here for, or where we are going. Do you? Why do people rush and struggle? Why do you write as though your life depended on it—and enjoy it, too? Why do I invent? We work because in some way it satisfies us. That is all we know."

A Gondola Dinner That Cost \$20,000

Abridged from Royal Magazine

THE world never tires of talking wealth. The romance of affluence, as endearing as the hills, fascinates because it is inseparable from the aspirations of mankind. Comparatively few attain their desired standard of opulence, but the activities of their imagination remain unimpaired, and give zest to the process of passing the world's wealthiest people in critical review.

Popular conception of "how the rich live" is accordingly apt to be somewhat away, since it places no restriction on individual possession, and invariably associates a big banking account with prodigious prodigality. The Inspector-General in Bankruptcy lends color to the suspicion, by citing cases of noteworthy extravagance, and a capacious age has done the rest. The British Empire produces its rich in abundance, but the majority of the best families feel their responsibilities to the country they live in, and spend their money liberally, but, unwholly, intelligently. Although it may not appear on the surface, the spending of a fortune is accompanied by as many perils and difficulties as is the making of one.

The effect of riches, whether acquired or inherited, on the welfare of the nation is enormous; and the habit in Great Britain of spending money freely and judiciously may be said to be a recognized obligation of the wealthy, notwithstanding that, when regarded from a more circumscribed point of view, individual stints in the account appear seemingly extravagant.

In regard to the Englishman who is in receipt of a yearly income between £30,000 and £40,000, unless he leads the life of a recluse or develops a morbid selfishness, he has responsibilities, from the social standpoint, which cannot be shelved. As befits his station in life, he must entertain as generously as he has been entertained. To do this effectively—that is, from the recreative standpoint—he must have a town and country house. A residence in the West End of London will cost anything between £2,000 and £3,000 a year, while the upkeep and establishment charges will double

that amount. His country house, with its big parties and shoots, hunts, and other festivities, will account for £5,000, besides which he keeps in mind local expectations while playing the part of a country gentleman.

Horses, motors, yachting, racing, represent a very considerable sum, while traveling abroad makes further inroads to the extent of a thousand or so. A box at the Opera for a season, jewelry, clothing, wines, cigars and other incidentals, make a perceptible impression on the exchequer; while, as the family advances into the teens, education forms a formidable item.

At a still later period, when the daughter makes her debut in society, the exactions due to Mayfair are decidedly extensive. In addition to the cost of dress material of the girl during the London season must be added £800 for incidental expenses and presents, so that the first season out easily represents a drain of between £1,000 and £2,000 on the purse of paterfamilias.

Hobbies—somewhat costly, maybe—must be taken into the reckoning; and last, but not least, charitable contributions have to be included. Indeed, the liberality of the benevolent rich in London constitutes one of the most valuable signs of the times. The sum aggregates the enormous total of £10,000,000 per annum.

Entertaining, of course, is as varied as it is universal and as costly as it is popular. When the Government in a moment of liberality set aside the sum of £5,000 to be spent annually in providing hospitable fare for distinguished guests, there was a disposition to regard the innovation both as a dangerous departure and the embodiment of lavish excess.

There are scores of society leaders who find it needs a display of rigid economy to keep their entertainment account within the confines of £5,000 a year. Garden parties are considered to offer some sort of solution of the problem of how to restrict expenditure in regard to social festivities, but in a climate so uncertain as this the experi-

ment at best can only be tried in the summer and early autumn, while it is apt to prove a double-edged expedient in the event of the appointed day being wet.

It is during the ball season that the cost-

wealth—not so much for the possession of it as for the means of lavish and rank expenditure—was a destructive mark in the closing days of the Roman Empire. Flay found in the artificial growth of asparagus,



The Gondola Dinner

At the Ritz Hotel in June, 1905, a dinner costing over \$20,000 was given in a floating gondola for Mr. & Mrs. Kewley. The entire average dinner was completed within ten days. There were 100 guests, and the menu was composed of 100 different courses. The dinner was given in a floating gondola, and the guests were seated in a long row of tables. The dinner was given in a floating gondola, and the guests were seated in a long row of tables. The dinner was given in a floating gondola, and the guests were seated in a long row of tables.

lines of complying with society obligations shows itself. Such functions as are associated with the principal West End mansions represent the expenditure of thousands of pounds. The average is about £2 per guest.

The feverish desire for the acquisition of

the costly decoration of rooms, and the use of tea, evidences of unbridled extravagance foredoomed to national disaster. What deductions he would have drawn from New York freak-dinners can only be faintly surmised.

There are, however, indications of vast

changes coming over America's wealthiest men. Great wealth has always had a secret longing for the austere delights of self-abnegation. Hence, Mr. Samuel Dunslop, one of the best-known millionaires, has denied himself the privilege of buying more than one new suit of clothes in a period of forty years. Mexico's richest man, Pedro Alvarado, after equipping a gorgeous palace, elected to spend his days in a poorly fitted cellar; while Signor Romolo, suddenly inheriting great wealth, tried a life of luxurious ease for six months, and then sought pleasure and repose in the life of a waiter. Mr. John D. Rockefeller finds solace in the role of a hard-working Baptist. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt was a contractor; Mr. J. Wamsmaker was an elder of the Presbyterian Church, and controls the largest Bible class in the world. Another noted

millionaire, Mr. W. E. Dodge, is a Presbyterian elder; Mr. J. D. Archibald, of the Standard Oil Company, is an enthusiastic Methodist. Mr. Schwab affects the simple life, while Mr. Wistow Brown prefers to play the part of a fisherman. This group forms an interesting contrast to the younger section of American millionaires, who exhibit a restless longing to plunge into the whirlpools of extravagance. "Doing Europe" once an educational mission, is now largely regarded as a befitting chance for fantastically expending vast wealth. The American invasion has this year fallen short of its immediate predecessors, owing to financial disturbances, but nevertheless it is estimated that visitors from the United States have spent several millions of pounds during the last eight months in quest of pleasure in Europe.

Satirizing Rockefeller's Autobiography

From Pouch

IT is announced that Mr. John D. Rockefeller's autobiography will be published in twelve languages simultaneously this month. Will it be anything like this?—

CHAPTER I.

Birth.

I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth. One of my earliest toys was a golden calf. I still have it.

CHAPTER II.

Parentage.

I am descended on one side from a thrifty and industrious Scotch stock; on the other, from the famous Kilmansiegg family.

My instructors never ceased to instill in me the importance of economy and vigilance.

"Many a mickle," they used to say, "makes a muckle."
"Money," they used to say, "begets money."

"Money," they said, "is the only monarch."

"Money," they said, "is welcome, though it comes in a dirty clout."

I never forgot those remarks. They sank into my system and bore fruit. I am now the richest man in the world. The only thing I regret is that those old counsellors did not tell me how to keep my digestion and my hair. Both have gone. The hair trouble one can remedy with a wig; but there is no substitute for a missing digestion.

CHAPTER III.

Boyhood.

My boyhood was happy. Most of the technique of business may be learned when at school by an observant lad; and I was observant. I did a successful trade in marbles and sweets. I lent money to other boys at a good rate of interest, and rarely returned home in the evening without having added to my property. In this way by

the time that ordinary boys are still doing foolish things I was in possession of a capital of two hundred dollars, and held I.O.U.'s from most of my schoolfellows.

CHAPTER IV.

Petroleum.

The most eventful moment of my life was that in which I chanced upon rock oil.

I was walking one day in the neighborhood of my home in moody silence. Everything was going wrong with me. My business was yielding only 98 per cent. instead of the 100 on which I had set my heart, and I was in despair. Ruin stared me in the face. Passing through a field I happened to see a spring bubbling from the ground, but I thought nothing of it (as it was not large enough to drown myself in), until a little later a poor old woman stopped me and begged an alms. I obviously had no money to give her, as I made clear; but wishing to do what I could I offered to get her a cup of cold water, it being my steady practice to do what I can for my fellow-creatures. She was very grateful, and I ran to the stream and dipped into it a pocket drinking cup. Judge of my surprise when I found that instead of water it was oil! In an instant I realized the situation, and returning swiftly to town I found the owner of the property, and, successfully disguising my motives, purchased not only this particular field, but all those around it. My fortune was made.

CHAPTER V.

The Standard Oil Trust.

After the discovery of the rock-oil spring, perhaps the most eventful and wonderful moment of my life was that in which I first hit upon the idea of a Trust. It is a beautiful word, Trust, and I have often taken it as a text in my Sunday school addresses. Trust. We must all trust in something, or some one. What could be more desirable in a world of darkness, disappointment and flux than that there should be one man to be relied upon for light? Relied upon. Many men have offered light to their groping fellows and have not given it; this man would be trust-worthy.

Coming down to a material plane from these symbolical heights, what does light proceed from? From oil. The man, then, who could so manipulate things that he owned all the oil would automatically be the one person who could give the light. Do you see? He would form an Oil Trust, as we say in America, and illuminate the world.

I, I decided, would be that man; not because I wanted the power or wealth that such a position would carry with it, but because if I, a chapel-going, reputable citizen and Sunday school superintendent, renowned for his simple and frugal life, filled the place, I should prevent its being filled by any one who was unscrupulous or rapacious.

Having made this decision, I at once began to lay my plans, and the Standard Oil Trust was the result.

CHAPTER VI.

My Amusements.

I am very fond of reading the papers, particularly the finance columns.

I have, of course, had my enemies, as every successful and determined man must. But where are they now? I, however, am here, and worth sixty millions sterling.

CHAPTER VII.

My Enemies.

Chief among them was President Roosevelt; and what is he to-day? A figure pour rire, at the end of his term of office; a hunter of bears; the nation's "Teddy." No one ever called me "Teddy," or even "Jack."

CHAPTER VIII.

My Ambition.

I could, if I liked, buy England; but I don't want it. All I want is a cosy little house and a nice uncomfortable pew in the Baptist chapel, and the knowledge that no one can light a paraffin lamp without putting something into my pocket. And, of course, I want also some substantial royalties on this book.

Two Hundred Thousand a Year for Dress

By John Klein

THE recent death in New York of Giovanni P. Morosini, the multi-millionaire, and the bequest of the bulk of his estate to Miss Giulia Morosini, his favorite daughter, has served to bring that remarkable young lady into special prominence. Miss Giulia has always been a notable figure in New York society, her striking appearance and her elaborate gowns, drawing attention to her, wherever she appeared, and now that she is in possession of her father's estate, popular interest in her has been immensely increased.

The daughter of a beautiful French-Canadian lady, Miss Morosini inherited both her mother's good looks and her love of fine clothing. She is credited with spending annually on her wardrobe, two hundred thousand dollars. Her supposed extravagance in dress has been the subject of many a homely, but on hearing these stories her father always smiled indulgently, and on one occasion when told that his daughter had spent \$100,000 for her Horse Show gowns he remarked that if she had she had not by any means exceeded her allowance.

He and his daughter were always together in public, and he seemed to find pleasure in seeing her always so fashionably attired. In appearance he was distinguished. His erect form and square shoulders gave him an air of distinction, which was accentuated by his snow white mustache and imperial which he wore after the style of King Victor Emanuel.

Of the early life of Giovanni P. Morosini comparatively little is known. As a matter of fact, he was not born Morosini at all, but his father's name was Pertegnarza. When he was able to go into the world on his own account he adopted another patronymic, partly, it is said, because he did not get along well with his sire and partly because the name he took, which was that of a distinguished family with which he was connected, was better adapted for faring about the world.

Giovanni P. Morosini was born in Venice

in 1832, and at an early age was attracted by the profession of arms. The story is told of him that as a child he went to see the Austrian soldiers drill and that a captain in passing knocked him down. The boy removed his shoe and threw it full into the officer's face.

He went to school for a time to Cavallini, who had been a soldier of Napoleon, and listened to stories of adventure and of war. Young Morosini witnessed many thrilling scenes which attended the efforts of his country to escape from the thrall of Austria, and he was at one time a cadet in the Austrian navy. He and some fellow sympathizers fled to Smyrna, and there he met the American Consul, who advised him to go to the United States.

The youth shipped as a sailor before the mast and arrived at Baltimore and subsequently reached New York. Two trips to Havana and back were added to his adventures before his lot was finally cast in the metropolis.

Garibaldi was then living in exile on Staten Island, engaged in the trade of making candles. He and the young sailor became friends, and Morosini accompanied the Liberator on a commercial voyage. He returned to New York finally in 1854 and soon became identified with the city. His entrance into the world of finance was due to a chance meeting.

According to the story which he told in after life he was wandering in the streets of Clifton, Staten Island, when he saw a young boy attacked by a group of youths of larger size. Young Morosini, who was stalwart of frame, drove away the tormentors and took the boy home. The boy, who was the son of Nathaniel Marsh, told the story of his rescue to his father. Mr. Marsh was then one of the high officials of the Erie Railroad. He offered the sailor money, which was refused.

"All that I wish," said the Venetian, "is a chance to work."

Morosini, with, as he expressed it, the tar still on his hands, became an office boy in

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND A YEAR FOR DRESS

the employ of the Erie. He was then just his majority, active in mind and body and equipped with that native shrewdness which was ever on the alert for an opportunity. His rise in the service of the railroad at a time when there was need of men of force and shrewdness was rapid. He worked with all his energy by day and at night studied English and

of life and limb. He was confirmed in this idea one day when Major Schloer, who believed that the loss of his money was due entirely to the reigning Wizard of Finance, picked him up and threw him into an area way. Mr. Gould decided that after that he would not appear in the street without the protection of a stronger man.

He found the help he wanted when he



Miss Julia Morosini
Whose Dresses Cost Two Hundred Thousand Dollars a Year—Her Mother was a French Canadian.

mastered the intricacies of finance and bookkeeping. He was within four years general auditor of the Erie, with a salary of \$1,000 a month, and when Mr. Marsh died in 1864 Mr. Morosini was one of the strong men in the Erie organization.

It was not until 1869 that he attracted the attention of Jay Gould. There were troublous times in Wall Street and the *Dancier* often felt that he was in peril

first saw Giovanni P. Morosini, and from that time the fortune of the Italian was assured. Mr. Gould recognized the keenness of his faithful follower and put him in the way of making money. Mr. Morosini learned the Gould methods, he traded in the Gould stocks and he was soon building a substantial bank account.

His progress from that period until the time of his death was attended by un-

broken success. His natural shrewdness was coupled with the daring and the boldness which distinguished the old merchants of Venice. He took long chances sometimes, but he never played the game of Wall Street beyond his means. As a speculator he was bold, and yet he kept himself under perfect control. During all

the years he was a power in Wall Street he never hung out a sign. His trading was done through brokers, and in later years he was associated with Washington E. Cresser, at No. 31 Nassau Street.

The Morrisins were naturally interested in Canada and the family spent a great deal of time in the summer in visiting Quebec.

How Canada Might Have Lost the Loyalists

By J. O'Byrne in The Australian Lone Hand

IT is a curious fact of Australian history that the occupation of this country, by a direct transplantation of people from Great Britain and Ireland, was only consummated when a scheme for peopling it from America had fallen through. Had the latter scheme, as presented by James Maria Matra, and taken into consideration by the British Government, been adopted, there would have been no First Fleet, as we know it; no convict settlement on our coasts, and no history to correspond with the first 60 years of the existence of New South Wales. Australia would be to-day American, in the sense that Virginia and Massachusetts were American before the War of Independence, or would, perhaps, have become an independent United States, as other provinces across the Pacific became.

When Matra urged his proposals, those Americans who had stood loyal to Britain during the war were being subjected to many pains and penalties. Men of large estates and extensive businesses were ruined, professional men were ejected from employment, and manual workers were set aside where it was possible to dispense with their services. It was the common case of "spoils to the victors." Independence was not contemplated by the leaders of American opinion when arms were first taken up against England. In fact, the revolutionary party possessed at the time neither arms nor men regarded as capable of undertaking such an enterprise. The utmost determined on was to

assert local rights, using only such physical force as would afterwards prove in a court of law or arbitration that the officials of England had exceeded their constitutional powers. Gradually, however, the constitutional boundary-line was crossed, and those who would not fight for the insurgent cause had to declare against it and take the consequences.

Naturally, the defeated parties looked to Britain for sympathy and assistance. If they dared not any longer openly profess, they continued to feel allegiance to her, and though England had abandoned the field to the army of Washington, she was still mistress of the sea, and, if disposed, could still take away those who were willing to go. The new powers had no objection to the disaffected voluntarily exiling themselves. On the contrary, it was a consummation they desired.

Matra's scheme was to collect, on behalf of England, those remnants of the once strong loyal party, and aid them to emigrate to some territory where British laws would be their laws. He fixed on the newly-discovered Australia, as the most suitable for the purpose. In the circumstances of the world at the time—at all events as they appear now to us—the scheme looks feasible and sensible in the highest degree. The unsettled and estranged people numbered several thousands. Some possessed capital, and most had acquired experience in the pioneering of new settlements; and if Britain would afford them a territory where they could

build up their fortunes anew, with the political surroundings they desired, the solution of a grave difficulty would be reached. As it was, some were going to England, some to France, and others abroad, they scarcely knew whither; but most places to which they turned were either overcrowded or hostile. The fact that Britain had so opportunely come into possession of the vast territory of New South Wales, as the eastern coast of Australia was then called, was looked on as an auspicious coincidence. So much did it seem to favor the transportation of those people that it is strange the British Government did not initiate the scheme, or, having considered it, adopt it with patriotic alacrity.

This James Maria Matra, the first to think of the scheme, or, at least, the first to officially formulate it, does not seem to have been either an American or an Englishman. His personal history has to be guessed at. His family was, there is no doubt, of Corsican extraction, and he acted as British Consul at Morocco for some time, but there is very little documentary evidence concerning him. He emerged into this Australian business without introduction, and relapsed into obscurity when it was over without leaving any account behind. He dates his proposal "August 23, 1783." That was more than three years before the appointment of Captain Phillip to take charge of the First Fleet.

Here we have the first practical proposal for the occupation of Australia. "This country may afford an asylum to those unfortunate American loyalists," Matra's document runs, "whom Great Britain is bound by every tie of honor and gratitude to protect and support, where they may remain their broken fortunes and again enjoy their former domestic felicity." Although so little is known personally of this disinterested adviser, it is clear that he did not shape his plans without consultation with others whose opinions were valuable. He discussed the project with Sir Joseph Banks, for one, and that Macneil's of his time appears to have heartily fallen in with it when first mentioned. Banks, however, as we know, adopted the idea of a convict settlement later on. Matra also consulted leaders of opinion in America, and received

assurances that the scheme under the patronage and protection of the Government "offers the most favorable prospects that have yet occurred to better the fortunes and promote the happiness" of the American loyalists.

Matra laid his completed scheme before the Fox-North Government, and it can be assumed that he pressed its merits with energy and ability. There is ground for judging that he received encouragement in return. But the Fox Government fell within a few months of the document coming under consideration, and William Pitt assumed control. Pitt, in many ways, showed he never gave serious thought to anything concerning Botany Bay, and having got out of the distasteful wrangle with the United States, he washed his hands of after-consequences. It is to this change of Governments the failure of Matra's plan must be traced. Gradually a convict idea became associated with it. Banks, Young and others came to the front. Chivalrous duty to the American loyalists ceased to inspire. Banks was willing to accept them in conjunction with convicts. Admiral Young would combine them with settlers from the Friendly Islands and China. But every month the convict idea grew stronger. Wilberforce was at his zenith then as a prison reformer, and England was terrified at the pictures of gaol-suffering he painted. But there was no chance for ameliorating the lot of prisoners while they were racked together as they were in the goals of the United Kingdom. To thin them out, to send them abroad, was the only hope. Loyalists and convicts would not amalgamate. Consequently the loyalists were dropped. Matra's elaborate scheme was laid aside, and Lord Sydney, on August 18, 1786, announced the determination of the Pitt Government to use the new territory as a convict settlement. Documents dealing with the matter are missing; Matra was not the man to let so good a project as his be smothered out without ceremony, and some future James Bonwick may yet show that the foundation of Australia was as it was, and not a foundation of Americans, simply because of the disavowal of Pitt to give the subject of the projected settlement sufficient attention, and his desire to have immediate peace from the prison reformers of England.

Concerning Puns and Punsters

By Sir Francis Burnand in *Pall Mall Magazine*

THE Punster, a species of the genus humorist, does not imitate the second Charles and apologize to every one for being "so long a-dying." He lingers on. His punning life hangs temporarily on a thread, but that thread will last. The punster will never be an extinct species of the genus humorist. The pun has in itself a wonderful vitality. It is for a while brilliant; apparently it becomes decrepit; it wanes; apparently it dies out; its transmutations and transmigrations are well-nigh endless. Then, ages after its first utterance has passed away, it reappears in its simplest form, and enjoys a fresh term of successful existence. By "variations and permutations" the good pun and the excruciatingly bad pun never die. There are ad captivum puns whose life and success depend entirely on the popularity of whatever it may be that started them. These are ephemeral witicisms. Some puns are feeble and their life is brief; some are still-born. The joke-market fluctuates; sometimes it is in a state of depression.

"The greatest authors," says Addison in the *Spectator*, No. 67, quoted in Latham's *Johnson's Dictionary*, "in their most serious works made frequent use of puns. The sermons of Bishop Andrews and the tragedies of Shakespeare are full of them."

According to received tradition, it was owing to the pun "Non angli sed angeli," uttered by Pope Gregory, on beholding the fair-haired Anglian slave boys in the Roman market, that Augustine received his mission to preach Christianity to Ethelbert. And, with all reverence be it spoken, the office and position of St. Peter himself was marked by the solemn emphasis on the similitude between "Petrus" and "petra," both in the original Syro-Chaldaic language and in its translation in Latin and Greek. This impressive play on words which is preserved in French, but lost to us in English, reminds us of Addison's opinion, as given us in his "Dialogues on the Usefulness of Ancient Models," that

"a pun can be no more engraven, than it can be translated."

Punning was a serious literary and conversational fashion in the time of Sir Thomas More. We are accustomed to it in Shakespeare's tragedies, comedies, and farces. Ben Jonson indulges in it occasionally, the double meaning being as a rule conveyed to audience, or reader, through the names of the characters. For example, in the *New Inn*, the landlord asks Love: "But is your name Love-ill, sir, or Love-well?" Neither Massinger nor Ford permitted themselves to indulge, excepting exceptions, in such puns. In the later dramatists any play on words, i.e., pun, is rarely to be found apart from the list of the dramatic personae.

Charles Dickens punned easily, but rarely, and then unexpectedly. The instances in his works are not numerous, but all humorous. At haphazard I take one from "Pickwick" (vol. ii. p. 147). When at Bath that amiable individual is introduced to three ladies with whom he is compelled to take a hand at whist:

"Mr. Pickwick bowed to each of the ladies, and, finding escape unprofitable, cut."

Charles Lever's earlier works present a pretty fair stock of puns, good, bad, and indifferent. Thackeray avoids them, except in his burlesque novels. You may remember in "A Legend of the Rhine" how the reckless Wolfgang fell in love with the demon lady. "He thought he would try a devilish turkey wing. 'I adore the devil,' said he. 'So do I,' said the pale-faced lady, with unworldly animation." Well-nigh every one of the names bestowed by Thackeray on his burlesque characters is an absurdly suggestive pun. By the way, how infinitely humorous is Thackeray's description of the Margrave's first joke! "My boy, my Otto—my Otto of roses! said the fond father, making the first play upon words he had ever attempted in his life. But what will not paternal love effect?"

The following punning quatrains, which appeared very many years ago in an early number of *Pun*, is characterized by a certain touch of serious humor that, had it been written some twenty years earlier, might possibly have been placed to the credit of Thomas Hood. It runs thus:

"All flesh is grass." Need I explain?

That "flesh" means "life" is known.

As "life" is ever told and pain,

So "grass" is grown and mown.

The quotation is not in the least "musty"; the lines carry with them, as it were, the scent of a late eighteenth-century "keepsake," that has been laid up in lavender.

The pun, spoken or written, may be the root of an epigram; and an epigram may include more than one pun. An epigram should, of course, be written; still its composer might deliver it impromptu, on the inspiration of the moment, as Theodore Hook was wont to do. The oft-quoted one about Mr. Winter, the collector of taxes:

I advise you to pay him whatever he asks—
Excuses won't do; he stands no sort of
flummery,
Though Winter's his name, his process is
summary.

—was, as is asserted, an inspiration which came to Hook, while improvising a song to his own accompaniment on the piano, when Mr. Winter was announced. It is a model of witty improvisation.

A couplet of Frank Talfourd's is one of his classical burlesques is another excellent sample of epigrammatic wit. Speaking of a mad king, a courtier says, "They say that he is wandering in his mind," to which the reply is, "He can't go far, the space is too confined."

Appropos of Frank Talfourd and his puns, I remember that after the comparative failure of one of his extravaganzas a friend was attributing it to the utter dullness of the audience. "I thought they were dreadfully dull," observed Talfourd, "I used a joke in it that has 'told' well, in every burlesque I have written. But this time it went"—here he paused for a second, his listener brightened up, then Talfourd continued, "oh, yes, it went—without a hand."

The following I came across in a novel dated 1901, and, acting on the practical

advice of Cap'n Cuttle—"when found, make a note of"—I made a "mem" of it in my pocketbook at the time, but the pencilling is almost illegible. I fancy the novel was by "B. M. Croker," and in it is recorded a dialogue taking place between two of the characters concerning the questionable conduct of a certain married lady whose husband was a confirmed invalid, and one of the speakers says, "She is not a widow yet, she soon will be. He (the husband) is going very fast."

"So is she," I exclaimed.

"Now this is simply a *jeu de mot*; yet it is not, strictly speaking, a pun. It is the ready-witted adaptation of an ordinary phrase to a particular circumstance."

I may be permitted to quote from a certain comedy of mine entitled "The Colonel." An elderly patrician-like severe dame, Lady Tompkins, is horrified at the idea of a ball being given in her son-in-law's house, where she is staying. It is got up impromptu, in the course of the afternoon, but the domestic conspirators have obtained the services of a small band, have ordered in a supper, and at short notice a few most intimate friends are coming to assist. Strains of dance music catch the mother-in-law's ear. The fiddlers are tuning up, and indulging in a brief practice. Her son-in-law, her daughter, her niece, Colonel Woodtwell W. Wood, U.S., and others, meet her as she enters the drawing-room. They are all in evening dress. The severe lady starts back, horrified. She had never in her life allowed her child to dance. Somehow, her child had acquired the art. The band starts a waltz. Somebody would persuade Lady Tompkins to join them "in the light fantastic."

"A waltz?" she exclaims severely to her daughter. "Rebellion!"

"No ma'am," interrupts the Colonel pleasantly, "a Revolution."

If this may not be strictly classed with puns, it is certainly playing on a word and paltering with us in a double sense, but I can swear to its being an appropriate inspiration, or, to use a less lofty expression, it was simply, an uncommonly "Happy Thought."

So too was a pun by Charles Mathews on the name of a well-known and most excellent comedian named Howe. He was in the Haymarket company, under Buck-

some's management, and was cast for a principal role in "A Scrap of Paper," with Charles Mathews in the leading part. Mathews was alone on the stage, puzzling over the best way of dealing with a difficulty. He decides that he ought to take an important step immediately. His soliloquy finishes by his saying to himself, and the audience, with a puzzled expression of countenance, "Yes, that's what I ought to do, and it is what I will do. But how?"

At that very moment Howe appeared at the back. In a second Mathews, pointing with his thumb to the character who had just entered, said to the audience in a tremendously confidential whisper, audible all over the house, "That's Howe."

It took immensely. The audience was convulsed with laughter. That was a pun—it was said offhand at rehearsal and repeated every night—simply a bona-fide pun.

George Colman should not be omitted

from any early list of punsters. The puns came to him almost as easily and as naturally as, many years after, they came to Hood. I select a fair example from "My Nightgown and Slippers," wherein is recorded, in verse, the sufferings of a lodger who was a "fat single gentleman six months ago," that is, before he occupied a room in the house of a baler, who explains to him:

"In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven,
And your bed is immediately—over my oven."

"The oven!" says Will. Says the host,
"Why this passion?"

In that excellent bed died three people of fashion!

Why so crusty, good sir? "Zounds!" cries Will in a taking,

"Who wouldn't be crusty with half a year's baking?"

From Waiter to Manager of Gotham's Big Hotel

By Willie Steel in Herald Magazine

SOME power (equivalent to the "little cherub watching sailors up aloft") whose care is lost men see too much at once provided that Oscar Tschirky, general manager of the Waldorf-Astoria, should not foresee his life from his landing in this country in 1883 to this day. The twenty-five years of hard, incessant work, a grind of an average of eighteen hours a day, winter and summer, would have seemed too depressing. It requires habit, association, all the tendrils that attach a man to one kind of life, one sort of work, and no other, before the life can be carefully lived, the work conscientiously done. In retrospect the monotony is forgotten, and in the light of success the tasks that were so gray acquire rosy edges. "Oscar," as a small but very influential section of New York society continues to call him in friendship, says, and probably says truthfully:

"I have always been content; I have never been blue; doing the same things over and over has never given me nerves; I love my work."

When a man like Oscar, a man who is in earnest, says "I love my work" the platitude shines like a new form of speech. His firm lips, his strong chin, the lively gleam in his black eyes, indicate that he is of such elements that he could have carved out success from almost any sort of material. He is good natured, quick witted, full of life and the joy of life, yet his eyes have looked on life only within the very ornate walls of a modern restaurant or hotel. Nevertheless, he has seen "all," and nobody knows the human animal in all its phases—stupid or diverting—better than Oscar.

Four years in the dining room of the Hoffman House, five years at Delmonico's and sixteen years at the Waldorf-Astoria, the hotel experience of this man, which he has traversed step by step, always upward, until he is now the "court of last resort," but under the eyes of such a man the human comedy has not worn out its interest, but remains immensely diverting, reasonably fascinating.

He scarcely knows New York below Twenty-fifth Street, and his knowledge of the upper part of the city, exclusive of the houses of the very wealthy, is largely conjectural. Eighteen hours of daily superintendence of a great hotel leaves no time at all for sightseeing.

"I have never seen the new Delmonico's, Sherry's, the St. Regis, the Gotham; I have seen some of the great hotels or restaurants of this city. This winter I am going to try to call on some of my confreres, and I expect good pleasure in making my rounds."

When Oscar was fifteen he left his native Neuchâtel in Switzerland to join his brother Brutus in New York. They were the only children, and Brutus, since dead, was a great chef. The family cannot trace its lineage far back; indeed, so far as the younger son knows his father was the first Tschirky. No one can tell whence comes the name. In that renowned hotel keeping country the Tschirky's had the distinction of not keeping a hotel, and Brutus was the first to follow a branch of that line. Oscar had been intended for the army and was brought up by his father under military-like discipline. Habits of sternly attending to what he had to do and to nothing else, a book knowledge of English, these were about all that he had brought as capital when, a few days after the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge, he landed and was met by his brother. Graphically he describes that first day:

"I was all eyes and ears in this strange city, where it seemed to me I would like to linger and wander and loiter for days, listening, seeing. But at my brother's behest I stifled these wishes. He took me at once to the City Hall, where I made application for my citizen's papers. That was one o'clock in the day. From there he took me to the Hoffman House, and at five o'clock of that day I was at work in the dining room. Since then I have never ceased to work. It was one o'clock in the morning, four years later, that I quit the Hoffman House. At six o'clock of the



A Caricature of Sir P. C. Bunsell by G. R. Halliwell.

same morning I was at work in Delmonico's. As maître d'hôtel I was more than busy at one of the Assembly balls at Delmonico's when Mr. Boldt sent for me to take the same position under him at the Waldorf-Astoria. Two hours later I was installed there. These changes have been rapid, but not violent."

It scarcely requires exposition to convince people that the "head" of a great city restaurant must have many kinds of ability. To be a good executive is not enough. The character and career of European maître d'hôtel have furnished the subjects for ex-

complexion, in the public dining room and in the hotel hall.

The advantage nature has given to this man is that his urbanity is real and not assumed. He never imagines that the persons who consult him about their little dinners (at \$20 the cover) are keeping their private sentiments under lock and key—remembering his power and so treating him respectfully to his face. On the contrary he meets them, for all their money and influence, as fellow human beings to whose innocent enjoyment he is glad to bring anything in his power. He feels no subservency and shows none. His clients like this and are happy, too, to have no necessity to propitiate—to rub the right way—so business dealings are conducted on both sides with cordiality and good spirit.

On the other hand, and in the lower realms, the regiment of cooks, the cohort of dishwashers, the army of waiters, have not been taught to scrape and bend, to be false and mean. The general who directs all these underground forces started in by letting them feel that downstairs as well as up justice prevailed. He has shown his willingness time and again to listen to anybody's just complaint and he makes no decision, renders no judgment, until the entire evidence has been sifted. In kitchens as well as in Cabinets there is politics. "General" Tschirky not have the meanest scullion lose his job if there is no better motive than politics to force him out. Once in a while he makes a mistake, but in the main there is no business conducted in a fairer manner to all concerned than the business that is now, after sixteen years of gradual promotion, within his absolute control.

"For the first year at the Waldorf I was in charge of the public dining room. Soon the private rooms were put in my charge, and my standing there finally became what it had been at Delmonico's. Upon the departure of Mr. Hilliard I became general manager."

"It was possible for me, being present at the beginning of the hotel, to benefit by my experience in the way of improving the service. My suggestion to place icebox, pantry and complete outfit for serving meals in rooms on each floor was adopted, and four service elevators were constructed for that purpose. Each waiter on a floor has a series of small tables which he sets

complete, places the dishes as ordered on them and carries them to the rooms without loss of time. The innovation has worked most admirably and has since, I am told, found its way into most of the modern hotels. Better and quicker service can now be given and at less expense after the first outlay has been paid for."

"I have never been away from my work three days in succession," the Swiss, who is in feeling now much more American than Swiss, said, in accounting for what persons call, somewhat to his own surprise, his great success. "In the beginning I was far from realizing, when my brother Brutus left me, a stranger and quite unskilled, in the Hoffman House, what I had undertaken, what had befallen me. I loved books, I loved music—with both I hoped to study to become—what I did not know—a writer, perhaps, or a musician. To earn a little money as a waiter in a restaurant—it seemed a mere incident in my life, an affair by the way."

"I am glad that I soon had sense enough to see that by specializing and giving no thought to anything beyond my business was the straight road to success. When I had so seen, the hotel life became my exclusive occupation, my whole life's chief concern. Little by little, one after the other, I put aside all my vague dreams and longings, my thoughts of a different career, and I dropped them all to give myself completely to learning my business. That is the story, that is the secret—not a great story, nor a profound secret—quail."

"It is the same with me as with many men—men who are veritably great. I concentrated on the one thing that offered me more than a bare subsistence. It has brought

comfort and happiness into my life. I still read occasionally books in English, French and German; I hear good music when it is possible, but I do not go far afield. Here (and he pointed to the great hotel corridors swarming with the motley human life) is my life. I have no more illusions and I never had regrets."

The school of life this man attended taught him very much more than his trade. He is not a man who could see all sorts and conditions of men passing under his notice without learning from them. Nor is he the man who can sit still and see young men commit follies under his eyes and say nothing. There is more than a story extant that this accomplished maître d'hôtel has several times gone out of his position to straighten up the sons of rich homes who came to New York for a splurge and got into bad company and under the eyes of the house detectives.

When accused of this sort of benevolent interference "Oscar" made an attempt to waive it aside, but the point being pressed he confessed that it had happened to him occasionally in his career to play the self-elected mentor.

"I have now and then made the sermon," he admitted, "but it is nothing to be talked about. Who likes to see a young man ruin his brain, his health, his career and waste all his money? To moralize is not my inclination and to condemn is not my nature. But if a friendly word given like a medicine—one very small dose—will avail, I, who have sons of my own, will drop it. But it is very seldom, very seldom, I assure you, that I have figured as the doctor of the soul."



"Oscar."

Beginning life in New York as a waiter, he is now manager of the great Waldorf-Astoria.

remely interesting studies that chroniclers of manners in London, Paris and Vienna have never despised. Most of these have been personages, some of them have absolutely influenced the currents of society—a few have made and unmade leaders. Oscar Tschirky would have been as successful in either of these foreign capitals as he has been here, for to an untiring energy he unites cleverness and ambition. That he possesses urbanity is not surprising, for without that trait a hotel man would prove quite a failure. It has to be exercised, but in varying degrees and with a different

Maxims and Moralings

A man without an enemy is a nonentity.—Manning.

A lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies.—Tennyson.

The maddest people are those who always assume that they alone are sane.—Burton.

All the world's a stage, but many of the actors are only understudies.—Greenwood.

The Box Office Test of Human Greatness

By Judge Parry in Cornhill

THE Box Office is the barometer of public opinion, the machine that records the vox populi, which is far nearer the vox Dei than the voice of the expert witness. Before discoursing of the Box Office in its widest sense, let us consider for a moment the case of the actor. Here the Box Office must, in the nature of things, decide his fate. It is the polling booth of the playgoer, and it is the playgoer and not the critic who decides whether an actor is great or otherwise. Why do we call Garrick a great actor? Because the Box Office of his time acclaimed him one. Davies tells us how his first performance of Richard III. was received with loud and reiterated applause. How his "look and actions when he pronounced the words, Off with his head; so much for Buckingham

were so significant and important from his visible enjoyment of the incident, that several loud shouts of approbation proclaimed the triumph of the actor and satisfaction of the audience." Throughout Garrick's career he was not without critics, and envious ones at that; but no one to-day doubts that the verdict of the Box Office was a right one, and it is an article of universal belief that Garrick was a great actor. Of course one does not contend that the sudden assault and capture of the Box Office by a young actor in one part is conclusive evidence of merit. As the envious Quin said: "Garrick is a new religion; Whitfield was followed for a time, but they would not all come to church again." Cibber, too, shook his head at the young gentleman, but was overcome by that dear old lady, Mrs. Bracegirdle, who had left the stage thirty years before Garrick arrived. "Come, come, Cibber," she said, "tell me if there is not something like envy in your character of this young gentleman. The actor who pleases everybody must be a man of merit." The old man felt the force of this sensible rebuke; he took a pinch of snuff and frankly replied,

"Why, faith, Bracey, I believe you are right, the young fellow is clever."

In these anecdotes you have the critic mind annoyed by the Box Office success of the actor, and the same simple woman of the world laying down the maxim "the actor who pleases everybody must be a man of merit." And when one considers it, must it not necessarily be so? An actor can only appeal to one generation of human beings, and if they do not applaud him and support him, can it be reasonably said he is a great actor? If he plays continually to empty benches, and if he never makes a Box Office success, is it not absurd to say that as an actor he is of any account at all?

There is undoubtedly a tendency—and probably there always has been a tendency—to infer that because a man is rich therefore he is lucky, and that a man who is successful is very likely a dishonest man; indeed, it seems a common belief that to gain the verdict of the Box Office it is necessary to do that which is unworthy. This idea being so widely spread, it appears interesting to study the Box Office in relation to other scenes in the human drama. What part does it play, for instance, in politics, in literature, or in art?

Of course a writer or painter is in a somewhat different position from an actor. He can, if he wishes, appeal to a much smaller circle, or, in an extreme case, he can refuse to appeal at all to the generation in which he lives and make his appeal to posterity. The statesman, however, is perhaps nearer akin to the actor. Let us consider how statesmen and politicians have regarded the Box Office, and whether it can fairly be said to have exercised a bad influence on their actions.

And as Garrick is one of the high-sounding names in the world of the theatre, so Gladstone may not unfairly be taken as a type of English politician, and it is curious that the whole evolution of his mind is chiefly interesting in its gradual discovery of the fact that the Box Office is the sole

test of a statesman's merit, that the vox populi is indeed the vox Dei, and that the superior person is of no account in politics as against the will of the nation. As in the theatre, so in politics, it is the people who pay to come in who have to be catered for. In 1838 Gladstone was as superior—"sniffy" is the modern phrase—about the Box Office as any latter-day journalist could wish. He complimented the Speaker on putting down discussions upon the presentation of petitions. The Speaker sagely said, "that those discussions greatly raised the influence of popular feeling on the deliberation of the House; and that by stopping them he thought a wall was erected—not as strong as might be wished." Young Mr. Gladstone concurred, and quoted with approval an explanation of Roebuck's in the House: "We, sir, are, or ought to be, the elite of the people of England, for mind; we are at the head of the mind of the people of England."

It took over forty years for Gladstone to discover that his early views were a hopeless form of youthful conceit and that the only test of the merit of a policy was the Box Office test. But when he recognized that the elite of the people were not in the House of Commons, but were really in the pit and gallery of his audience, he never wearied of putting forward and explaining Box Office principles with the enthusiasm, and, perhaps, the exaggeration, of a convert.

This recognition by Mr. Gladstone of the Box Office as supreme comes with especial interest when you consider that his education and instinct made it peculiarly difficult for him to appreciate the truth. Disraeli jumped at it more easily, as one might expect from a man of Hebrew descent, for that great race have always held the soundest views on questions of the Box Office. As a novelist, the novels he wrote were no doubt the best he was capable of, but whatever may be their merits or demerits, they were written with an eye to the Box Office and the Box Office responded. His first appearance upon the political stage was not a success. The pit and gallery howled at him. But this did not lead him to pretend that he despised his audience, and that they were a mob whose approval was unworthy of winning; on the contrary, he told them of their faces that "the time would come when they would be obliged to listen." A

smaller man would have shrunk with ready excuse from conquering such a Box Office, but Disraeli knew that it was a condition precedent to greatness, and he intended to be great. He had no visionary ideas about the political game. As he said to a fellow-politician: "Look at it as you will it is a beastly career." Much the same may be said in moments of dependency of any career. The only thing that ultimately sweetens the labor necessary to success is the Box Office returns, not by any means solely because of their value in money—though a man honest with himself does not despise money—but because every shining point into the Box Office is a straight testimonial from a fellow-citizen who believes in your work. Disraeli's Box Office returns were colossal and deservedly so—for he had worked hard for them.

When you come to think of it seriously, the Box Office principle in the drama of politics is the right for that drama's patrons to make its laws, a thing that this nation has contended for through the centuries. Indeed, there are only two possible methods of right choice open: either to listen to the voice of public opinion—the Box Office principle—or to leave affairs entirely to the arbitrament of chance. With sturdy English common sense we have embodied both these principles in an excellent but eccentric constitution. We allow public opinion to choose the members of the House of Commons, and leave the choice of members of the House of Lords entirely to chance. To an outside observer both methods seem to give equally satisfactory results.

In political matters we find that for all practical purposes the Box Office reigns supreme. No misguided political impresario to-day would plant some incompetent young actor into a star slot because he was a member of his own family. We may be thankful that all parties openly recognize that any political play to be produced must please the pit and gallery, and that any statesman actor, to be a success, must play to their satisfaction. No one wants the stalls and dress circle of the political circus to be empty, but it would be absurd to let a small percentage of the audience exercise too great an influence on the productions of the management.

If one were to investigate the lives of great writers and painters, one would find, I think, that the majority wrote and painted

for money and recognition, and that the one reward they really wished for was a Box Office success.

Dickens, who is perhaps the healthiest genius in English literature, writing of a proposed new publication, says frankly:

I say nothing of the novelty of such a publication, nowadays, or its chance of success. Of course I think them great, very great; indeed almost beyond calculation, or I should not seek to bind myself to anything so extensive. The heads of the terms on which I should be prepared to go into the undertaking would be—that I be made a proprietor in the work, and a sharer in the profits. That when I bind myself to write a certain portion of every number, I am assured for that writing in every number, a certain sum of money.

That is the wholesome way of approaching a piece of literary work from the Box Office point of view. But Dickens well understood the inward significance of Box Office success and why it is a thing good in itself. As he puts it in answering the letter of a reader in the backwoods of America:

To be numbered among the household gods of one's distant countrymen and associated with their homes and quiet pleasures; to be told that in each week and corner of the world's great mass there lives one well-wisher who holds communion with me in spirit is a worthy fame indeed, and one which I would not barter for a mine of wealth.

Dickens' Box Office returns brought him a similar message from hundreds and thousands of his fellow-men to that contained in the letter from the backwoods of America, and though in the nature of things such messages can only come in any number through the Box Office, Dickens understood the meaning of a Box Office success and had too honest a heart to pretend that he despised it.

In the modern education and in the Socialist doctrines that are preached, emulation, competition, and success are spoken of almost as though they were evils in themselves. People are to have without attaining. Children and men and women are taught to forget that "they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize."

It is considered bad form to remember that there is a Box Office, that it is the world's medium for deciding human values; and that to gain prices it is necessary to "so run that ye may obtain."

These old-world notions are worth repeating, for however we may wish they were otherwise, they remain with us and have to be faced. And on the whole they are good. Success at the Box Office is not only to be desired on account of the money it brings in, but because it means an appreciation and belief in one's work by one's fellow-men. In professions such as the actor's, the barrister's, the politician's, and to a great extent the dramatist's, and all those vocations where a man to succeed at all must succeed in his own lifetime, the Box Office is, for all practical purposes, the sole test of merit. The suggestion—a very common one to-day—that a man can only make a Box Office success by pandering to low tastes, or indulging in some form of dishonesty or chicanery, is a form of cant invented by the man who has failed to soothe his self-esteem and to account pleasantly to himself for his own failure. A study of the lives of great men will show that they all worked for the two main things, popular recognition and substantial reward that are summed up in the modern phrase Box Office.

It may be that in some ideal state the incentive to work may be found in some other institution rather than the Box Office. It is the dream of a growing number of people that a time is nearly at hand when the Box Office results attained by the workers are to be taken away and shared among those high-souled unemployables who prefer talking to toiling and spinning. Such theories are nothing new, though just at the moment they may be uttered in louder tones than usual. St Paul knew that they were troubling the Theosophists when he reminded them "that if any would not work neither should he eat," and he added, "for we hear that there are some which walk among you disorderly, working not at all but are busybodies." St Paul makes the sensible suggestion "that with quietness they work and eat their own bread." To eat your own bread and not someone else's, you must work for it successfully and earn it. That really is the Box Office principle.

The Pasture Lands of Advertising

By John E. Quinn in Judicious Advertising

NEVER in the world's history have there been so many vast and heroic deeds in advertising, so much money invested and so much interest in publicity as to-day. And yet, hear me declare it, advertising is but in its infancy. How so? Compare the quantity and quality of advertising now with that of ten years ago; compare that of ten years ago with that of the decade previously; ten years from now make another comparison. Giant strides have been made, true, but compared to what may and what will be done, they are only the narrow and contracted steps of the Lilliput. I speak optimistically, you think. Well, I'll go further and it please you. I'll make a prediction, and mark it.

Now, then—

Ten years hence we will be doing things that to-day are impossible; ten years hence a new field, an entirely new field for the advertiser, will be under tillage. A new field—the air! Ten years hence we will have aerial advertising on a large and profitable scale. Aerial advertising—streaming banners in the daytime and flaming banners at night; mechanical advertising devices operated by skilled aviators; perhaps aerial newspapers, who knows?

Now that the problem of navigating the air with dirigible ships has been practically solved, the next step, it follows, will be aerial advertising. The world is running to advertising now as never before, and it is the new and the novel that counts. Nothing but the best will satisfy. Originality is demanded; there is an unrestricted, unlimited market for practical ideas. Of course before aerial advertising is accepted there must be a campaign of education. A campaign of education always pays. Back in the country there is a good old farmer who was previously afflicted with seven unmarried daughters. While neither of the seven would have drawn even honorable mention in a beauty contest, yet they were real nice girls, as girls go. The fact that the boys fought shy of his daughters and that they promised never, no never, to leave

the home that had sheltered them so long, worried the old man not a little. So he called in consultation his neighbor, another old farmer.

"The trouble is with you en not th' gals," advised the latter when the distressing case had been laid before him. "Yer too blame free en open with 'em. What you got to do is to hedge 'em about some, en make th' boys believe they want 'em, even if they don't. Yer got to start a campaign of eddy-cashum. 'Member that stack o' chaff I set up in th' pasture lot fer my cattle last winter? Well, jess en long ex I give 'em free access to that stack not a blame critter 'ud tech a mouthful of it; but es soon ex I built a fence 'round th' stack en made 'em believe they had to stay away from it—well! Soon's that fence went up them cattle went over—fact is, some of 'em didn't wait to go over, but tore down th' fence to git at th' stack. En that's what you got to do with yer gals—build a fence 'round 'em, parabolically speakin'."

Which very sensible advice the farmer followed, inaugurating a campaign of education that resulted in seven elopements, papa serving as best man each time.

What is advertising?

Any sort of public proclamation that arrests and holds attention. Webster defines advertising, briefly, as giving notice. But that is a generic rather than a specific definition. It is not enough. The why and the wherefore is lacking. The people of this progressive age have cultivated no personal trait more than curiosity. They want to know things; they demand a reason. You may say so-and-so is true of a thing; they want you to tell them how you know it is true, to prove it. Because of a lack of definiteness, in itself a possibility, some advertising is about as interesting as the sporting page of the Congressional Record. And yet even the Record's pages are read—sometimes. In our office is a young man of sporting tendencies, who, while he can never hope to go to Washington in any capacity other than a visitor, reads the

Record just to see how the Hon. Knute Nelson delivers a verbal bow blow or how the Hon. Ben Tillman swings for an oral upper-cut.

Giving notice? To give notice of what is to be done is one thing; to do it is quite another. No, giving notice will not do.

Another possibility in advertising is the free use of individuality. Put your individuality in your advertising. Be original. Say something no other fellow has said; do something no other fellow has thought of. This is being original. "An ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own." And when you have reached the limit of your originality, quit right there. Don't stop over. There are limits to originality. A printer down the street who was in receipt at intervals of an order for 5,000 envelopes from a certain dealer conceived the original idea of printing double the number the next time, so that he might have 5,000 on hand. He wanted to rush the next order of envelopes back to the dealer within twenty minutes of its receipt and thereby establish a reputation for promptness that would lay his competitors out cold. The plan would have worked all right had it not been that the dealer in the meantime changed his telephone number, which invariably was printed on the envelopes.

Still another possibility in advertising is truth, more truth, and truth all the time. Back of all the heroic feats in present-day advertising lies truth with a big T. It used to be, and you and I well know it, that the proclamations of many advertisers were uttered with no regard for facts as they existed, and as a result they were well served when their assertions were taken cum grano salis by a public whose eyes were open.

Also—

Hope and ambition are a mighty force in advertising when backed by a modicum of brains. If spurred by ambition to what heights may one not climb? As hope is the sheet anchor of the soul, ambition is the centre area of success. I do not believe I am mistaken when I say that ambition has beat high in every human breast at some time or other. We all of us have served our apprenticeship at the trade of air-castle building. I remember in boyhood's rosyate days when I was one of a class studying hydraulics in Johnson's livery stable we were telling what we would like to be whenever our parents became amenable to

reason. There was among us, I recall, Bob Frisby, a negro boy, who had six. Bob said he wanted to be an artist and paint grand pictures; he fairly panted to wield the brush, to fit himself into the profession, as it were. The ambition was born in the humble lad and he no more could help it than he could help putting his hands in our pockets in the vain hope of finding some loose change. Well, ambition was the day for Bob. He grew to be a wielder of the brush. Many a time I have seen him put up a landscape, a marine scene and a portrait inside of a few minutes and just as natural as life. As a bill poster Bob had no superiors and few equals. He also achieved some success with the whitewash brush.

And then there was Fat Dillingham, the Baptist preacher's boy. Fat mapped out a most glorious career for the credit of his family—a career that had its culmination in the driver's seat of a circus band wagon. But, alas! this superb dream was never to be realized, for Fat somehow got into politics and went from bad to worse, until finally, with never a helping hand lifted to stay him in his headlong course, he wound up in Congress.

Anybody can write an advertisement. Some can do it better than others. But to write an advertisement which will be a creative force is an art. In no one person is all the knowledge of advertising vested, for which I am truly grateful. We have instances of raw clerks in country stores turning out excellent advertising copy. This talk of "inside information" amounts to nothing. The only person that ever had exclusive inside information was Jonah, and he didn't go around the country bragging about it, either. I do not disparage the advertising schools when I say a person can be a successful writer of advertising without their aid.

Then again:

No longer is there any question whether advertising pays. That was a possibility of the past; it is a certainty of the present and the future. I have not forgotten that there used to be grave doubts about a dime coming back for the dollar put into advertising. We used to be told, solemnly and knowingly, that a dollar put into advertising was just that much money thrown away—by heck! The mossbacks who said so had "studied advertising from every standpoint

and knew all about it." If they ever studied advertising they commenced at the wrong end. They were like our neighbor's boy, Wash Seebaw, who studied entomology once because the subject pointedly appealed to him.

About Wash there never was anything smart until he was stung by the hornet he was handling. Wash started the study of entomology at the wrong end.

After all, the proposition in advertising is merely one of dollars for dollars. It is quite right to expect returns from every investment made in this direction, but the person who expects dollars for cents on the very first investment is unreasonable. Be reasonable; don't expect too much from a first investment in anything. You know the first thing in a marriage ceremony is the

wedding march, and many a poor fellow with smiling face has gone to his doom to the merry strains of Mendelssohn or Lohengrin. There are exceptions, of course, and these prove the rule that neither marriage nor advertising is a failure.

Remember your first pair of pants, don't you? I am addressing my male readers now. With what delight you explored those mysterious caverns which Pap and brother Bill called pockets, probing to armpit in the vain endeavor to touch bottom. A new vista opened before you when you donned those first breeks. "The world is mine!" And so to-day there are newer and greener pastures in advertising than ever before offered, and the person who wanders far afield may luxuriate in clover. Don new breeches. Thrust your hands into their pockets and touch bottom if you can.

Sufficient unto the day is the knowledge thereof.

Women never know anything. They gaze or jump to conclusions.

After all, he is a wise man who knows why his wife smiles—and a lucky man.

Don't you know that if a man wants to be in love, fifty closed doors won't stop him. They'll only make him worse.

Men are such feeble creatures when women cross them, and look up smiling into their simple faces and plead softly.

Women are deep humorists. They delight in seeing confounded, say, in humbugging, the deep-laid schemes of mine and men.

I had an impression that she was beautiful; but Rhoda corrected it afterwards. Men and women usually differ in such matters—when some other woman is concerned.

Women must find great satisfaction in their management of men. I have written much about them. On paper they sometimes work out beautifully, but in real life they surpass my understanding.—From "A Laughing Matter," by S. F. Bullock.

Increasing Small Wages by Taking Up Side Lines

By C. F. Stratton in *Saturday Post*

IN its legitimate field—the eling out of a sorely-restricted income—the side line has cheered many a sinking heart. A clerk who had worked for years for an industrial corporation, at ten dollars a week and the occasional assurance that, if his department and work continued well up to their excellent standard his salary would—not be reduced, bethought himself of a side line. He collected a half-column of notes about the works and the men—there were six thousand employed—and sent it to the local paper. A return note from the editor stated that he would take a little batch of those items each week, paying ten cents an inch for the personals and five cents for the "technical stuff," and the clerk concluded to devote himself to the "personals." He was soon sending in from a column to a column and a half, weekly, and scanning the advertising pages for second-hand motor cars. Then it occurred to him that, even if his editor did not care for the "technical stuff," some other editor might. He made up a bright little article, and, sending it to a trade paper, received fifteen dollars for it. Then he began to show an interest in new motor cars. He had a nose for news, a crisp, snappy style, and indomitable perseverance, and to-day he is a successful feature-writer, and has gained his car—not a second-hand one!

In industrial towns, where shops close at noon on Saturday, many of the brightest young factory workers—men and girls—find a side line of employment in helping the retailers through the afternoon and evening rush. For this they are paid from one to two dollars, or, probably, in the case of clothing, hats or shoes, a commission on their sales. Scores of girls dart from the shops every day, when the noon whistle blows, to near-by restaurants, where they serve as waitresses for forty or forty-five minutes, and then, after a rush lunch for themselves, get back to their factories on time. The pay for this is, usually, the rush lunch.

Many shop or office girls take positions

as evening clerks in small variety stores or ice cream parlors, working from seven o'clock to ten-thirty every night in the week. Working so many hours as this cannot be interfered with, even in those States where labor laws for women are restricted by law, because the girls are working for two different employers, and the law only restrains the employer from working females above a certain number of hours weekly. The employee is not restricted as to the number of places in which she may work.

Many clerks working on small salaries make a few extra dollars by posting and balancing books for some small business man. In cities where evening schools are operated the instructors in drawing, stenography and other specialties are nearly always men in regular, daily employment. In many theatres and concert halls the ushers are high school boys, earning their clothes and pocket money.

All these are very ordinary side lines and very commonly practiced. But there are a number of cases which show extraordinary energy or initiative effort in securing or building up a good side line.

A carpenter who had sunk the savings of years in a speculative venture, found himself, at the verge of winter, without a dollar and without work. He took a job as laborer in a packing-house in Detroit, at a dollar and a quarter a day. In order to help out this wretched support for his family he occupied his evenings in making toy sleds in a shed adjoining his cottage. His wife assisted by painting these sleds and they were disposed of to a down town dealer. In the spring he changed off to toy wagons; and during this period his working hours were never less than sixteen or seventeen hours a day. A few months later, assisted by the dealer—who was also a jobber—he bought a very small, second-hand engine and connected it to a circular saw. Then he gave up his packing-house job and his side line became his main line. Five years afterward he was operating a five-

storey brick factory with four hundred hands.

A young man working for a New York advertising agency had access to a large number of newspapers after the advertisements had been checked off. As a side line he originated the idea of press clippings; his first efforts being confined to death notices, which he collected and duplicated in writing and furnished to monument cutters and to the makers of lithographed and framed funeral certificates, which, at that time, were considered by some people as suitable and touching parlor decorations. From that side line, has developed the great, systematic business of press clipping.

A timekeeper in a great factory, with an overwhelming ambition to buy a house-lot, conceived an idea which brought the reward his ingenuity deserved.

He made lists of names of the men employed, giving their addresses, and particulars as to whether they were married or single, and, as far as possible, information as to where they might readily be found in the evenings. These lists he sold to an insurance agent, who found them invaluable for the means they afforded him of finding and approaching men, with some knowledge of their circumstances and characters. Before the entire personnel of the factories had been exhausted the young fellow had been paid enough to buy his lot. And these same lists, carefully culled, produced a list of names and particulars of young workmen for which one of the large correspondence schools paid handsomely.

A young married man, working for a corporation in a small village in New England, at twelve dollars a week, drove a cab for a stable keeper every evening for five years, in order to pay for a home. During the past year two factory workers have earned two hundred dollars each, scooping netting by torchlight in one of the numerous harbors of Massachusetts Bay.

Side lines such as these mean long hours of work, but not necessarily tedious hours. The change of work often saves them from being tiresome. The man who drove the cab states that the separation from his family was his greatest hardship; the evening on the box, after the day in a close workshop, was as much recreation as work. And, having a personal acquaintance with the two young men, I can confidently

assert that, had they not been fishing by torchlight, they would, probably, have been dancing by arelight or holding the main-sheet of some little sailing craft.

Farmers frequently have side lines which bring in welcome cash. This is especially the case in New England; in fact, in the States of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont the farmers have been rescued from a dire scarcity of cash by the side lines of keeping summer boarders and guiding sportsmen. The long lists of abandoned farms in those States, compiled a dozen years ago by the State authorities, have shrunk one-half, and are still shrinking. The purchase of these farms by city men for summer homes, and the great influx of visitors induced by the increase of game and the development of camping sites, have been taken advantage of by the farmers and their wives. In almost every corner of those States they have a market at their doors for garden truck and dairy supplies; for almost every spare room they can find a boarder, and, while the wives are running these side lines, the farmers are earning two or three dollars a day as fishing or hunting guides. The season is long, extending from the duck-shooting and trout fishing of early spring to the red deer and moose hunting of October.

A New Hampshire boy left his farm home and obtained a job in a wood-working factory in Boston. Two years afterward his father was crippled by an accident, and the boy, an only son, loyal to his old parents and, perhaps, with some little longing for his native hills, decided to return and carry on the work. But, remembering the stoniness and sterility of that worn out, old farm, and being resourceful and progressive, he decided upon a side line. With his small savings he bought a six-horse-power gasoline engine—second-hand—and a small circular saw. These he took back to the farm, and, more valuable still, he carried in his pocket an order from a Boston manufacturer for fifty thousand small oak disks. These were to be sawed, diagonally, from oak saplings and shipped with the bark on; the manufacturer would finish them up as photograph frames and display stands for shoe stores.

This contract paid the young man three hundred and fifty dollars net for his winter's work upon it. Then he purchased a turning lathe and some other tools, and last year

his output was billed out at nearly four thousand dollars. With the exception of wages to four or five boys and girls this sum was clear gain, for every particle of material was obtained from the mass of second-growth pine, oak and birch on that almost worthless farm. Of that total, about two thousand dollars was for birch-bark picture frames, sold to a Boston wholesaler.

The advent of the gasoline engine has opened up a good side line for the farmers of New England and of Northern Michigan and Wisconsin, where the big lumber operators have got through. An eight-horse engine will run a portable sawmill for second-growth logs very efficiently. Such an outfit is inexpensive and can be loaded on a farm wagon. With it the farmer saws his own logs and contracts to saw those of his neighbors. He takes up a side line of lumbering which brings in many good dollars from logs, otherwise valueless, and from days of winter work, otherwise unproductive.

The great inventions are almost invariably the results of working on side lines. While small inventions are frequently made by men in their regular course of work, and identified with the lines of production upon

which they are constantly engaged, the inventions which have revolutionized the methods of the world's work, or produced entirely new conditions and opened up previously unknown fields of enterprise and exploitation, have nearly always been the brain work of men normally engaged in very different activities. The steam engine was developed by a blacksmith, a civil engineer and a mathematical instrument maker. The inventor of the spinning jenny was a barber. Fulton, of steam-boat fame, was a portrait painter. Morse, the father of the telegraph system, was also an artist. Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin, was a school teacher. Hoe, the printing press inventor, was a joiner. Elihu Thomson, one of the pioneer inventors of dynamos and motors, was a Professor of Chemistry in a High School for boys.

The list might be tremendously extended. It might run from the earliest of the great inventions down to the present moment. The Wright brothers, who are astonishing the world with flying machines, were really dealers in, and repairers of, bicycles. Whatever the flying machine may be to them now, it was taken up as a side line.

A Danish Statesman Embezzles Seven Millions

By G. S. Stranzwald in Post Magazine

"**I** HEREBY surrender my person to the police; I am guilty of frauds, involving presumably nine million kroner (\$2,500,000)."

So spoke his Excellency the King's Privy Councillor, Peter Adler Alberti, M.P., Knight of Danish, Norwegian and Greek orders, addressing one of the police officials in the ancient Court House of Copenhagen.

Imagine the scene: The man who until six weeks before was the very Minister of Justice, sitting before one of his former subalterns, confessing to a crime the like of which had never been heard of in Denmark, and rarely elsewhere. No wonder the police official found it difficult to believe the amazing story. But soon he understood, and Alberti—after being searched and humiliated like any "common" criminal—was placed in a cell.

The news, circulated by the newspapers, posters, handbills, and extra editions, spread fast; three hours after the arrest it was known in New York. At that same hour the King was at the Copenhagen harbor to receive his sisters, Queen Alexandra, of England, and Dowager Empress Dagmar, of Russia. None wanted to be the first to apprise him of the news; but when he arrived at his castle he was told by an aide-de-camp; at first he was incredulous.

"Why, it is a pretty bad joke you are telling me," was his remark.

"But it is the bitter truth, your Majesty," the officer replied.

Alberti's career—he is now fifty-seven years old—has been a brilliant one. He was a son of an attorney-at-law, C. C. Alberti, whom he succeeded as the President of "Den sjællandske Bondstands Sparkasse," i.e., "The Savings Bank of the Farmers of Zealand," capitalized at \$10,000,000. Alberti, jr., passed through the Copenhagen University with full honors, taking his degree as a bachelor of law, and soon began practice. He also was president of the association, "The Farmers of Denmark," which was founded for the purpose of promoting the export of Danish butter, par-

ticularly to England. From 1892 dates his political activity; in that year he was nominated in a rural district by the Left (progressive) party for member of the Diet, and won by a compromise with the opposition party.

In 1901—on July 24—he was appointed Minister of Justice by the Late King Christian, in the Deutscher Cabinet, the first democratic ministry of Denmark. During the reconstruction in 1905 he retained his Cabinet seat, M. J. C. Christensen, a former rural school teacher, being Premier. On July 24 of this year the Cabinet underwent a second reconstruction and Alberti and M. Ole Hansen, Minister of Agriculture, left it. This was a direct and inevitable consequence of the attacks by the radicals of his own party—attacks which the happenings of September have amply justified.

As early as November last the opposition demanded that Premier Christensen expel Alberti from his Cabinet. The demand was based on a number of accusations, some of which were:

That Alberti had conceded certain lottery privileges to a real estate syndicate—is which he was personally interested;

That he in many and ostentatious ways favored, with Government contracts and franchises, certain men and firms in whom and which he himself was deeply interested;

That he misused his high office in suspending the sentence of a newspaper editor, who had been convicted of libelous writing, with the distinct understanding that this editor should serve his (Alberti's) interests and defend him at all times; thus he practically annulled the power of the Supreme Court;

That he repeatedly favored the firm of attorneys whose senior member he himself was;

That he again and again caused decorations to be bestowed on otherwise insignificant persons who thus were rewarded for having rendered him personal services.

There were many more charges than

A man's ambitions should be high, but they should be guided by his capabilities.

Like so many good wives, she died young. Good people always do; it is their one redeeming quality.

Directly people grow to the age when they ought to know better, you find that they know hardly anything at all.

Circumstance often plays a far greater part in a woman's life than in a man's, for a man will make his own destiny.

When yielding his soul to the influence of the beloved woman, it is not the weakness of a man's nature, but its very strength which plays him traitor.—From "The Duchess of Dreams," by Edith Maccane.

these. The most serious of them all was divulged when certain parties alleged that Alberti, as president of the Farmers' Savings Bank, had rendered an incorrect statement of accounts at the end of the last fiscal year in order to cover a series of illicit financial transactions, which, among other things, involved a loan of a million kroner on the assets of the bank, and subsequent investment of this amount in an unknown enterprise. Further it was alleged that Alberti had withheld certain information required by the inspectors of the bank. This latter allegation appeared in the *Politiken*, a few days after Alberti's exit from the Cabinet, and, although he scoffed at the charge, and instituted suits for slander, hardly six weeks later he gave himself into the hands of that department whose executive he had been for the previous seven years.

It is established, by the man's own confession, that he has defrauded the Farmers' Savings Bank and the butter export association, "The Farmers of Denmark," systematically for fourteen years, in other words, since 1894, two years after his appearance on the political field.

When he saw that disaster was approaching, he began speculating in American and South African mining stocks—only to sink deeper. This he has confessed; also that he with a small hand printing apparatus produced counterfeit letterheads, and that he forged the signatures of certain bankers to valuable documents.

Of dominating appearance, with bard, cold, commanding features, yet of a corpulent build, Alberti is said to be jovial, good-natured, and an exceedingly industrious worker, who rose with the sun, was at work at all hours of the day, retiring for the night regularly at nine. He took no interest whatever in literature, art, or the sciences, but was simply a huge human dynamo with an enormous capacity for work. His gigantic fraud has been compared to the French Panama and the Italian Navi scandal. Twenty-five million kroner (about \$7,500,000) is a pretty large sum anywhere in the world; in Denmark, 25,000,000 kroner is practically equivalent to the same

amount of dollars in America; that is, one kroner buys in that country approximately as much as does one dollar in this. No wonder, then, that there were loud demands for a thorough revision of the system in vogue.

The first demand was—immediately after the Alberti arrest—that the Cabinet resign on the ground that Premier Christensen morally was responsible for the development of Alberti's political doings. Two days after the first loud demands in the press, it was officially announced that "the events of the past couple of days in no way whatever will influence the position or the personnel of the Cabinet." Another two days elapsed and then the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Raben-Levetzau, sent his resignation to the King, who, immediately, summoned Premier Christensen, suggesting that he and the rest of the Cabinet offer their resignations. A royal suggestion of this kind is, of course, synonymous with a command. So the Christensen Cabinet collapsed as a direct result of the Alberti frauds.

This accomplished, the Radical press, more than ever pronounced in its demands, clamored for the removal of M. Ole Hansen, former Minister of Agriculture and vice-president of the Alberti Savings Bank, from the directorate of the National Bank of Denmark. This demand also had to be complied with. The latest mail advices are to the effect that the work of regeneration and revision is being pushed on with all the energy and persistence required by the seriousness of the situation. It is nothing less than a general housecleaning which now is being undertaken. In Denmark they do not do things or assert themselves by a revolution, or a civil war, or wild street riots. They simply direct the power of a free press against the sick spots in the body politic. The collapse of Alberti is due to a well-trained, systematic, ably led press campaign of protest and opposition. The regeneration will, in a large sense, also be the work of a press that realizes its responsibilities, knows its goals, and sets out for them, straight and unwaveringly.

Converting a City From Its Evil Ways

By John Elder in World To-Day

EVERY history has its obscure beginnings, and that of the new civic spirit in Grand Rapids is no exception. Four years ago there was some public spirit in the people of the city, but it was blind and uninformed. And being blind and uninformed, it believed that all that ailed the city was politics. Therefore it sought to purge politics. By good luck a non-partisan mayor was elected, and under him the administrative boards were reformed. Public works are now under the supervision of a highly paid professional who has brought about economies equal to several times his salary. Even more important, the board of education now consists of nine members elected at large instead of twenty-four elected by wards. Under the old board the schools were considered less important than patronage, quarrels and scandal. Under the new board the schools are becoming a source of pride to the city.

All these changes aroused the interest of the board of trade. For Grand Rapids had even then a board of trade, though its chief reason for existence appeared to be that every self-respecting city had one. Two or three committees, like that of the wholesalers, did some effective work in furthering the interests of their members, but the board of trade as a board of trade was a subject for jest. People asked each other wonderingly for what purpose it existed. The only answer seemed to be: to give a picnic down Grand River every summer and a dinner every winter.

Four years ago the board of trade had a municipal affairs committee. But it was merely a paper committee. Its members did nothing, not because there was nothing to do, but because they had neither the interest nor the information. The political reforms aroused their interest, however, and they took a part in securing the charter changes. Then they began to look about for something else which deserved attention and found the smoke, the mill-board and the vacant-lot nuisances. Against

these they began a crusade which has made considerable progress. This encouraged them so much that a year ago last January they detailed a sub-committee to consider the wisdom of working for a civic centre and a city plan.

This, at the time, seemed to many persons absurdly ambitious. Were not the present public buildings, with the exception of the post office, good for years to come? And as for city planning, there might have been some sense in it if it had been undertaken at the time the fur traders first settled at the rapids of the Grand, but now the city is completed (1).

Yet the sub-committee took itself and its work seriously. It produced a report which showed so clearly the costly errors that had recently been made and those that were then being made—as in the location of the new post office—all because of lack of forethought, that the municipal affairs committee adopted it unanimously and passed it up to the directors. It was finally laid on the table, however, on the ground that a city plan in order to be effective must be authorized by the city government. So a petition was sent to the common council, and after a special committee of the aldermen had spent all summer considering the matter, they were persuaded to recommend the appointment of a commission of nine citizens. This commission considered the subject all last winter, going over the city thoroughly and preparing a number of tentative plans. But at the end it too decided that expert advice was necessary even in the preparation of such a tentative plan as it proposed. Expert advice costs money, however, and the aldermen who had requested the appointment of the commission had done so, not because they believed in the value of its work—they were "practical" men—but in order to quiet the petitioners. They and the new mayor treated the whole matter as a joke.

Then the municipal affairs committee came to the commission's aid. A city plan

proposal with nothing to commend it except its merits might expect little consideration from officials whose thoughts are "practical," but such a proposal backed by public opinion might fare differently. For such backing would give it "practical" meaning. So the committee began to seek means of getting this backing, and then came the thought of the civic revival which would break down the wall of popular indifference. After this, the city plan became simply a symbol; the great purpose was to arouse in the people an interest in all that concerned their city.

The men who proposed the revival had few illusions; converts to their ranks had been won too painfully. But they had reasons for faith. For years one of the local newspapers had been offering prizes for the best-kept lawns in the city and had thus aroused considerable interest of a kind that redounded to the public benefit. During the past year or two it had added prizes for the most attractive group of lawns, and in that way a little community spirit had been awakened. During the same time the managers of several of the larger factories had cleared away the rubbish heaps which decorated their premises and substituted grass and trees and vines. But, after all, this was only a development of the old pride in individual possession. Now it was proposed to arouse a pride in what all owned in common.

A systematic campaign was begun. The newspaper which conducted the lawn contests had been aiding the city plan commission for months by publishing news stories and editorials describing what other cities are doing in the way of city planning. It and its contemporaries now gave generously of their space to the plans for the civic revival. But the municipal affairs committee was not satisfied. It printed thousands of circulars which it distributed among the school children. It sent letters to every organization in the city, clubs, societies, neighborhood associations, asking them to express formally their approval. It put placards in the shop windows and in the street cars. There might be indifference among the mass of the people but the committee was determined, if the thing were possible, to overcome that indifference.

Anything of a political nature, of

course, the great majority could understand and take an interest in. Politics is not only a recognized part of life, but it promises salaried offices. This new movement, however, this demand that one show his patriotism not only on election day, but every day, by thinking and working for community betterment, was not so easily understood. The formal responses from the clubs and societies were reassuringly cordial. But those whose business it is to watch the moods of the people, the professional politicians, manifested no change of heart as revival week drew near.

Not seven days before the revival began the mayor told the secretary of the city plan commission that the aldermen would laugh at its request for money. The budget was by far the largest in the city's history and besides there were important matters to be discussed on the night it was to be passed, matters of street lights, street signs and the granting of two saloon licenses. In the discussion of the last named the mayor himself proposed to take an epoch-making part. Evidently then no one would have time or patience for frills and fancies.

Revival week began discouragingly. On Monday and Tuesday the rain poured down. The church in which the meetings were held, because it had the largest available auditorium in the city, was not half filled. But those who heard Professor Zeebko once came again, and others came with them. The effect was cumulative. The afternoon lectures on "The New Civic Spirit" and its manifestations in "The Training of the Citizen," "The Making of the City," "The Administration of the City" and "The Life of the Citizen" stimulated thought and discussion on subjects unfamiliar because taken for granted as dealing with matters long settled. The evening lectures, illustrated with lantern slides, told the story of city planning in America, beginning with the play cities of the great exhibitions at Chicago and Buffalo and St. Louis, and then taking up the serious work of Washington, San Francisco, Harrisburg and the other towns which have dared to dream dreams of a glorious future. In all these there was constant reference to Grand Rapids, its problems, its opportunities, its mistakes,

and its proposed city plan. The lessons were driven home.

On Friday of revival week, the Friday before the Monday on which the budget was to be passed, the secretary of the city plan commission visited the mayor to make sure that no hitch would prevent the presentation of the request for money. Again the mayor assured him that the aldermen would laugh at the idea of granting any money for a city plan. That evening the church was packed with people and hundreds were turned away.

On Saturday afternoon the regular meeting was omitted and in its place was held a conference attended by eighty of the more prominent business men and city officials. The general interest shown by the increasing attendance at the lectures had value, but the committee wished to get a definite expression from leading men, so that this general interest might not be dissipated but crystallized into tangible form. In order to do this the city plan was made the subject of discussion. First, the secretary gave a brief sketch of the commission's work and its desire. Then a dozen men asked questions designed to bring out the value and the probable cost of a city plan, and at the end Professor Zeebko answered these questions. When he had finished, one of the members of the commission asked those present to signify whether or not they favored its request. The vote was practically unanimous, and the great majority further showed their good will by signing petitions addressed to the council.

These petitions and the influence exerted by some of the leading citizens on individual aldermen caused the mayor to become doubtful about the possibility of the appropriation being granted. On Saturday evening and on Sunday, petition cards were distributed at the revival meetings and many hundreds of signatures were secured. On Monday the ways and means committee of the common council added the appropriation to the budget with the recommendation that it be passed. That evening the members of the commission and several other men who were deeply interested in its work attended the council meeting, to continue the fight if necessary. But the fight was over. One of the commissioners did speak, but no one answered him. Instead, several of the

aldermen in discussing other subjects, street lights and signs, referred to the city plan appropriation as something already granted.

But this success, as said before, was only the symbol of the greater victory. That greater victory lay in arousing the people to a constructive interest in their city, in opening their minds to the fact that Grand Rapids is their common heritage, through the development of which in loyal co-operation, life for each and all will be made more worth the living. Clean politics, an efficient government, instead of covering all the field of a citizen's duty, are now recognized as covering but a fraction of it. Added to the task of being a good citizen on election day is that of being a good neighbor every day.

This new idea revival week drove home. The work of the municipal affairs committee and of an evening paper in substituting beauty spots for eyesores made obvious one way in which the idea could be applied. The richest citizens of Grand Rapids had seldom felt, or having felt had resisted, the impulse which leads the richest men of some other cities to give liberally to the community. Until the municipal affairs committee began its work Grand Rapids had received only three notable gifts: one, a large park given many years ago by a pioneer; the others, a beautiful library building and a down town park given by a former resident, Martin A. Ryerson, whose home is now in Chicago.

But during the past year several gifts have been added, chief among them three large playgrounds, each containing several acres, and a children's home, which, when completed, will be one of the monumental buildings of the city. This generous spirit was stimulated by the revival. During the three weeks since its close, the management of one of the largest furniture factories has bought a fine grove of trees near its plant to use as a park for its employees and the people of the neighborhood, the proprietor of another factory has given to the city twelve acres of land for a riverside park, and the business men, through a committee of two hundred, have appointed a smaller committee of twenty-one representing manufacturing, commercial, labor and social organizations to secure plans for a building which shall contain not only the large auditorium whose

lack the city now feels keenly, but smaller halls and rooms which will make it the non-official centre of the city's life.

Nor has this been all. The doctrine of co-operation was preached with such effect by Professor Zuehlbin that, since he left, the first step has been taken in forming neighborhood associations to secure and maintain neighborhood parks and playgrounds. Down in the business section the new spirit is manifested in a desire to do away with the old projecting electric signs which disfigure the streets, and to substitute a system that will not only give light

but will add to the dignity of the city. Along the river front the new spirit is shown in a renewed determination to utilize the million-dollar flood walls, whose erection was begun by the non-partisan mayor, for something besides flood protection. The opportunity is there for quays and parkways. The river front, now the greatest blemish of the town, can be made its greatest beauty. And the people are coming to realize it, for they have come to recognize that in Grand Rapids they have a common property of which they can increase the beauty and the value a hundredfold if they will but take thought, and work together.

Some Clever Epigrams

From "Mrs. Falkenfeld's Fortune," by Elsie Thomeyrob Fowler

I am old enough to have learnt that, though the wisdom of life consists in seeing things as they are, the happiness of life consists in seeing things as they are not—oneself included.

The knowledge that one's name is inscribed in the "Landed Gentry," is a surer antidote to mundane ambition than the belief that it is written in the Book of Life.

She had to learn, as we have all to learn sooner or later, that we are called to make the best of the talents which we have, instead of thinking how much better we could have done with those entrusted to other people.

I wouldn't mind agreeing with a man now and then if I knew he was wrong, but a man who is always right—and who you know is always right—and who knows himself that he is always right—is too aggravating for anything.

He may even become wise enough to be wrong sometimes—a height of wisdom to which he had never attained.

Love which is tempered with reason is not love at all, but is merely esteem or friendship masquerading in the part.

Persons who are oppressively unworried are generally thoroughly mundane at the core; just as persons who are oppressively polite are usually intrinsically ill-bred.

Mutual approval is a great bond; but it is nothing as compared with the still closer bond of mutual disapproval.

When once a woman begins to pity a man for not having got what he wanted, she will never rest until she has given him something that he never wanted at all.

What's the Matter With American Women?

Dr. Andrew MacPhail in Spectator

IT is luxurious idleness alone which appeals to the American woman. In literature and life this is the clue to her actions.

It is an eternal law—at least it has been a law since the beginning of created things—that an organ, an animal or a species cannot exist independently of its function. Life and growth are bound up with work, and we have not yet grown so mighty that we have emancipated ourselves from the dominion of this law.

The primitive functions of the woman were to prepare food and clothing, to care for her mate and the offspring which she had assisted in producing. In course of time, and for reasons largely beyond her control, these obligations have become less incumbent upon her. With one exception, they have been usurped by the male or placed in the hands of hirelings. In the progress of civilization and by the division of labor the food is purchased partially or wholly prepared, as the advertisements boast.

In America this industrial change has been remarkably rapid, and there are women living in idleness to-day who in their youth were accustomed to take a sheaf from the field and prepare the evening meal from it before the night fell.

Every advance in that industrial development of which we are boasting continually makes for the destruction of the family. Originally each family was more or less self-contained and mutually supporting. The man procured food from the forest, from the sea or from the soil, and he was aided in these occupations by his boys, who became competent at a very early age. The woman dressed the skins, made them into garments and prepared the food for eating. In later times she carded the wool, spun the yarn, wove the cloth and fashioned it into clothing, and there are men yet living who look back with yearning to a family life in which these occupations were the chief concern.

At an early age the girl, too, was initiated

into these mysteries. She was self-supporting from her childhood, and, indeed, added to the wealth and comfort of the family. The child, instead of being a burden, was an asset. Both male and female were efficient members of the community, and there was an honored place for even the maiden aunt, made honorable by her usefulness.

Into this community of families comes the manufacturer with his machinery, and his love of money, and his formulas about efficiency, saving of labor, industrial progress and commercial development. Every turn of his wheels disintegrates the family by destroying its multifarious occupations.

The butter, which used to be churned in the dairy, kept cool by an overhanging willow tree, is now made in a factory. The sheep which the children tended upon the hillside are gone, and with them the occupations of carding, spinning and weaving which made the long winter evenings too short for the work to be done. The larder is stored day by day from the grocer's wagon, and those delectable times are vanished in which the woman-kind gathered the apple and the berry, and preserved them in shining rows, not for this year alone, but for next year and the year after.

The country has grown rich, but the family is destroyed. There is money and idleness for the women of the well-to-do; idleness alone for the women of the poor. For the daughters of the poor there is the refuge of the factory and its sisters—the slum and the street. For the daughters of the rich there is nothing but idleness, and both classes are more unhappy than when they lived in trees.

The care of the offspring has been handed over to male and female hirelings—physicians and nurses—and thus a wide outlet for the physical and mental activity of the woman has been effectually stopped. Deprived of the care of her children, the woman suffers a diminution of her affection, and it is replaced by a noisy sentimentalism which is equally disastrous for mother, child and husband.

It is the maternal instinct running riot. It exhausts itself upon the infant, and none remains for the growing child to whom it might be of some value. The American mother is famous for the care of her infant and the neglect of her child.

We have seen that women have handed over their function of preparing food to the cook, the making of clothing to the tailor, the care of their children to the physician. If these substitutes were females, the case would not be so anomalous; but, on the contrary, they are males, and I believe that all women now recognize the superiority of the man-cook, the man-tailor and man-midwife.

The man and the woman are complementary the one to the other. In so far as the woman acquires the qualities and characteristics of the man she becomes to that extent futile, as futile as the man who has acquired the quality of effeminacy. No matter how effeminate a man becomes, he can never be as adorable as a woman. He will always be an amateur in that role, and the woman has him beaten at the start.

Reduced by a power not her own to a condition of idleness, her case is a most unhappy one, and her manifold activities in the street, in places of entertainment, and finally in the divorce court, are merely blind strivings to free herself from an intolerable ennui.

Her life is one of rivalry for appearance and position. The struggle exhausts her energy and all other means at her disposal. Her mind becomes warped and her ambition distorted. Eager restlessness is her portion, a dislike of any discipline, a hatred of any law save that which her own whim, will, or desire imposes. To impose this law upon others becomes her constant occupation.

The most oppressive burden which a woman is called upon to endure is that anomaly amongst created beings—the wearing of clothes. In the state of nature it is ordained that the female shall go quietly, the male is the gaudy, strutting creature.

But in the race to which we belong it is the woman who is glorious; and this burden of splendor, falling upon an organism, which is unqualified for the task, breaks it down hopelessly and renders it unfit for the performance of its proper function.

The possession of splendid apparel in-

volves the necessity for its display, and out of that arises vanity, jealousy, rivalry and all uncharitableness. This is the genesis of the thing which is known as society. To the American man there is something mysterious about this society, and his womenkind alone are supposed to understand it. He is in reality a simple-minded person, and his women have entered into a conspiracy against him by which they shall live in idleness, and he shall "labor and toil, and rob, and steal, and bring all to his love."

The mark of social distinction in primitive communities is idleness on the part of the woman. One mark of poverty is that women are obliged to work. Brought up in an old-fashioned way, the American man thinks that he has extracted himself from poverty when he has succeeded in keeping his womankind free from the necessity of work. Speaking generally, this is the aim of the "American woman"—to live a life of luxurious idleness.

The next anomaly under which we labor is that we are condemned to live in houses, and have not yet become convinced what the proper form of habitation is. The American man is himself without taste. The possession of taste is the prerogative of the woman. Accordingly she is the one who deals with the architect and decorator, and she is supposed to understand all matters pertaining to architecture, decoration, and furnishing in virtue of her femininity alone.

When it comes to a question of building a "home," as if a home could be built with hands—the rich, free woman, so demonstrate her equality with the rich woman of other communities, must have a house which resembles "the stately homes of England" or a villa which vies in beauty with the abode of a "merchant prince" of mediaeval Florence; or, to demonstrate the catholicity which exists in a free country, she will probably achieve a combination of both, with certain features added, which belong exclusively to a cathedral or a fortress.

There yet remains one function which is in the exclusive possession of the woman, and no means have been discovered up to the present time by which it can be better performed. That is the part she plays in the propagation of the species. Deprived of this excuse for existence, the female of the human race becomes entirely a parasite. And yet in respect of this remaining function there is some evidence that the "Ameri-

can woman" is not doing her best, that she is following the example of that unprofitable servant who wraps up his one talent in a napkin. It is quite possible that this indolence to exercise a natural function is not due to recalcitrance, but to an instinct that the species is not worth reproducing.

But the plea which the "American woman" put forward is by less cynical one that the quality of offspring is more important than quantity.

Professor Karl Pearson has shown from his investigations into the inheritance of tuberculosis that the earlier members of a large family are more apt to inherit disease than those who are born later, and that, therefore, the limitation of families to two children, which now appears to be the desirable number, is increasing the percentage of persons with weak constitutions.

This is Nature's method of dealing with the fictitious law of primogeniture. Human ingenuity is powerless in face of the mysterious laws by which reproduction is governed; and created beings invariably get the worst of it when they set themselves in opposition to those laws. But, fortunately, or unfortunately, a diminishing birth rate is confined only to those societies which we are accustomed to think of as highly civilized. The phenomenon is not new.

An instinct fails when it ceases to be exercised. When women in the progress of civilization abandoned the practice of living in trees for the comfort of a cave, it may be well imagined that they quickly forgot the nice art of tree climbing.

Similarly those who live in "flats" no longer retain a remembrance of the days when they dwelt in houses, and the house as a habitation has become as extinct for them as the cave.

The instinct for propagating the species is no exception to this law, and in time the female of this type will become sexless in all but form, which is now so firmly fixed that we may not expect any fundamental alteration.

And yet a variation in type is appearing. The "American woman" retains her girlhood until comparatively late in life, and then suddenly, to her grief and rage, falls into a condition of senility which no devices serve long to postpone.

Indeed, the expression "married girl" is commonly employed in those periodicals which concern themselves with her doings.

And the proof that this instinct is failing is found in the remedy which is offered—that the nature of it be taught in schools from books on physiology.

Self-reliance is the most deadly gift which the female of this race can possess, and yet the girl who is destined to develop into an "American woman" is taught from her earliest years to be assertive of her opinions, insistent upon her rights, and clamorous for a consideration which can only be given ungrudgingly when it is least demanded.

And so she goes through life with squared shoulders and set face, alert for "any insult to her womanhood." The American man, loving peace, desiring to be left to his employments and devices, pretends to acquiesce, and so leaves her in the enjoyment of the fool's paradise which she has created for herself.

The woman differs only in degree from the rest of creative beings. Her natural resources, those by which she will prevail, are gentleness, long suffering, kindness. When she abandons these she does not necessarily, in the present state of civilization, lose her life. She merely becomes an "American woman." In striving for her "rights" the American woman has lost her influence and has given us a new reading of the old fable of the horse and his shadow.

The "American woman" thinks the American man is as good as he is because she loves him so much. She is so self-satisfied that she thinks every one must love her and must continue to love her, entirely irrespective of the conduct which she may choose to indulge in. A husband who should cease to love so glorious a creature must be a fool whose love is not worth striving to retain.

The influence of woman is the subject of all verse, and is best expressed by the word "charm." And what is charm? Certain things it is not. It is not excessive talkativeness, nor that distortion of the countenance in public places which is called laughter. Not intellectual attainment nor the artistic temperament assures its possession. It does not necessarily lie in the physical beauty of a symmetrical musculature. Teeth and eyes and hair are mere epidermal modifications. Charm is everything which the "American woman" thinks it is not. Charm lies in what a woman is, not in what she does, nor in how she looks.

The American women—all women—should turn upon the "American woman," as judges and executioners, with cold, deliberate indignation, in such virgin fury as the workers in the hive display towards the great, idle, sugary-mouthed drones unconscious of the melliferous walls.

And, happily, there is evidence that the people are tired of the force. This revelation of feeling is led by the really educated women who are willing to confess that even they themselves have missed the mark, and

that their bumbler sisters have chosen the better part.

For the ignorant and newly rich the educated women have nothing but scorn: for those who would emancipate themselves from the law they have infinite compassion. The woman who is happy is she who obeys the law of kindness, who goes quietly. Her husband yields her benevolence. His heart doth safely trust in her, and her children call her blessed. The woman who will prevail is the effeminate woman who overcomes man by the force of continual quietness.

How Our Lives Are Shortened

J. Abby-Sterry in The Graphic

Till you make the calculation you will be surprised to know what a lot of time the average man spends in eating and drinking and sleeping. Leaving smoking out of the question altogether, and making a very moderate computation, you will find an ordinary individual passes two months in the course of a year in taking his meals and four months in bed. Six months in the year are devoted to these two occupations. In point of fact, half a lifetime is required for gastronomic delights and the worship of Somnus, so that when a man has reached the age of three score and ten he has actually only lived thirty-five years. This is a matter that should have the serious attention of the promoters of the Daylight Bill. My own impression is that we lead too regular a life. We have our meals at stated times, we go to bed at a certain hour, and we rise every morning at the same period. We ought rather to follow the example of the dog. He eats when he is hungry and drinks when he is thirsty, and he sleeps when he has nothing better to do. Hence he is always ready to go anywhere or do anything at a moment's notice. If we took our meals at odd times and indulged in forty winks whenever we felt inclined—in short, if we did not live so absolutely by rule—we should, doubtless, save a great deal of time. I knew of an old lady in Florence who carried out this idea thoroughly. Her cook was always on duty in case she wanted an omelette in the middle of the night.

The War Against Trusts in America

By Arthur Beaves in the International

If we wish to understand the real causes of the crisis which disturbed the economic life of America during the last few months, we must look beyond financial difficulties to the struggle between the trusts and the people. It was this struggle which destroyed the confidence of the people in the stability of the economic order and of those industrial and financial institutions which are supposed to support it. And since the financial existence of America is wholly based upon a widely extended credit system, this loss of confidence made the quiet transaction of financial affairs impossible. As soon as this confidence disappeared and ready-money payment was more extensively demanded instead of credit, it turned out that the currency of the country only amounted to a minute fraction of the sums that had hitherto changed hands without requiring recourse to ready money, and the threatened financial bodies could not procure the necessary money that was demanded by the terrified people, although they took the greatest pains and offered the highest rates of discount. Thus it may be explained how institutions that were in reality quite well placed, were forced to stop payment, and could only resume their business and meet their liabilities some months later. But all this reacted upon the industrial life of the country: factories were closed, workmen were dismissed, and the country that had been so prosperous passed through a severe crisis. And the primary cause of all this, as before mentioned, is to be found in the conflict between the trusts and the people.

After the end of the Spanish War at the conclusion of the nineteenth century a movement of concentration, which up till then had been extremely slow, began to make itself felt throughout the industrial life of the country. In the most important industries companies which had hitherto engaged in competition united to form large combines. In some cases a predominant company acquired most of the shares in the

other companies, and thus gained actual control of its business tactics. In some cases all the companies joined in still closer union to form one large company, which thereby acquired a position of monopoly. From that time America has been ruled by several large industrial companies. The "American Sugar Co." controls the entire sugar production of the country; the "Standard Oil Trust," the capital of which is just about to be raised to 600 million dollars, controls the petroleum supply; the "Tobacco Trust" the tobacco industry, and the "Steel Trust" the steel production of the country. The union of these industries made large economies in working possible. On the other hand, works which did not pay could be shut down, and the whole production could be concentrated in some few factories which were fitted with the best plant and could be worked with all the advantages that wholesale production implies. All plans of industrial activity could be worked out on a large scale, and all possible advantages could be calculated. Thus the Steel Trust proposes to erect gigantic works on the borders of Lake Michigan. A great part of its production is to be concentrated there, and for this purpose a new town has been built on what was formerly deserted land. This town has been called Gary, and accommodates 50,000 people, workmen and clerks and their families. On the other hand, the cessation of all competition between the single companies rendered unnecessary the huge and costly machinery formerly employed for advertising. Their rival agents and travelers bent on underselling each other no longer traverse the country. All industrial activity is strictly limited to the supply required for actual production and sale. All this considerably increased the profits of the companies concerned. Wages could be raised, and the general business life of the country profited considerably by this.

But the trusts did not content themselves with these natural advantages, which were

indeed good for them and for the whole country. They sought greater profits by making the utmost use of their position of monopoly.

Being free from all competition they gradually raised their prices, and thus exercised a heavy pressure upon the consumers. Other trusts arose—such as the "Beef Trust," which monopolized the meat trade of the country—which in the first place were not at all concerned with working economies, but principally with the raising of prices. The whole body of consumers, i.e. the people of the United States, felt helpless in face of all this, and this very sense of helplessness in face of the encroachments of capitalistic powers, perhaps even more than the actual financial damage, aroused the wild indignation of the people. They forgot all the advantages of centralized trade activity, they only remembered the raising of prices and the loss to the public. They angrily demanded the breaking up of the trusts, and a return to the free competitive system. Only a small minority possessed sufficient insight into the laws of economic development to understand that it was impossible to take a step backwards towards the industrial anarchy of former days, and that the danger of private monopolies could only be avoided by giving them over to State control. They realized that such a course would retain all advantages of working economy and would avoid all the dangers of monopoly prices. This view of things found the greatest number of adherents among the workers themselves, who naturally repudiated any scheme that implied the splitting up of industrial production and hence the decrease of profits and wages. But even amongst them there was much confusion and perplexity, if we except the Socialist party.

The farmers and petits bourgeois again, who had grown up firmly convinced of the advantages of industrial competition, excepted everything from the forcible destruction of the trusts and the return to the old system of many separate companies.

This popular feeling found expression in two ways: in self-help and in acting upon the Government policy.

The Civil War in Kentucky is the most characteristic example of the first method. The agriculture of this State consists chief-

ly of tobacco growing, and the farmers who devoted themselves to its cultivation saw their economic prosperity threatened by the Tobacco Trust. The trust made use of its position as a monopoly to exercise severe pressure upon the prices, so that the farmers gained less by the sale of tobacco than the planting had actually cost them. They were furiously indignant, and 27,000 farmers joined the union of tobacco-planters. But even they were not capable of checking the trust, and they resorted to open violence. Armed bands of masked farmers attacked the small towns of the State by night, burned down the trust warehouses and terrorized all the farmers who would not join the union. Thus at midnight on the 6th December, 1907, the Town of Hopkinsville, with about 10,000 inhabitants and a flourishing tobacco industry, was attacked by 300 armed men. The tobacco factories were set on fire, and the fire brigade was prevented from turning out. Only the fact that it was an absolutely calm night saved the whole town from destruction. A citizen who tried resistance was killed, the houses of the opponents of the union and the printing offices of the Kentuckian, a paper that had advocated the trust policy, were destroyed. Similar raids were repeatedly carried out in smaller towns. But in spite of all this, the authorities of Kentucky State could or would not find out the evil-doers, and just as in the case of the lynch trials of suspected negroes, the guilty were left unpunished. At the same time the Federal Courts began proceedings against the Tobacco Trust, which was accused of illegal conspiracy to the detriment of free trade. This accusation was based on the so-called Sherman law, which forbids all such combinations. The case is now before the Federal Court in New York, and will soon be definitely decided by the Supreme Court of the United States.

This brings us to the second aspect of the opposition: the fight against the trusts by influencing the Government policy. The destruction of the customs barrier naturally appeared to be the simplest means of breaking the power of the trusts, for European competition was thereby called in against them. The editors and publishers of the country are demanding this course of action at this very moment, because they complain of the rise of paper prices owing to

the Paper Trust. A commission of Congress is at present engaged in investigating all facts relative to this matter, and in deciding for or against the claims of the publishers. It is not impossible that the important influence of these very editors and publishers upon all political parties will prove strong enough to force the giving up of the duties on paper. But with the exception of the paper industry there is little hope of success in this direction, for the ruling Republican party is pledged by its programme and by the feeling in industrial circles, to which it owes its success in the elections, to a rigid system of protection.

In reality other means of warfare were chosen. For some time the Democratic party had been pledged to opposition to the trusts, and for several years the left wing of the Republican party under the leadership of President Roosevelt had also adopted these ideas. At first they were content with punishing the use of unfair means employed by the trusts in fighting the firms which had remained independent. Thus an action was brought against the Sugar Trust, which had taken over the greater part of the shares of a rival company and had then shut down its works to the detriment of the remaining shareholders, owing to the majority it had in the general meeting. The courts are now hearing this case. The trusts were in the habit of forcing the railway companies which were under their influence to grant them preferential tariffs, while the independent firms could only forward their goods at very high rates. Under the influence of Roosevelt a law was passed which makes the granting of such preferential tariffs a punishable offence, and several actions have since then been brought against railway companies who did so, as well as against trusts who were proved to have accepted the offers of the railways. The gravest accusation was brought against the Standard Oil Trust which was proved to have disobeyed the law in this respect several times, and was condemned to pay a fine of 150 million dollars*. Another paragraph of the above-quoted "Sherman Anti-Trust Law" condemns every combine that results in the limitation of free trade.

and it is clear that in this way any and every activity of the trusts could be thwarted. Everywhere proceedings were opened against the trusts by their most zealous opponents, to which the Federal Minister of Justice Bonaparte, belongs, and the financial circles which had hitherto been so powerful were seized with panic. A short time ago the Supreme Court of Justice of the United States admitted that the Sherman law might also be applied to combinations of trades unions against unorganized workers and firms who employed them, and heavy damages were brought against such combinations of trades unions. This caused a storm of indignation amongst the workers, and their leaders remonstrated in Congress accordingly. Roosevelt actually promised to introduce a bill that would ensure freedom from penalty to combines of trades unions as well as to trusts, in as far as they acted openly and without having recourse to illegal means. But the extended demands of the workers who demanded these rights for their own unions, but not for the trusts, were not considered in the law, and as the two parties did not come to terms the decision of Congress was indefinitely postponed. Thus everything has remained as it was in this direction, and any and every action of the workers' and capitalists' combines can be rendered impossible according to the arbitrary decision of the courts which select one case or another from the long list of offences against the law.

All this has destroyed the progressive development of American economic life, which was formerly so stable. It has rendered all calculations with regard to the future impossible, and has aroused a fear of increasingly harmful measures among those concerned. As long as the Government and the people adhere to the present method of opposing the natural course of economic development by means of legal verdicts and fines, they will not be successful as far as their wishes are concerned. They will, on the contrary, prevent the country from regaining its industrial equilibrium, from employing its dismissed workers, and from finding a paying employment for its industry. With the sound sense of the American people this state of affairs can hardly last much longer. The indignation aroused by the tactics of the trusts with regard to

*The United States Court of Appeal in Chicago has since the time of writing this article cancelled the judgement.—Eu.

prices dimmed their keen business sight for the time being, and gained success and the support of the people and the representative bodies for those who were actuated by motives of passion rather than of economic consideration. But the terrible financial and industrial crisis which Roosevelt and his party conjured up has had a sobering influence. The people are beginning to take a different view of things. A strong conservative group is demanding the suspension of the laws of exemption for trusts, and influential combines of organized workers are not unwilling to join them in order to prevent the application of such laws to their own unions. During the recent negotiations they almost united and caused the suspension of the exemption laws. On the other hand, as far as the inveterate opponents of the trusts are concerned, the theoretical understanding of the laws of economic development is more and more gaining ground. Bryan, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, has openly declared himself in favor of railway nationalization, which plays a much greater part than in Europe, owing to the great distances in the United States, and to the fact that the country is only opened up to a very limited extent. If Bryan were to be successful in the Presidential campaign next autumn, and able to realize this programme,

the nationalization of railways would doubtless be followed by that of the other great industries, and the Trust problem would thus be solved in a socialist sense. On the other hand, William Hearst, the leader of the "Independence League," and the possessor of an ever-growing influence among the masses of the people, is preaching war to the knife against the trusts. But he, too, does not uphold the exemption laws as much as he recommends the municipalization of the most important urban industries and the more intense control and supervision of industrial life by the State. The policy which he advocates if consistently applied would also lead to socialism.

Of course the ruling Republican party, which has every prospect of reasserting itself, remains true to its advocacy of the exemption laws. Thus the uncertainty and confusion in the industrial life of America may last a few more years, until the ever-growing harm to the national prosperity brings about a change in popular opinion and leads to the success of that political party which does not aim at a struggle against evolution and a return to the industrial anarchy of former days, but rather at the consistent progressive development of industrial life and the nationalization of all private monopolies.

A woman, when she marries, wishes to be taken for her own sake, not as payment for a debt.

I find that attention to the smaller details often makes life possible when the larger worries threaten to overwhelm me.

Whenever a woman meddles with an affair, there is always something else started other than what was originally intended.

Ladies for the most part lie under such a high pressure of propriety that they welcome a little unconventional license at times.

I believe it is one of the attractions for women in the society of the opposite sex, quite apart from any idea of love and admiration, that men do not criticise them.

She was living in a state of existence in which all that is necessary is to travel through one's allotted span of years without anything very bad being said of one, and then to die, unmourning, unmixed. — From "Mendacity," by Ernest Black.

Culture versus Cram

From Scribner's

WHY is it that the common educated Englishman, not professionally a "literary man" so uniformly acquits himself better of a literary task than the corresponding American, can report better what he has seen and done, be it a voyage to strange lands, be it an account of "empire building"? There is, unfortunately, no question about the fact.

"So many thousand Masters of Arts in this country"—Clarence King used to say—"where are the arts?" Lord Cromer is not a literary man. He has for a generation been engrossed in doing things, things "most useful for his country." But now that he has "sat down to tell about them," it would be unparliamentary for an American to challenge a comparison of "Modern Egypt" with any like work of an American official. Lord Cromer exhibits an old-fashioned British willingness to garnish his narrative with Latin quotations, and to make ostentation of his classical culture. But it is to be noted that it is classical culture, that the citations are "all so," and that he nowhere lapses into what Stevenson calls the "swaggering misquotations" of the American journalist.

For that matter, neither Grant nor Sherman straggled into journalism, nor pretended to know what he did not know, nor is that the literary defect of the West Pointer. But it is, doubtless, the prevailing American literary defect, this same "journalistic" sciolism. The things which Macaulay's "every schoolboy" knew, being compiled by a laborious investigator, were found to comprise a formidable body of knowledge. But the British school boy really does know these things. At least he knows them or he does not know them. He does not half know them, as the American sciolist is so painfully apt to do. Two modern instances occur. Not long ago, an American review of hereditary critical authority contained the statement that Edmund Burke's oratorical reputation was made by Samuel Johnson's parliamentary reports! Let us charitably

assume that "Burke" was a slip for "Pitt," the elder Pitt, with whose early oratorical reputation Johnson really had something to do. But, even so, what a vast ignorance of the eighteenth century does the slip denote, what an unacquaintance with the things that "every schoolboy" may reasonably be assumed to know, and that the English schoolboy—Etonian, Rugbeian, Harrovian or what not—does somehow subconsciously seem to possess. The other instance is a recent rehabilitation of Chatterton, a zealous and well-meant essay in which the author has diligently "got up" every fact that seemed to him relevant, but of which the reader has sadly to say that the author "does not know enough." His honest enthusiasm is rendered so nearly nugatory by the handfuls of false notes about his period that he keeps unconsciously striking, unconsciously by his absence of a consciousness of the lack of the background of information which is the subconscious possession of "every schoolboy." What can you do with a "literary man" who has to have it explained to him that culture ad hoc is not culture at all, but only "cram"?

One has to own that these modern instances are typical. And the patriot has to inquire with some trepidation what we are going to do about it. It is not for want of express incultication that the American college-graduate knows less of English literature than the English "every schoolboy." He has abundant "courses" in it. Whereas the English school-boy, as certain English educational reformers are busily pointing out, has no express teaching of English literature at all. Given a regular "grind" in classics, the English system assumes that the needed knowledge of English literature, and even the needed capacity of writing English, will "rub off," and come of itself. And it has to be said that, upon the whole, the English system is justified of its children and the American system is not; that, in fact, "something is rotten in the state" of American literary education.

Roumania—The Deciding Factor in the Near East

By Alfred Stead in *Fornightly Review*

AMONGST the smaller European States there is none of such importance as Roumania, geographically, ethnically, economically, and because the kingdom of King Charles represents the one stable element in the unrest of South-eastern Europe from Budapest to Constantinople, Roumania is the decisive factor in the Near Eastern question, not only because the Roumanians have steadily fitted themselves to fulfil that rôle, but because they are in a national position to draw the full benefit from their geographical situation. Since the Russo-Turkish War, when Roumania first appeared on the international horizon as a factor, the Great Powers have realized that, from that 4th of April, 1877, Roumania has developed rapidly and vigorously, and has continually shown that she was not inspired with ambitious and vain projects, but with a calm and practical spirit, penetrated with the general needs of Europe; she has never troubled the peace, necessary first of all to herself, and has given proof, under all circumstances, of a wisdom which has earned for her the confidence of all the States.

The potential value of Roumania was early recognised by the shrewdest statesman of Europe, and Bismarck, in 1879, said of Roumania: "An independent Roumania has a very great weight in Eastern questions. Roumania has 50,000 square miles and five million inhabitants. It might have ten million—and what a Power it would then be! To-day its debts are heavy, but with ten millions what could Roumania not do? Turkey falls to pieces; nobody can help her up again; Roumania has a great rôle to fulfil, but for this it is needful that she be wise, foreseeing, and firmly established." Actually Roumania possesses a population of seven millions, so that it would seem that Bismarck's ten millions are only a question of time. About the same period Prince Charles Antoine of Hohenzollern wrote to King Charles: "Roumania has proved that she exists, and

that she is a factor in the liquidation of European accounts."

The Roumanian statesmen had already grasped the fact that there was future greatness before them, and in 1875 Brătianu declared that "Europe has already recognized that we are a people destined to fight and to triumph through freedom. Our place is marked among the nations which constitute the Republic of Europe. It is for us to conquer it"; and in the words of another Roumanian, though Roumania would "have to work alone in order to emerge from the difficulties, Roumania has taken her place in Europe, and the conviction is everywhere established that, in the question of the Orient, Roumania is a factor to be taken into consideration." Nor was British recognition wanting, for we find that Lord Salisbury gave the following advice to the Roumanian envoy in the early days: "Increase your resources, draw the full benefit from the sacrifices you impose upon yourself, fortify yourself, put yourself into a position to oppose by yourself, not an impassable barrier—Roumania cannot aspire so high—but a serious obstacle to the perils which you fear." The thirty odd years since then have shown that Roumania has developed along the lines indicated, and must now be reckoned with as a permanent important factor in the questions affecting Europe. She is the most easterly of European States—there can be no mistaking the fact that Roumania is a European State, and not a Balkan kingdom. The Roumanian political horizon extends through all the points of the compass, whereas those of Bulgaria and Serbia do not include the north. Geographically, Roumania occupies one of the most favorable positions in the world, being situated exactly on the route which leads from the West of Europe towards Asia Minor and Mesopotamia, and forming a link on the direct route to India. Roumania, also, as the granary and the market for the Central European industries, becomes a not unim-

portant member of a future Central European tariff union. But greatest of all reasons for the assertion of Roumanian value as an international factor is the confidence which exists between the rulers and Governments of the great European States and the ruler and Government of Roumania. It has become the custom to consult Bucharest about matters of European concern, and the past year has given special proof of this. Monsieur Sturdza, the Prime Minister, having interviews with Baron Aehrenthal, Monsieur Isvolsky, Monsieur Ciemenoscu, and Prince von Bulow during his annual holiday. The fact that the rulers of Bulgaria and of Turkey compete energetically for an alliance with King Charles is another proof that those who are the most concerned have no doubts where the balance of power lies. It is all a striking demonstration of the value of the national policy of systematic self-development without any entangling alliances or dependence on any outside Power. Roumania has fully attained the place she deserves among European Powers, in that she is the friend of all, and possesses the confidence of all. Baron Aehrenthal, speaking before the Delegations this month, said of Roumania, dealing with the question of the Danube: "In regard to this the Government is conducting a confidential exchange of views with Roumania, with which nation we are united by ties of close friendship." And this expresses the views of all European States, for friendship with Roumania has a meaning, as Roumania is certainly not a State built upon the sands, a creation of yesterday, but gathers her strength and inspiration for the present from that time when, centuries ago, the Roumanian nation stood amongst the foremost of civilized States, and played a great rôle in the shaping of Europe. The history of Roumania has been one long series of struggles for the preservation of the autonomy and of the national character of those two former principalities of the Danube, Moldavia and Wallachia, which formed for centuries the rampart of Christianity and Occidental civilization against the invasions of the Turks and of the Tartars.

The Western nations of Europe owe indirectly a debt of gratitude to Roumania, since they were enabled to work quietly in the development of their civilization, while Roumania, though reeling under the first

shock of the Oriental advance, kept it at bay. It was in these conflicts and perils that the warrior blood of Trajan's legions, the founders of the Roumanian people, proved that time had not sapped its vitality nor diminished its valor. For it must not be forgotten that Roumania was the scene of the exploits of the Emperor Trajan, the ruins of whose bridge over the Danube remain a sign of the national heritage of the Roman settlement. Roumania's early history stands chiselled in undying figures on the Trajan column at Rome. Not only did Rome's warriors traverse and inhabit the country, but on the shores of the Black Sea, where now there flourishes the great seaport of Roumania, Constantia, Ovid lived in exile. The many vicissitudes of the past have purified Roumania as by fire, and produced a nation which has found itself and which has learned the meaning of true patriotism. Roumania to-day with her 50,000 square miles (only a little less than the area of England), and her population of seven millions, is a constitutional monarchy in the best sense of the term, with all the rights and privileges of the Roumanian subjects amply guaranteed. Nor is the strength of Roumania only derived from within. In a speech addressed to the Roumanian Senate in 1903, Monsieur Sturdza pointed out that the strength of the kingdom of Roumania rests on two foundations. In the kingdom we constitute a uniform homogeneous nationality, amid which are here and there scattered a few inhabitants only of alien origin, as, indeed, is everywhere the case. The second foundation on which our strength rests consists in the fact that beyond our political frontiers the kingdom is girdled round by Roumanian communities. That is a consideration of the greatest moment. For we are thus less directly exposed to pressure from foreign and antagonistic nationalities, nay, rather the efforts of these hostile nationalities are thereby in some measure weakened. The stronger the resisting forces of the Roumanians beyond the kingdom, the safer is the position of the kingdom itself, no one being able to attack it directly. In other words, the danger comes from that side of the kingdom where the national life of the Roumanians beyond the kingdom is imperilled. This additional source of strength must not be overlooked, since it might well play an important part in future develop-

ments, while for the moment it enables the kingdom to decide on its best policy insulated from undue foreign influence. It is largely, thanks to the excellence of her army, that Roumania has been left to enjoy peace and development, undisturbed by foreign aggression. King Charles has ever been at heart a soldier, and his work in connection with the Roumanian army has proved not only his enthusiasm, but his military ability. His work during the early years created a solid administrative foundation for the army, which was tested and found good in the fields before Plewna. There, in 1877, the young Roumanian army saved the Russians, and gained their country's independence, and to-day, with some quarter of a million men on a war footing, and 86,000 in time of peace, the Roumanians are ready and able to play a decisive part in the history of Europe, should their country and their King demand it. The moral of the troops is so good as to call forth the admiration of the foreign attaches, and their arms and equipment, notably those of the artillery, are equal to those of any other country. Roumania is a maritime State in so far as she possesses a considerable coast line on the Black Sea, and for the protection of her interests in these waters there exists a small fleet of secondary war vessels—cruisers and torpedo craft. Roumania also possesses in the Danube a waterway not only of great commercial importance, but forming her frontier with Russia, Hungary, Bulgaria and Servia.

This great European stream is an international highway, and should be subject to international supervision and control. Save, however, for the mouth of the Danube, which is under the jurisdiction of an international Commission, the river has been controlled either by individual powers, or entirely neglected. By the creation of a special river fleet for the Danube, Roumania has given the most satisfactory assurances that she takes very seriously to heart her duty of adequately policing the Lower Danube, that is to say, that part of the river which stretches between the jurisdiction of the International Commission and Hungary. The systematic supervision and regulation of the Lower Danube has an international significance which cannot be ignored, since the success of this undertaking must inevitably affect the question

of the control and supervision of the river above the Iron Gates. In other words, it may eventually mean the realization of the true international idea of a free Danube. It is the mastery of the mouths of the Danube which has helped Roumania to attain her present position in the comity of nations; it has proved a spur to progress, since, in the words of one statesman, "Even if the Great Powers have left us masters of ourselves they have, nevertheless, their eyes fixed upon our future conduct, because great European interests are bound up in the destiny of Roumania; it is sufficiently proved that these interests will not permit them to allow the mouths of the Danube to be in the hands of a nation disorganized, dismembered, enfeebled, and in consequence, very far from being the powerful bulwark for the creation of which the guarantor nations have spent their blood and their gold." Roumania has contributed much to enable the great work of the International Danube Commission to accomplish the greatest good. "It is especially," says M. Sturdza, "the countries watered by this fine river who profit most from the work of improvement at the mouth of the Danube. Thus the constant and always increasing interest of the Roumanian Government for the great work accomplished is natural enough." So adequate, indeed, is the Roumanian river fleet for the task of maintaining an efficient supervision of the Lower Danube, that, in the unlikely event of the dissolution of the International Commission, its duties could be carried on by Roumania alone. With reason did King Charles exclaim, on the occasion of the Christening of the Fleet at Galatz: "The war for our independence, making us, as it did, masters of the mouth of the Danube, gave to our navy a serious existence. We have, therefore, the duty of enlarging and strengthening our naval forces, in order to be able to fulfil the high mission which has fallen to us on this great river." Besides its international importance, the Roumanian fleet on the Danube is a notable development of the defensive force of the country. Indeed, no other European Power possesses such a powerful river flotilla. This flotilla would be of great value should ever the peace be broken. M. Kogalniceanu, when Foreign Minister in 1875, said: "The despatch of a war fleet to the waters of the Danube, and especially to that portion of

the river lying between Servia and Roumania, might exercise a great influence on the determination of the rights and obligations which touch Roumania as a neutral country, because it might well happen that, owing to unforeseen eventualities, her neutrality would be impossible." But military and naval strength alone do not suffice to make a nation powerful, or a serious factor in international affairs. Financial stability and resources are as indispensable nowadays as rifles and cartridges. Roumania is especially fortunate in this respect, and her financial standing is most satisfactory. The Roumanian State revenues, which in 1873 amounted to £4,000,000, have now reached the sum of £16,000,000. In the last six financial years, there have been surpluses varying from £800,000 to £2,000,000, and it is by means of these surpluses that the public works in course of construction have been provided for. At the same time, the foreign trade of Roumania is extremely prosperous, and in all the normal years, that is to say, when there was at least an average harvest, the exports surpass the imports. Thus the total commerce of Roumania was, in 1906, £36,491,750, of which the imports represented £16,869,740, the exports £19,654,409, which gave a balance in favor of Roumania of £2,793,664. The National Debt of Roumania, both internal and external, amounts at the present moment to £36,000,000, which is equivalent to a sum of £8 per head of population (in the United Kingdom in 1907, the National Debt amounted to £16 per head of population). The greater part of the Roumanian National Debt has been used for the purchase and construction of railways, which expenditure represents nearly £32,000,000. The total length of railway lines in Roumania is 2,000 miles, or 24 miles of line per 1,000 miles of area. This gives about 3,000 inhabitants per mile of line. The State railways, besides being an asset of great intrinsic value, produce annually a net profit of more than £1,250,000, a revenue which is increasing every year. The rest of the Debt has been spent upon the construction of roads, ports, public buildings, military works, and other necessary national undertakings. Although Roumania has never had to offer any spe-

cial guarantees, the National Debt is amply secured, not only by the flourishing condition of the Roumanian finances—which, for the last seven years at least, have produced an annual surplus averaging eleven per cent. of the revenue—but by the property owned by the State: the railways, the forests, the great oil-bearing lands, the fisheries, the immensely rich and practically inexhaustible salt mines, etc. Another very satisfactory point is that all the loans issued by Roumania have been subscribed without any special guarantee of the State being given.

The main source of wealth in the country in the past has been agriculture, and Roumania still continues as one of the great grain-exporting countries. But it must ever be difficult to build up a flourishing and great State with only agriculture as a foundation. And thus the development of the great petroleum resources of Roumania is of paramount national importance, for the most valuable and important of the mineral resources of Roumania is petroleum. The petroleum zone in that country extends to the foot of the Carpathians, with a length of nearly 350 miles, and a width of about 12 miles. The total area of the Roumanian petroleum fields is thus computed to be about 1,800,000 acres, and it is estimated that the petroleum resources of Roumania amount to no less than 4,000 million tons, which, at a net price of 12s per ton, represents a value of £2,400,000,000. In view of the growing substitution of petroleum fuel for coal on board many ships of the British Navy, it is interesting to note that the port of Constantza is situated within easy distance of several British coaling stations, while Roumania stands alone among countries in having resisted all attempts on the part of the Standard Oil Company to monopolize the oil industry. This alone should make it a valuable source of supply to the British fleets, far too vital a defence for this country to have to rely upon an unscrupulous American Trust. And it is interesting to note that the Roumanian Government, in the treaty recently concluded with the United States, reserves to itself complete liberty of action with regard to the industry and commerce of petroleum.

Do We Eat Too Much?

By Frederick A. Talbot in Chamber's Journal

IT is a well-known fact that quick dietary is more responsible for the early failure of the organic structure than underfeeding or overfeeding. The reason is that the bodily activity is forced up to a high pressure, which it is able to maintain for a time; but the cells of the frame, upon whose extraordinary power of rehabilitation life is entirely dependent, being unable to withstand the strain, succumb. With correct nourishment the possibility of such a contingency arising is diminished, but it is the lack of knowledge upon this vital point which propagates many of the ills to which mortal flesh is said to be heir. This deficiency, however, may be repaired by a perusal of Dr. Chittenden's recent volume, "The Nutrition of Man" (Heinemann), which is the most exhaustively informative work upon the stoking of the human furnace that has appeared within recent years. The author is an advocate of no particular system other than that required by discriminating Nature herself; he holds no brief for or against any particular dietary system. He has only investigated the subject from the unbiased and stern physiological science points of view, and the result of his researches admirably enlightens us upon a salient point, and serves to elucidate many of the problems of feeding which have hitherto been in a more or less chaotic condition. The work is not a mere scientific hypothesis or ethical digression, but embodies the results of actual experiments with human beings and animals purposely carried out to prove or disprove the contentions of former investigators and to unravel the many debatable points which they left in mystery.

The process of sustaining life is a chemical one; that is to say, the food you eat undergoes three distinct chemical actions: disintegration, decomposition, and oxidation, by which is evolved the requisite energy to maintain the heat of the body and the power for mental and physical effort. You partake of your meal, and the ensuing digestion of the same is the common ex-

pression of this chemical change. At the same time, the various articles you eat are or should be resolved into three fundamental constituents: proteins or albuminous food-stuffs, carbohydrates, and fats. The first are the most essential. In composition they comprise on the average 52 per cent. of carbon, 7 per cent. of hydrogen, 23 per cent. of oxygen, and from 1.5 to 2 per cent. of sulphur. Without partaking of proteins it would be impossible to support life, since they provide the material for the reconstruction of all the cells. The eminent scientist, Liebig, went much farther. He contended that proteins or nitrogenous food-stuffs constituted the real source of energy. Consequently many so-called food-experts, on the strength of this assertion, and not troubling to ascertain whether the argument was subject to controversy, developed into protein crankies, and with the eminent testimony at their command soon gathered together a large following. But subsequent investigation upon the part of the scientific world has disproved Liebig's assertion. Nature is not so easily gratified. Although she demands a definite form of nitrogen, at the same time she seeks for its combination with some other elements to maintain the rhythm of physiological evolution. Hence the need for the carbohydrates and fats. The first-named include the two closely allied compounds sugars and starches. These substances are absolutely free from nitrogen; the other gas, oxygen, being the predominating element, which exists in the proportion of 49.4 per cent., followed by carbon 44.4 per cent., and hydrogen 6.2 per cent. It is obvious that the absence of nitrogen precludes any possibility of the carbohydrates serving as cell-builders, but at the same time they perform another vital function. By oxidation they yield energy for the heat of the body and muscular effort. The fats, though also without nitrogen, have a greater proportion of carbon, which aggregates 76.5 per cent. The fats thus, as it were, constitute an auxiliary to the carbohydrates for the furnishing

of heat, since they are less oxidizable than sugars and starches, and require a larger supply of oxygen to secure their combustion. Thus the three natural food-stuffs perform two allotted tasks; the proteins serve as tissue-builders essentially, though capable of providing by oxidation a certain amount of energy for heat and work; but the carbohydrates and fats are required for no other specific purpose than as a fuel to the bodily machinery.

Under these circumstances, then, what constitutes the ideal diet? Certain standards have been drawn up in which the proportion of proteins is adjusted to the percentages of carbohydrates and fats, the proteins being about a fifth of the carbohydrates, and fat about half of the protein bulk, for a man of about eleven stone in weight and performing a moderate amount of work. In this respect Dr. Chittenden states that "my own conception of the true food-requirements of the body has been expressed in the statement that man needs of protein, fats, and carbohydrates sufficient to establish and maintain physiological and nitrogen equilibrium sufficient to keep up that strength of body and mind that is essential to good health, to maintain the highest degree of physical and mental activity with the smallest amount of friction and the least expenditure of energy, and to preserve and heighten, if possible, the ordinary resistance of the body to disease-germs. The smallest amount of food that will accomplish these ends is, I think, the ideal diet."

After all, however, no hard-and-fast rule can be laid down as to how much we should eat; but it is an incontrovertible fact that the majority of us eat too much. It is purely a question of environment, occupation and circumstances. It is obvious that the man who follows an active calling involving the expenditure of much muscular energy requires a greater proportion of heat and energy yielding food-stuffs—that is, carbohydrates and fats—than the man who leads a sedentary life, while similarly the man of light weight needs less protein than his heavier confrere. At the same time, simplicity in dietetics *habes* ensures a higher level of perfect health. As, however, the limits of our financial resources extend we are apt in a single meal to partake of a wider range of edibles in a greater variety of forms than formerly. What is the re-

sult? The production of maladies such as indigestion, dyspepsia, and other kindred complaints, the cure of which is only possible by a return to the more simple and plainer foods. Neither habit nor instinct affords us any criterion as to how much the body requires to maintain equilibrium, since such results are influenced by the caprices of the palate. It is a curious though noteworthy circumstance that in one dietary article the tree necessary constituents incidental to the support of life are found, and that, too, in relatively large quantities—that article being milk, the natural food of young life and of the invalid, in which the assimilation of large proportions of protein is imperative to meet the demands for material in the construction of the tissues and cells.

For the purpose of practical experiment, Dr. Chittenden selected a company of thirteen men from the hospital corps of the United States army, and they were kept under surveillance for the purposes of the test for a period of six months. Well-trained cooks and assistants were available, together with every facility for the preparation of the food, which was carefully weighed before being given to the subjects. Regularity of life was insisted upon, while the men had to perform their usual duties. In their case their ordinary food was rich in protein, especially in meat. Throughout the period of test a daily dietary was drawn up, the composition of every comestible known, and the nitrogen content of each day's ration so graded as to bring about a gradual reduction in the quantity of protein ingested, while every test was made to ascertain if the men were in a state of nitrogen equilibrium. The meals were of a very varied character, and although the quantity of meat was greatly reduced it was not entirely eliminated. Simple foods only were used. The amount of protein food consumed by each man per day averaged about one-third of his accustomed quantity. Now, if this small proportion were insufficient for the sustenance of the physiological equilibrium, evidences of the fact would be bound to be manifested by at any rate one or two of the subjects, since there would result a diminishing of the body-weight, showing that Nature was drawing upon her available reserves to compensate for the insufficient quantities of food administered. Out of the thirteen

men five either retained their weight during the test or made a slight gain; four others lost slightly, the falling off occurring within the first few days of the experiment; while two others lost more appreciably, also in the first stages. In these last two instances, however, the loss in weight did not detract in any way from the subjects' muscular appearance. The greatest reduction in weight was in the case of one man who lost practically eighteen and a half pounds during the period, but in view of the fact that he was somewhat stout, the change of diet, combined with hard work in the gymnasium, caused a loss which was beneficial rather than otherwise.

The sum of this experiment was that mankind is capable of maintaining nitrogen equilibrium with a far lower percentage of protein food than that generally prescribed by dietary standards, with a corresponding improvement in the general health. Nor is the muscular energy impaired in any way by such restriction, since in this case at the end of six months the men all showed a phenomenal gain in strength, a factor totally unexpected and partially due to the change in diet.

In another experiment the subjects were eight athletes who were "in constant practice and in the pink of condition," and who were in "training form" when the experiment was commenced. During the six months' test their daily allowance of protein food was reduced 50 per cent. Yet at the end of the period every man had attained increased strength, thus testifying conclusively that prolonged low-protein diet had not affected progressive muscular development and the attainment of a high degree of muscular strength. What does such a result show? Simply that "the normal requirements of the body under which

health, strength and maximum efficiency are best maintained are on a far lower level than the ordinary practices of mankind would lead one to believe." This is diametrically opposed to the general contention which favors rather a diet rich in protein. Moreover, in the case of these athletes, after they had become accustomed to the dietary change they found that they could carry out their work with less fatigue.

While, then, protein is imperative to keep the human furnace going, it is very evident that its proportion must be kept within limits owing to the fundamental action of the nitrogenous food-stuffs being merely for the building up and rehabilitation of the cells and tissues. An excess of protein brings in its train a long line of maladies, and the thesis of Liebig that protein furnished the most important portion of the energy requisite for physical effort has been once and for all exploded. It is quite safe to say that the greater proportion of our maladies—such as liver troubles, biliousness, gout, indigestion—are entirely attributable to excessive eating of rich protein foods. Mankind, being an omnivorous creature, must steer his way perforce through the channel between the carnivorous animals which require a high protein diet and the herbivorous class which thrive upon a very low protein food. On the other hand, the demands made upon the system in order to furnish the energy necessary for any physical exertion are more advantageously met by consumption of the non-nitrogenous foods—the carbohydrates and fats. Muscular activity does not require stoking with protein fuel. Yet care must be exercised to avoid underfeeding, since penalties arise from insufficiency as readily as from excess.

The woman who talks to a man about what interests her, rather than about what interests him, is either a born old maid or else supremely happily married.

If Providence means to spare folks He'll spare them, in spite of all the motor-buses in Christendom.

But though the law may be an ass, the law is not a sentimental ass.

After Business Hours

By Gerald Sidney in Young Men

THERE is no denying that the young men of the present are not of the same morale as those of the time of our fathers. I do not venture this from my own observation only—read what one of the leading and most popular journalists wrote not long since—from the point of view of a man of the world, not of a modern Jeremiah, mind you.

This is what he says: "My idea is that it would be a great and good thing if there could be a fierce revulsion in the public mind against the follies and frivolities of the age, and a new wave of Puritanism were to sweep over the land . . . if the country could only see a revival of the gentle christianity, honest business ways, and simple habits of life of the Old Society of Friends. . . ."

Let us get back for the moment to this question of "seeing life," "going it," or "having a bit of a burst"—the titles the thing bears are many, but the thing itself is always the same—and see what it tends to, and its value.

A young man gets this desire for "seeing life" from one of two causes; either he is drawn into it by a foolish desire to emulate some of his acquaintances and avoid being chaffed or thought priggish, or he has allowed himself to get out of hand, and if he comes under the latter category, he may safely expect to rapidly acquire an intimate knowledge of the flavor of Dead Sea fruit. The ultimate result is a foregone conclusion. This "seeing life" is synonymous with making an awful mess of one's life, in nine cases out of ten.

What does it start with? Spending the evenings wrongly, music halls, drinking, gambling, heavier drinking and worse. Now, this is not the place to make a general attack on music halls as places of amusement. Honi soit qui mal y pense. It is perfectly possible for a man, if his idea of intellectual enjoyment goes no higher, to gain no harm at all from an evening at a "Palace of Varieties." But, underline the but, Honi soit qui mal y pense does not

apply to a young man who sets out on the "seeing life" business. He approaches it in an unhealthy tone of mind, with the intention (though perhaps not directly conscious of it) of seeing the worst of anything. To a young man like that there is no doubt that entertainments of the above nature are in varying degrees bad for him, and very often form the nucleus of his going under. Let me emphasize the point that I am not venturing to discuss the modern music hall in relation to the world at large, but the modern music hall in relation to the young man. If he approaches his spare-time hours with the view of "seeing life" (there is, I fear, a redundancy of this title, but it is unavoidable), then the music hall is not going to do him any good. The atmosphere, the kind of intangible appeal to the sensual side, is doubly felt by him, and the result is that he allows himself to loosen his moral overcoat, thereby risking a moral influenza.

Then take the upshot of this. He sees no harm in a little, just a very little, alcohol. A man must live himself up after an evening's entertainment. What is the result of that? He is excited with the unwonted gaiety of the atmosphere he has created by his trend of mind, and he takes more than is judicious, until all his better self is comfortably put to sleep, and he is ripe for further foolishness, in most cases.

Because I make this assertion, it must not be taken for granted that the music hall is the primary cause of a man going wrong, either by reason of intemperance or worse. I am confining myself to the relation of it to the young inexperienced fellow, who is on the verge of letting himself get out of hand. It is easy to apply a test to the statement. If anything flatters the passions and exalts them above the principles, it is poisonous; in this case the variety show, or at least some portion of it, acts on the young man in the state of mind he is in, badly—in a way subversive of moral tone. It may not kill, but it will certainly injure his sense of right thinking and doing; and there can

be no doubt that such a fellow is led by any artificial stimulant of the senses to eagerly become the recipient of any further stimulation, though not perhaps all at once, that presents itself. Anything that weakens the already weakened mental force of a young man who is bent on "seeing life," without noticing its feet of clay, and that makes him indifferent to "plodding perseverance and plain industry," is bad for him, and as such should be left alone.

If a fellow, when he is aware that a state of unrest is upon him, were to take himself in hand and worry the matter out, he would see the idiocy of the thing so many young men follow with the footsteps of inexperience through the devious roads of the senses. There is no happy medium. It is not possible to follow this ridiculous paltriness "seeing life" and remain of the same moral tone (I do not mean sanctimonious, blue stockings or Stiggins moral tone, but straightforward, clean sense of right) as before. Moreover, it is not worth seeing, or mixing with. It bears no more relation to real life than does an unwholesome degenerate novel of the "realistic" school to the greatest of books.

Look at the results, you can see them all about the office world—gradual lessening capacity and desire for work, impaired health, if no worse; these are but minor effects of "seeing life." When a fellow goes under, who has greater contempt for him than the other fellows, who are still following the road he has reached the end of? Pick up the police report page of the daily paper, and look at the embezzlement cases—they occur repeatedly—by young men. When the young man is asked to explain how he came to do this thing, what does he generally do, or rather say? Why, that he has gradually come to his present position through drink, or betting, or bad companions, or something equally undesirable. And what is that but this "seeing life," which is spoken of so glibly and so soon shows its iron results. When a fellow says he is going to "get about a bit," "see a bit of life," or "have a bit of fling," he always means one thing; he is going to look for and find the worst side of life. There is ample opportunity for a young fellow to see life properly without having anything to do with the other kind of life, the loose end kind of life. If a young man, when he is at that stage of feeling that he is get-

ting just a little out of his own control, were to pull up sharp, and glance forward—no, not glance, but glare—at the probable end of it all, he would think twice about sallying out to have "a night of it."

It is one of the most remarkable things about this kind of "seeing life" that whilst a fellow is going through with it, from small peccadillos to deeper excesses, other fellows, even his seniors, smile deprecatingly. "Oh, well, he certainly is going it a bit, but he's an awfully good sort." "Boys will be boys," chuckles some elder acquaintance; and his boon companions clap him on the back and say, "Come on old chap, let's—etc."

Then when the crash comes, breakdown of health, public disgrace, or what not, there is a different tale. "Silly fool—oh yes, played very funny sort of games. Serve him right." "Young scoundrel!" mutters the senior. "Well, I always said so." Will the fellows who helped him come to the crash, help him now? If he thinks so then, indeed, he is going to be disappointed. They will shun him like something evil they have to avoid at all costs. If he appeals to them for help, will he get it? No. "Really, you know, I'm awfully sorry, and all that, but on principle I couldn't do anything for you. You see you have been—well, you'd excuse me now, won't you, I'm engaged." Then, directly he has gone, they leave strict injunctions if he calls again that they cannot be seen. "Tell him anything." Why? Oh, because he's a "no-account," gone under, as a familiar example, "absolute wrong 'un"—in a word, anathema.

To use a slang term, "seeing life" is "not good enough." Its results may not come all at once; they may not make themselves shown for perhaps years, but they are always on their way. Like Chevy Chase, the adored friend of Montagu Tigg, they are always waiting round the corner, until they require a small advance, when they appear, and unlike the above two gentlemen, invariably obtain it; sometimes, indeed, demanding such a sum that the youthful bon vivant is left stranded.

So much for that way of spending one's after-business hours. What of the other ways?

What is, or should be, the aim of a young man? Why, to get on—to climb higher, in business, in mind, and in knowledge of real life. Very well, then, why not apply the

after-business hours to that end? It is a sensible idea, and praiseworthy, and also distinctly useful. There are hundreds of ways of getting enjoyment and use out of spare time, without in any way making an ascetic of oneself, or an abject idiot of oneself.

Take reading for an instance. There is nothing like it for training one's observation, enlarging one's understanding of men and things and improving one's abilities.

By reading, let us understand that everlasting novel reading, which some look upon as an intellectual pastime, can degenerate into a form of the emptiest dissipation. This negative result of the fiction habit, if it may be called so, is frequently a positive injury. A surfeit of constant fiction reading, without the haven of real literature, of books that really help, will not work any good for a young man. Sobriety of reasoning is not usually a very common faculty, and is not fostered by constant novel reading.

The novel of the past is not in favor now. The homely pathos of Dickens and other writers is labelled theatrical and vulgar, and out of date. The novels of the great minds of the past decade, that make one feel the better and stronger for reading, are pushed to the wall and scoffed at, as tedious and goody-goody; whilst the modern novel, whose aim is to be as improper as it dare be, is devoured with avidity. A fellow should choose his books as carefully as he chooses his acquaintances and mode of life, and nothing in the way of a book that leaves a "nasty taste in the mouth" in reading should be tolerated on his shelves. Make a point

of having your own index expurgatorius. Putting reading on one side, look at the means at hand for using your after-business hours to help your actual business hours. It matters not what business or profession one is in, there is always a class available, or a lecture available, or, failing that, a correspondence system available to help one on. The fellow who uses his spare time judiciously in this way is going to get on. There is no room nowadays for the slacker. It is easy to see that. And a fellow can get infinitely more satisfaction out of improving himself, and more enjoyment of a lasting kind out of it, than out of any so-called amusements. And, let me say it for the satisfaction of that poor chap who simply flogs away his time for fear of being thought a prig, no one thinks any the worse of you either. To paraphrase the immortal Micawber: "After-business hours spent in intellectual pleasures and improvement; result, satisfactory all round. After-business hours spent in 'seeing life' and equal emptiness, result—". The result, being so apparent, needs no name.

The life of the idler, or the young man who is "seeing life," which is not a success from other points of view, is a ghastly failure from the standpoint of pleasure alone. The "fly-by-night" young man, instead of getting more pleasure out of life, gets less than any other class of man. Wild cars considered as a pleasure crop are an abject and absolutely certain failure, according to the unanimous testimony not only of the moralists, but of those unhappy fellows who are reaping them themselves.

Business Men in Politics

From the London Sunday Review

We hold the rule that a member of a Government must sever all commercial connections to be mischievous and absurd. It confines Cabinet Ministers to three classes of men, lawyers, scientists, and men too old to be in business. There have been occasional abuses, we know, but only one or two. There was a member of a firm of shipowners who was also an official at the Admiralty, and who attempted to get a mail contract for his own line of steamers. But with our modern press such attempts are no longer likely to be made, for they would certainly be discovered. Unless the direction of a joint-stock company is a dishonest or contemptible occupation, the rule against Ministers holding directorships should be dropped, as it must, if enforced, keep a great many able men off the front bench.

Fire—An American Extravagance

By F. W. Fitzpatrick in McClure's Magazine

OF all our extravagances, and we Americans are a notably extravagant people, fire is the greatest, the most foolish, the most useless and shameful. And it has become a national habit. The story of fire is told in colossal figures. Carelessness and ignorance are the causes of incalculable waste through this element. Gas wells are ignited and millions of feet of that precious commodity are consumed in a pyrotechnic display as needless as it is senseless; equally gross carelessness or ignorance sets coal mines afire, fires that burn for months, destroying far greater value in the "black diamonds of commerce" than the world produces of the more beautiful but less useful white diamonds. And so with our forests. Heaven knows that our methods of lumbering are ruthless enough and that the abuse of our forests has made lumber one of our most expensive building materials—it has increased over one hundred per cent. in price in less than twenty years' time. But added to the wasteful manner of cutting, the lack of care or even decency on the part of lumbermen and hunters has been the cause of fire's destroying millions of dollars' value in what is left of those precious forests every year. During this last September our forest fires in Minnesota and Michigan and Wisconsin, in the Adirondacks, in Pennsylvania and West Virginia and Ohio, everywhere—and every one preventable—laid waste an incalculable amount of marketable lumber, besides destroying many thriving villages and seriously damaging more important towns and blocking the orderly and natural course of business. The whole damage done by those fires in the month of September alone can be but roughly guessed, but at a conservative estimate it was at least \$20,000,000. But in what follows let us eliminate our forest fires, mine fires, fires on board ship, and limit our attention solely to fires in buildings, fires that could so easily be prevented were it not that all our energies seem bent upon their mere extinguishment.

Those fires have cost us as many as 7,000 human lives in one year's time, and our loss in money value, through the destruction of property, is almost as appalling. The production of gold in the entire world, something like \$300,000,000 per year, would not recoup us for our losses by fire and the incidental expenses accompanying them, in the same period of time; the value of all the coal mined in this country in a year's time would just cover the cost to us of our fires; the value of our lumber production is only a trifle more. We are fond of luxuries, and import a great many, yet the value of all that importation is but a fifth of our fire cost. We are great and persistent advertisers, and spend huge sums in that accessory to business, but, vast as our advertising bill is, it equals but two-fifths of our fire bill; and all the industrial dividends paid in 1907 aggregate but three-fifths of the amount of our fire extravagance.

In 1907 there were no great conflagrations; it was what might be termed a "normal" year; but we actually destroyed buildings, and property contained in them, to the value of \$215,000,000. This figure represents total annihilation; there was no residue, it was not money diverted into other channels, one man's loss and another's gain; it stands for just plain smoke. Beyond this, we expend in the maintenance of fire departments, apparatus, high pressure systems, and all those so-called, yet often ineffective, curative agents of the evil, \$300,000,000; and we further pay out another \$105,000,000 in a gamble with the insurance companies, in a bet that our property will not burn. Of that last sum a scant \$95,000,000 is returned in the way of paid losses. In other words, the cost of fire and its accessories, in round numbers, is just about an even \$600,000,000 a year. It may be but a peculiar coincidence, or perhaps it is an unconscious economic adjustment, that with all our phenomenal growth and the tremendous boom and vast amount of building carried on in some

years, the most active year we have ever had in building construction netted just \$615,000,000's worth of new buildings and alterations during the twelve months. So that with all our vaunted activity, we produce buildings equal in money value to only a trifle more than the value of the property we destroy by fire. Worse than that, in the first month of the present year our losses by fire were over \$24,000,000, and during the same time we expended but \$16,000,000 in new buildings and repairs. Our average fire loss is \$19,000,000 a month—a "normal" month. But the conflagration risk is such that we have "abnormal" months with startlingly normal regularity. In February of 1904, Baltimore raised that month's figure to \$90,000,000, and in April of 1905, San Francisco added \$150,000,000 to the "normal" month's loss. In five years' time the total has been \$1,257,716,000. No other nation on earth could stand the drain, and even we are beginning to feel it.

Apart from any incidental or accompanying expense, the cost of fire, of actual combustion and destruction of property in this country, is equivalent to a tax of \$2.30 per capita per year; in all of Europe the average corresponding tax is a trifle less than 33 cents per capita. In Italy it is 12 cents; in Germany 49 cents; in thirty foreign cities the average is 64 cents, while in two hundred and fifty-two American cities it is \$3.10. We have 4.05 fires to each thousand people; Europe has .86 fires per thousand. New York City has 12.182 fires a year, with a fire loss of \$7,498,666. Her fire department costs her \$10,000,000 a year, and it is estimated that the cost of public and private protection combined amounts to pretty nearly \$60,000,000 a year. Now, in all of London there are 3.84 fires in a year, and in the whole of the British kingdom in the same period there were but 35 fires of over \$50,000's cost each, and the total cost of those 35 fires was but \$1,785,000. Rome, a city of 520,000 people, suffers a damage of but \$56,000 a year, and her fire department of two hundred men costs but another \$50,000.

In Europe they have always used less combustible material in construction than have we; wood has been less plentiful than here; they are more careful, and, as a matter of fact, a fire scarcely ever goes beyond the building in which it originates, whilst

here hardly a day passes that we do not read of a fire destroying two, three, twenty, forty buildings at one fell swoop. In the earlier times we built our better buildings, at least, in the old European manner, with brick and stone walls and brick vaulting for floors and partitions. Of such construction is the old Treasury in Washington and buildings of that character throughout the country, structures in which much damage to the contents can be done by fire, but where the building itself can suffer very little. As our people pushed farther away from the small original centres, "pioneered" into the interior, wood was the handiest thing to use for the more or less temporary shelters they erected, and wood construction thus began its evolution. The early fathers added a touch here and another there; later we devised what is called the "balloon" frame. Lumber was dirt cheap and abundantly plentiful, and frame building became a custom. Even where stone or brick was used in the external walls, wood was considered the only material for joists and partitions and interior finish, and even the apparently non-inflammable buildings were internally veritable tinder-boxes. Wood became one of the standard materials in construction, and our cities are now so very wooden that the fate that overtook Chicago, Baltimore, San Francisco, and a portion of Boston, will as inevitably overtake and devastate large parts of every one of our cities. In all the land there are something like 12,000,000 buildings; in barely 8,000 of that number has any attempt been made at fire prevention—the others constitute admirable material for individual fires and appalling conflagrations.

Our insurance companies have, perhaps unconsciously, been somewhat in blame for this tinder-box growth. They have advocated better construction of buildings, but have made the rates upon the indifferent structures so low as to constitute a veritable temptation to build just as shoddily as the building laws permit. In San Francisco, for instance, the insurance people wrote a ridiculously low rate upon wooden construction (supposedly the only thing that would withstand an earthquake) because of the city's admirable fire department; it came to be one of the most inflammable cities in the land, and when all the conditions were

favorable a historic conflagration ensued. The same thing may be expected at any time in New Orleans, in Philadelphia, or in Boston, cities of narrow streets, and most "receptively inclined" toward fire. Incidentally, it may not be amiss to mention that in the past ten years we have paid into the insurance companies' coffers the sum of \$1,610,885,242. The companies may be said to have added and abetted us in the past to build poorly; individual fires mean more or less profit to them, and, in fact, are necessary to keep people keyed up to a point where they feel the urgency of carrying heavy insurance. It is the big conflagrations that hurt the companies. But for these they recoup themselves quickly by increasing rates, and our rates to-day are just about twelve times higher than they are in Great Britain and twenty times higher than in Italy.

We are rather impartial as to the nature of the buildings we burn. Our average is pretty steadily 3 theatres, 3 public halls, 12 churches, 10 schools, 2 hospitals, 2 asylums, 2 colleges, 6 apartment houses, 26 hotels, 3 department stores, 2 jails, 140 flat houses, and about 1,600 homes every week in the year. We all live in buildings or spend considerable time in them, and since nearly all of those buildings are dangerous, our lives may be said to be constantly imperiled by fire. Setting aside this general imminence of danger, 36,000 human lives are in direct and grave peril every day in the year, people who narrowly escape from burning buildings, or are carried out by firemen, or jump from windows, etc. The Russo-Japanese War, in which the losses were frightful, shows no such average of lives directly exposed to destruction.

The worst thing about it is that there is such apathy in regard to fire. It is accepted as a sort of necessary evil. Yet tremendous efforts are made and vast expenses incurred in attempts to cure the evil. Our fire departments are the best in the world, and small wonder—they have so much practice that they necessarily become adept. But little by little we are awakening to the realization that cure is well-nigh impossible and have turned our attention toward prevention. It has been found to work satisfactorily in the elimination of epidemics and fevers that need to be thought almost ineradicable: our medical men are centering their efforts upon sani-

tation and such preventive measures instead of trying to fight plagues and disease after they have taken hold.

Our people are peculiarly slow in learning such lessons. For instance, it was known for years that the great bulk of our theatre buildings were ramshackle affairs, possibly no worse than other buildings, but in them the danger of fire and panic was especially imminent. Well, a long list of fatalities, culminating in the holocaust at the Iroquois Theatre in Chicago, finally gave emphasis to the need of reform, and immediately there was a great scurrying, not to remedy the defects in every dangerous building, but to make theatres, particularly, safe. This was all very good, but why must intelligent people suffer a terrible catastrophe before they will take general precautions against the possibility of such an occurrence taking place? So with schools. Anything had been thought good enough for a school. There were school fires and panics and heart-breaking individual losses, but it took the Collinwood disaster to wake the nation up, and now there is a possibility that our future school buildings will be well built, or at least fairly so. But there interest will cease, and we shall have to have a terrible fire in a department store, and then in a church, and another in a hotel, to get each class of buildings properly safeguarded.

With fire it is going to be a long, hard fight. There is already so much all about us that will either have to be torn down or burned that, do what we may, it will be years before we can really enjoy immunity. But one thing we must do and at once—we must add no more fuel to burn. Good building is an economy. People fight shy of it because its first cost is perhaps ten or twelve per cent. greater than the usual shoddy construction. But taking into account maintenance, repairs, insurance premiums, longevity, etc., the well-built building actually costs less than the poor one within five years from the time of its construction, and the difference widens at a rapid ratio from then on, so that inferior construction, considered in the long run, is a rank extravagance and one that only the millionaire can afford. Instead of that, it is the millionaire who builds well, and it is the poor man who occupies the inferior and expensive building. Yet so-called cheap construction has been so dinned into us

that the moment the State attempts any reformatory movement towards better building, a howl goes up that it is going to work hardship to the poor man—the worst kind of nonsense, but one that has to be coped with, because the speculative builder, the only one benefited by shoddy construction, will disturb heaven and earth to prevent stringent building regulations from being enacted.

It is the duty of our authorities to take the matter in hand, and every right-thinking

man, property owner or not, should bestir himself to see that the authorities do take drastic action for the prevention of fire, which to-day is gnawing at the very vitals of the nation. The most stringent regulations should be enacted, positively prohibiting the use of combustible materials in the construction of any new building inside or outside the imaginary fire lines. And just as strenuous an effort should be made to compel the revamping of the existing buildings, so that they shall present the minimum of danger.

Canada and China

By R. Bruce Bennett

IN those cities in Canada where the Chinese have settled in large numbers, they are remarkable for their commercial aptitude, while in political and labor circles they are noteworthy for asking less for their hire than the average workman. Because of the former attribute, they are admired, and because of the latter deficiency they are despised. Still, the Chinaman may easily be a power in the world. Though not as aggressive as the militant Jap, he has characteristics no less progressive and innate faculties and intellectual abilities that might bring him to the fore in the world's commercial, diplomatic and political circles, were he bus to make the effort. And the formation and expansion of the organization which has for its prime object the adoption of Occidental methods and customs, so that they may cope with the rest of the world, indicates, perhaps, at what the modern Chinaman is aiming.

China has never been remarkable for her intercourse with the foreigner, no matter of what race or religion the intruder may have been. Commerce in China has been carried on for ages and ages, and that she has been able to remain integral when nation after nation has passed away is sufficient recommendation for the resources of the country and the ability of the people

Even to-day, years after the restless pioneer has been stopped on the Western coast of America by the Pacific Ocean, missionaries only are known in the interior of China, and that not far from the seashore. White men are forming part of the industrial life in Japan or Corea, but in China they have secured but a slight foothold. The first foreigner to enter the domains of romantic Cathay was a missionary from Europe, and while he and his associates and followers were there for a considerable length of time, they eventually disappeared and for ages after Cathay was again a strange region. When China appeared on the horizon, it was discovered that this was the same country. Time after time, the commercial trader has endeavored to enter the unknown territory, and though a fairly large trade is now done with the Orient, it is very little compared with what is possible in the opinion of those who know what is in the country. The Chinese, while a great commercial people, (and it is doubtful if any single nation has this characteristic more predominant), are remarkable for the fact that they trade amongst themselves. That this is possible in their own country shows an extensive and diversified range of products. Even the Chinamen in Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, San Francisco, traders still in their

adopted country, maintain their greater commercial relations not with the people among whom they dwell, but among themselves, and between themselves and the homeland. That is why Oriental trade is slow in expansion, and though commissioners may be sent by governments with the hope of developing commerce little will result until the conservative elements of Chinese character have begun to give way before the progressive enterprise of the modern generation which has observed what is possible by contact with the Occidental and his methods. It cannot but be noticed that what trade there is between other nations and China is not because of effort on the part of China herself, but rather as a result of the advances, one might almost go further, the demands of the aggressive commercial spirit of the whiter races. China has desired to remain within herself, and in cities on the American continent no other immigrants have been stronger in their cohesion.

Personally, the Chinaman is as suave as the most accomplished diplomat, and sociable and friendly to a degree. The instinctive fighting element in his nature has been quieted and is almost extinct, since he is



Lee Quong

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the progeny of commercial generations. This could not have been better illustrated than during the riots in Vancouver in September, 1907, when the Chinese and Japanese were put on the defensive. The Japanese, when they became aware of what the rowdies were doing, immediately seized what arms they could find—revolvers, clubs, bricks, bottles, in short, anything and everything, marshalled their forces, placed sentries and, when an alarm was given of the approach of the foe, rushed forward and attacked with vigor. Not so the Chinese. The domestics were called in from the private residences, the cooks from restaurants, the employes from the mills, and they retreated to their own particular section of the city, barricaded their doors, and while armed they only retained their weapons to use them in the last extremity if attacked, not to sally forth with the intent of battle. When it was announced that danger was passed, the weapons were laid aside. There was no subsequent talk of having to disarm the Chinese, although the Japs are still mentioned in that connection.

On the Pacific Coast the cry has gone up against the Chinaman. The reason is that he has found a market for his labor. Wages have been high, domestics scarce and white

men unwilling to do what he is ready to perform, and when the Chinaman offered his services at a half rate, those who wanted him badly accepted him gladly, and even those who were opposed to encouraging the advent of an alien nation were often unable to get along without him. So now it is a cry against the Chinaman, against the Jap, against the Hindu, against the flow of unskilled laborers from Asia where they are to be found in millions. The coolie class which has come to fill these necessities is of the lowest, living on little and that not of the best, to whom a few hundred dollars is enough to enable him to return to the land of his fathers and enjoy his days in peace and plenty.

The Reform Association Chinaman is of a different stamp. He cuts his hair "à la Mèlican man," sends his children to the Canadian schools, reads the English papers, talks English, and is gradually becoming a factor in general affairs. He looks with pity bordering on derision on the traditions of his ancestors, who declared that modern methods were not needed, and anticipates the day when crude and antiquated apparatus will disappear before present-day machinery, and China will be a land of

bumming enterprises and industrial prosperity. For all of them love their native land, and none more so. This is demonstrated by the frequent shipment through Pacific ports of the bones of some deceased son of the Flowery Kingdom, who has died in foreign parts, and whose wish was that his remains should be sent to mingle with the soil of the land where Chinamen have lived and died for centuries and centuries.

With the increase in membership of the Chinese Reform Association will come greater opportunities for other nations in China, and with opportunities will come advantages. This organization is very strong, and its importance is such that it is a recognized factor in Chinese imperial politics. The open hand to the people of other nations will be followed by the open door. Americans have been quick to perceive the gradual change in conditions, and Canada is not too far behind, for she has a trade commissioner in Hong Kong. To secure business, some one must be on the ground. The greatest amount of trade is now done with the coast cities of China, since there Europeans and Americans are located, but the lines of commerce are being pushed steadily inward. Progress is slow at first, but as commerce expands new avenues will open, and a substantial trade will develop if attention is paid to it. During the recent slump on this continent, the lumber manufacturers of the Pacific Coast, the demand for their product in the Prairie Provinces falling off, turned to the Orient, and the mills in Vancouver and Victoria were able to ship a number of lumber cargoes to China. During the good times previous to the slump, the home markets kept the lumbermen so busy that the Orient was overlooked, and only when business was needed was it sought. To build for the future, nothing should be overlooked for the immediate present. The business should be constantly attended to, not rushed for in an extremity. In such a case it might be found that others are in the field. Moreover, it must be remembered that in dealing with the Chinese, strict and honorable methods must be employed, for although ostensibly heathen, the moral business code of ethics is the same between Chinaman and Canadian as between ordinary man and man.

Canada has, perhaps, better advantages



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than any other of the countries on the Pacific Coast to secure the benefits of Oriental trade, which all foreseeing men declare will develop. The lines of inter-communication bring the world's markets closer to China through Canada, as has been demonstrated more than once, when the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has delivered cargoes in Eastern America days ahead of competitive companies via San Francisco or Seattle. Another transcontinental line eastward from Prince Rupert will give what is stated to be a shorter route from Hong Kong to New York, and through trade will bring local business, all of which will add to the increasing prosperity of the Dominion.

When at last the Orient is free to the merchant, though a decade or more may elapse before that has eventuated, it will be found that having had the Chinaman established in Western Canada, will be of great assistance in promoting international relations. Those already here will have become a part of the Dominion, and will form the connecting link as it were between the two countries. Racial animosities may not then be so keen, and the people on this side of the Pacific may by that time be more eager to engage in those peaceful pursuits which have enabled the Chinaman himself to withstand so long the press of surging nations.



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Keeping Track of Expenditure

From "Common Sense Papers" by Sir Francis Froese

The practice of noting in one's diary at night how much one has spent during the day has had the result of amazing some of my friends whom I have persuaded to adopt it. They have promised me to do it for a week or a month. A single day is, I find, of no avail, for a man is apt to remember only the day on which he happens to have spent nothing save in the most exceptionally rational manner. One learns a good deal more from this custom than one would imagine. But it requires courage. One discovers by means of it that one has acquired habits of money-spending which are little suspected simply because they have been indulged in systematically.

In black and white they stare at one in a manner which a sensible person can hardly overlook. Some of my acquaintances, who have been convinced that they never spent an unnecessary penny in the matter of refreshment, have been surprised at their unexpected consumption. At the end of a month they have been amazed at the unsuspected leakages of the purse, which they have been blind to chiefly because they were matters of daily happening.

follow copy and run from one end of a letter or page to the other.

It will readily be seen that this attachment is not only a labor-saver, but a time-saver as well; and that anything that saves both time and labor must necessarily be a money-saver.

Practical Ink Saver Invented.

How often has the average business man dipped his pen in his ink well only to find it filled with dust, the contents dried up, or too much dried in it to wet the tip of his pen? On the other hand, how often has the same business man plunged his pen into the ink well and splashed himself, and the papers on his desk with a stream of black fluid?

Both of these accidents and annoyances incidents happen every day in business life. The search for a good inkwell that will keep the ink fresh and clear, make it impossible to get too much or too little on the pen, and at the same

time provide an airtight, dustproof protection for the fluid, and prevent its spilling or being tipped over, has lasted through many years.

The Revolving Ink Saver Company, 142 West Main Street, Louisville, Ky., has brought out an ink-saver that promises to do all of these things. The ink is fed down an atmospheric pressure is reduced. It is in a receptacle inverted over the ink stop. Just enough ink flows down all of the time to keep the ink cap filled to the proper depth. In this way dirt and dust cannot reach the ink at all, and evaporation is impossible. To further guard against ink drying up even in the cap, the upper portion revolves, and turned half around will close the lower cap as securely as though it were locked.

There is one more feature to this inkwell. It has two depths of openings, one shallow and one deep, so that the user may secure a small or large quantity of ink on the pen each time. This may be graduated to suit the user or the occasion, and a slight twist changes from deep to shallow or vice versa.

The Fun of Doing Well

James Carter, Ph.D., in Young Men

It is related of the late Lord Napier that once he played a trick on some officers to find out the right man for a certain post. The story is that he had three ambitious officers to choose from, all of whom would like to be colonels at once. Lord Napier sent for these young men, and in due order detailed them to some ordinary routine work to be done. They went to their work without suspecting that the general wished to test them and was having them watched for that purpose. The first two, whom I will call A and B, considered the duties very much beneath them, and discharged them in a very careless and perfunctory manner, while complaining of the affront which they had received in being asked to discharge those duties. The third young officer was prompt, energetic and thorough, and acquitted himself with credit.

"How is it," demanded Lord Napier, "that you thought such matters worthy of so much care?" The young fellow flushed. He thought the general believed that he was an officer who had wasted too much energy on matters of no great moment.

"Beg pardon, general," he answered, "but it was just the fun of seeing how little I could do them."

The grim old general's face relaxed into a pleasant smile, and he said: "You are promoted to a captaincy. Go and see how much fun you can get in doing your best in that position."

Do your little bit right, and influence will be time back your up.

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By R. W. SERVICE

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Purposeful Review.—"The spirit is the spirit of Sir John and of Rudyard Kipling. Mr. Service has the gift of making his new verse perfectly clear. The spirit of a new country speaks, and those here who are within reach of a vision that has no other than its own words."

The Free Press, Wellington, New Zealand.—"The high standard of Mr. Service's work is maintained throughout. In his own words there are few lapses to his own words. He has found his way to the 'singing'—and when he sings with dignity, the dogwood is inspired. There is a man whose heart stands wondering and half asleep before the overwhelming mastery of the Great North. . . . How is it that he is content to give his own song to his own land, not as a matter of course, but because he must. These are all the songs of a strong man in his strength."

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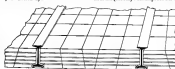
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See article by F. W. Fairbank in *Proc. the Inst. Bus. Men*

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The Busy Man's Book Shelf

AUTUMN is the great publishing season and more books are the right of day between October 1 and December 1 than during the remaining ten months of the year. Holiday buying is largely unassailable for this. Publishers aim to bring out their books just before the Christmas rush sets in, with a view to getting the best possible returns.

The Bookeller and Bookbinder, the organ of the Canadian publishing interests has collected information from a score of Canadian cities as to the relative sales of the new autumn titles and has compiled from the individual returns a summary on the best sellers. This month Miss Marie Corelli takes first honors, her latest novel, "Elly Orders," occupying first place. Following it is the order named are "The Flying Lotus" by Robert W. Chambers, "The Taming of Diana Melville," by Mrs. Huxley Ward; "Peter," by F. H. Johnson Smith; "The Man from Broadway," by George Barr McCutcheon, and "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," by John Fox, Jr.

The reader in pursuit of an all-round absorbing romance need go no further than Stanley J. Weyman's "The Wild Geese." The work is rated this is one of the very best of the season's books and it is somewhat surprising that it does not rank as a best seller. It possesses all the qualifications of the good, old-time romance that must be read at one sitting. With scenes laid in the west of Ireland in George F.'s days, it has a setting that lacks nothing of the requisite glamour. As picturing the troublous conditions of that day, it is admirable. The love interest is skillfully interwoven into a plot of exceptional strength.

Our Canadian novelists have been active this season and several writers, who have previously sought popular favor, have new books on sale, thereby proving that there is a field for Canadian fiction. Rev. E. B. Knowles, of Oakville, who has been honored with the title of the Hon. Master of Canada, by his personal address, presents a third novel entitled, "The Web of Time." Marjorie Kellett, whose home is in Orillia and whose name is real life is Esther Miller, also issues a third story, "Treasure Valley." W. B. Egan, of Montreal, whose name is perhaps hardly so well known as the above writers, has in the press a story called "The Master of Life." Mrs. J. K. Lawson, of Toronto, is also bringing out a novel with the title, "The Harvest of Moths."

It is gratifying to note that one of the most charming of this season's journalists is the work of a Toronto writer and artist, Miss Heloise Kerr. Miss Kerr is a daughter of George Kerr, barometer, and was born in Toronto. She received her earlier education in art under the direction of Mrs. Dixon and Miss Laura Wicks, continuing her studies at the Art Students' League in New York. Afterwards going to Paris for two seasons. While there she spent her summers in Italy and Holland, and in the



Miss Heloise Kerr

A Young Toronto Artist, who is Achieving Success.

latter country she stayed for some time at the picturesque little fishing village of Volendam. Of this village she writes in her children's book, "Little Sam is Volendam," just published by Moffatt, Yard & Co., New York. Illustrating it with quaint drawings of her own, Miss Kerr is now preparing a series of drawings and scenes about Helpe, the scene of a recent visit.

Ralph Connor has no long novel this fall but a short story, "The Angel and the Star."

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has been brought out in booklet form, handsomely printed. Then a little earlier in the season there appeared "Anne of Green Gables" by Mrs L. M. Montgomery, a Frouse Edward Island writer. We also welcomed earlier Mrs. Everett Ruess' novel, "Cecilia Cindrella," which might well have been called, "A Canadian Girl in London." Miss Lily Dougall, a member of the Mayfield family, who was thirteen some years ago with her studies, "Rogues All," and "What Nobody Knows," has a new fall book, "Paths of the Nighttime." And so the list goes.

Flores Higgins Gast, wife of the Hon. Lowell Gast, of St. Anne de Bellevue, Que., is the author of a novel, "The Jewelled Ball," just published, which has already attracted a great deal of attention in society circles in Ottawa, London, New York and Montreal, where Mr. Gast is well known. Mrs. Gast is of a prominent family. She is a daughter of the Hon. John Sigbee, who was United States ambassador to France under President Lincoln. He was the author of a number of well-known works, while a brother, Frederic Higgins, has achieved considerable fame as a magazine writer, and through a personal friendship with Kaiser Wilhelm.

Mr. Arnold Hamilton, who is Professor Goldwin Smith's secretary, and whose scholarly work has given him high standing as a Canadian scholar, is to publish his autumn through Houghton, Mifflin, of Boston, a volume entitled "The Mystery of Gold," author described as "A Brief Account of Science in general, their origin, Antiquity, and Remembrance," and of the future of Gold in particular, its Uniqueness, its Characteristics, and its Importance, its successful, philosophical and moral Properties together with diverse Canapora on other matters to it pertaining." The publisher speaks enthusiastically of Mr. Hamilton's new work, which he believes will "The Mystery of Gold," "through the insight and humor, its quiet charm and eloquence of phrase will ad-

ford a unique pleasure both to sportsmen and lovers of literature."

The Cambridge University Press have on their fall list a new book by Professor William Ocker, containing the Louisa Lecture for 1900, delivered at St. John's College, Cambridge. The first chapter consists of an Introduction and title, the second and third deal with Literature as Mental Elements and Grammar, respectively, and the fourth and last is devoted to the Louisa Foundations. The plates, of which there are eleven, include the portraits of Louisa at Windsor and the British Museum.

In "Anecdotes of the," by Harry James Smith, which Houghton Mifflin Co., of Boston, publishes, we are told the story of an orphan boy brought up among the French fisher folk of Cape Breton. With the skill of the true artist in writing, the author has produced a living picture of the primitive people at whom he treats. The book is a genuine story with a tender grasp in its descriptions and a quiet humor in some of its situations that remind one of Bayle at his best.

Historical works on Canada are almost as numerous as the autumn as are Canadian works of fiction. Mention has been made before of the "Tercentenary History of Canada," by F. Ross Tupper, in three volumes. Now we are presented with a "Quebec Tercentenary Commemorative History," compiled by the publishers of the Quebec Telegraph, "Kingston of Canada," by Agnes Maud Macdonald. It is another local history with a national interest. The indefatigable Agnes C. Leach has written a history of the Hudson's Bay Company, with the title, "The Company of the Great Northwest." Professor George M. Wrong, of Toronto University, is the author of an interesting book, "A Canadian, Minister and the Seigneur." Professor Colby of McGill University, writes "Canadian Types of the Old Regime." And there are only a few of the titles.

The Successful Assistant

What the young man of to-day should aim at is to anticipate the requirements of those above him. He may be working under the manager of a particular department, and there are many ways in which he can anticipate the requirements of his senior. The latter does not ask him to share all his responsibility, but the power to know beforehand what his senior may want him to do is the difference between a successful and an unsuccessful assistant.

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How can she "make both ends meet" on the same old "allowance" when prices of meat, eggs and other household necessities are advancing from day to day?

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Humor in the Magazines

THEIR is a certain New York business man, of a rather vagabond disposition, who contends that his wife has no imagination.

At dinner one night he chanced to mention a tragic circumstance he had read in the evening paper on his way home. A passenger on a transatlantic steamer had fallen overboard in mid-ocean and had never been seen again.

"How is dropped?" asked the wife.
"Of course not," answered the impractical hobby. "But he spent his whole life believing in Lippincott's."

There is a dandy in Philadelphia who is convinced that the whole is not always equal to the sum of all its parts. This dandy, who is the recipient of the discarded clothing of several ladies run for whom he has worked, was one day asked to observe himself carefully in a mirror and heard to deliver himself of the following remarks:

"Here I sit, wearin' de shoes of a banker; de pants of a railway president; de coat 'n' vest a member of de Chamber of Commerce; an' a white streaker's hat; an' in spite of all dat, I looks like a tramp!"—Lippincott's.

Verbatim copy of a letter which, being typewritten in the best of an independent manner, was received for recommendation next morning, and then not sent at all—

Johns Smith Esq., Wood Exchange, 60 Nassau Street, N.Y., dears MR. SMITH: I understand from your interesting clerk, Mr. Brown, that you require my no longer require my services as stenographer and typewriter on account of what you are are pleased toward my drunken and salacious habits. Their former office I have left. I should have much pleasure in asking you to inform me when you will give me notice to see me in person, to inform you that you are no mistake in past estimate of my character, and I trust that you will have no much difficulty in obtaining a clerk too sick your requirements as I still have been in serving on other stenographers. I am, dear Mr. Brown, respectfully,
J. Dellington-Jones—London.

Jack London, the author was introduced one day to a friend.

"E. too, am a confusion in a small way," London said. "My practical talent was over the means of saving my life."

"How was that?" the question asked.
"There was a great flood in our town in an hour."

bye-bye," replied London. "When the water struck our house my father got on a bed and floated with the stream until he was rescued."
"And you?" said the friend.
"Well," said London, "I accompanied him on the plane"—Lippincott's Journal.

In the small hours of the morning the negro porter of a country hotel in Tennessee rapped briskly on a guest's door. A guest from within invited explanation.

"Is you de white gentleman wet and to be waked up to catch de 10'clock train?"

"No, you idiot."

The patient porter persisted at the next door.

"Is you de white gentleman wet and to be waked up to catch de 10'clock train?"

"No. Go to thunder!"

Undeterred by these words, Daniel plowed down the row, stopping at every door.

"Is you de white gentleman wet and to be waked up to catch de 10'clock train?"—and not everywhere with enthusiasm.

But patient application to duty always meets its reward, and the rap at the last door was answered by a thump within as the occupant rolled out of bed.

"Yes, I'm the man," came the answer to the much-awaited question. "What time is it?"

Daniel's reply was most respectful.

"I just knocked to say, sah, dat I's very sorry, but I overdid, sah, an' de train dese come a hour ago."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Rolling across the country one day, Dr. Blank noticed an old negro who had been for quite a while perched motionless upon a little bridge, fishing silently from the stream beneath. For some time he watched him from a distance, but finally, overcome by the old fellow's unworldly patience, he rode up and accosted him.

"Hello, Wash! What are you doing up there?"

"Fishing," said the reply.

"Not getting much, are you?"

"No, sah."

"Well, it seems to me you'd get tired fishing so long without a bite."

"I don't want no bite, cap'n."

"Well, that's funny. Why don't you want a bite, Wash?"

"Tide thim-way, cap'n! when I gits a lots of fish I take all raps time to git de fish off'n mah line, an' I doesn't have no time fish!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

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